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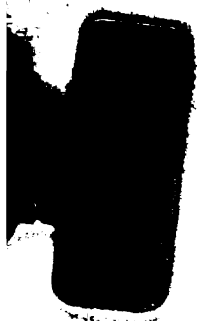
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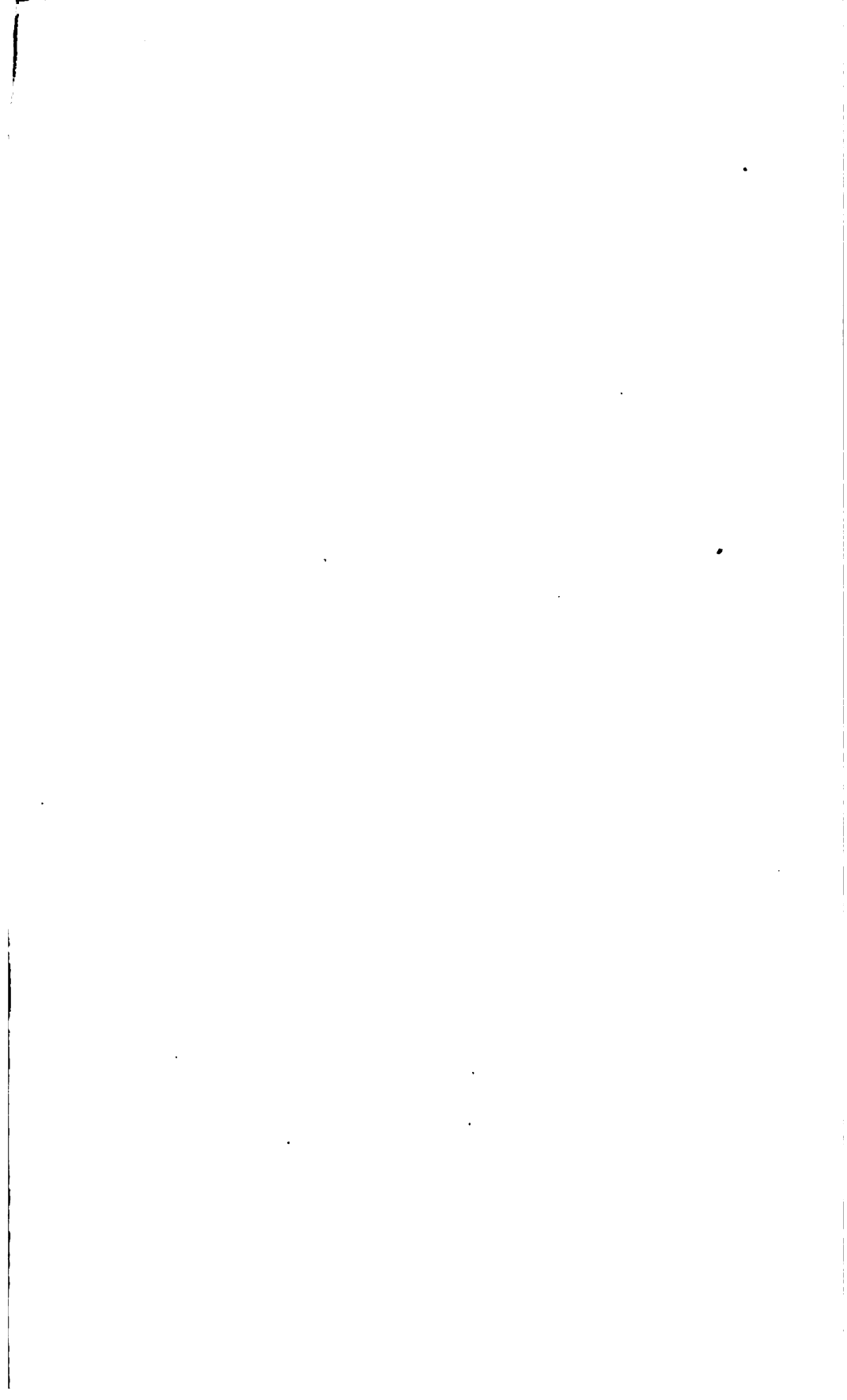
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BIZARRE,

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

CONDUCTED BY J. M. CHURCH.

VOL. I.

APRIL—OCTOBER, 1852.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU?"

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I N D E X.

A.		Page			Page
Arts, Fine		111	Home Reverses		194
America, Young (Illustrated by Devereux)		304	Home, Education at		226
			Home Sketch		240
			Home, Sickness at		255
B.			I.		
Books, Notices of		18, 49, 82, 113, 144, 179, 214, 243, 278, 307, 339, 369, 396	Infancy, Mission of (Illustrated by Devereux,)		130
Beecher, Rev. Lyman		72	Instand, Autobiography of an		392
Beautiful Girl, On seeing the Picture of a		390	J.		
Bizarro,		186, 270, 304	Jobbing, Stock (Illustrated by Devereux,)		2
Belgicose, Princess de		227	Jerusalem,		143
Mount St. Bernard, Convent of (Illustrated by Devereux,)		48	K.		
C.			Keworth, Louis		33
Chatter-Box, Editors'		23, 55, 87, 121, 152, 184, 216, 247, 279, 309, 342, 374, 408	Kaana, Heroulianoan Pagan (Illustrated by Devereux,)		6
Crabbe, Rev. George (Illustrated by Devereux,)		81	L.		
Correspondence, Golden		9	Literature, Cheap		329
Cake-Griddles, sold for		41	Literature, Yesterday and To-Day		18
Clay, Henry (Illustrated by Devereux,)		97	Locomotive, Trying to Catch the (Illustrated by Devereux,)		210
Castle Kenilworth in 1851,		139	Lions, Musical (Illustrated by Devereux,)		177
Cheats, Rufus		164	M.		
China at World's Fair,		196	Morland Lia		8
Cabin, Aunt Phillie's		274	Malediction, The		37
Chasun a son Gout,		296	Man, The Old Lemonade (Illustrated by Devereux,)		129
Cr. by Cash in Full,		335	Music and Arts,		54
Convention, Episcopal		101	Man, The Fast Young (Illustrated by Devereux,)		144
D.			Mother, Young		321
Dix, Miss D. L.		195	Maid, The Wee Pretty		279
Demon-Haunting, Story of		326	Music, Genius of		162
Demon-Haunted, One more and the Last,		386	Music,		400
Don't Let on, (Illustrated by Devereux,)		58	Meeting a Monster, (Illustrated by Devereux,)		79
E.			N.		
Emerson, R. W.		110	Notings, Diamond-point		39
Everett, Edward		138	Napoleon, Louis (Illustrated by Devereux,)		65
Epistles, The Finale of		292	Night, Vergies mein		200
Ella, Whispers from		255, 349	Narrative, Thrilling		261, 390
Eden Hall, A Day at		344	P.		
G.			Poetry,		4, 36, 71, 78, 111, 134, 172, 201, 269, 239, 224, 243, 249, 261, 271, 303, 319, 324, 339, 351, 363, 390, 391
Greeks, Modern		223	Patriots, One of the (Illustrated by Devereux,)		114
Gold, Dream of		322	Patriots, Another of the		114
H.			Pencilings, Free		106, 139, 166, 201
Hampden, John (Illustrated by Devereux,)		11	Picture, The Family		97
Home, Leaving		17			
Husbands, The Wrecked		123			
Home, Death at		162			

	Page		Page
Preston, Wm. C.	229	Work, Mo ale	16
Publishers, Movements among,	22, 183	Wine Growing,	203, 264, 265
		Whereas and Therefore,	363
R.		Willie, A Dish of	367
Rhine, Up the	169	Willie, sir David (illustrated by Devereux,)	193
S.		POETRY.	
Shakespeare, Birth-place of (illustrated by Devereux,)	80	Address, New Year's	243
Society Philadelphia Bible	101	Oberoot, To a	291
Song, Old Norman	166	Carmen, Conjugale	361
Surprise, The Double (illustrated by Devereux,)	267	Departed, To the	172
Sausage, The Fete of the " "	272	Dolores, To	201
Snob? What is a	333	Emerson Edward, To the Memory of	111
Seals for Twelve,	357	Eng'and, New	136
Speaker, The Effusive and Affected (illustrated by Devereux)		Eros, To	229
Shcet, Teaching the Young Idea how to (illustrated by Devereux,)		Flag, Our Country's	334
		Gratia, Deo	4
		Helena, Saint	363
		Herbarium, Anna's	303
T.		Impromptu,	271
Toledo, The Accursed Castle of	178	Longing,	261
Tartarians and Tibetians,	280	Lofly Lady, To a	78
Tete-a-tete, (illustrated by Devereux,)	363	Maid, The Pretty	200
Toggs and the Drummer,	361	Moonlight Meeting,	234
		Mother, To my	230
W.		On Seeing the Picture of a Beautiful Girl,	290
World Doings and Sayings,	11, 43, 73, 115, 140, 172, 211, 221, 266, 299, 341, 371, 401	Sun, To the	71
		Sandal-wood,	339
		Wood-nymphs Indian	36
		Wife, The Departed	249

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU?"—*Farquhar.*

Church's Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

NEW SERIES.
PART I.

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

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JOHN HAMPDEN.

JOHN HAMPDEN was born in London, 1594. On leaving the University, he took chambers in one of the inns of court, for the purpose of studying law. The death of his father, subsequently put him in possession of an ample estate, and he indulged in the usual career of an English country gentleman, until circumstances compelled him to give

attention to public affairs. He was a cousin on his mother's side to Oliver Cromwell, and a principal agent in making that person the hero he subsequently became. He had a correct idea of Cromwell's talents, and saw in him elements which, he thought, were calculated to make him a good leader. He said of Cromwell—who, when he entered Par-

liament, was famous for his careless costume and coarse, vehement oratory,—“that sloven hath no ornament in his speech, but he will be the greatest man in England if we should ever come to a breach with the king.” That breach, as is well known, was not long in presenting itself. The king wished to reign without a parliament, and the arbitrary manner in which he imposed taxes, assisted by the prevailing religious feeling, and sectarian animosity, inflamed the passions of men, and urged them into political conflict. The opposers of these arbitrary measures had so little idea of the impending convulsion, that several of them were making arrangements to embark with their families for New England. Among those already engaged in this scheme were Cromwell and Hampden; but the government forbade their emigration, as the king was fearful that they would help to widen the breach already existing between the colonies and the English church. “Thus,” says Belchambers, “did Charles, himself, counteract the movements of fortune in his favor.”

Hampden, in his fulminations resisting the king's demand for ship-money, to use the language of Lord Clarendon, made himself the argument of all tongues, especially as it was after the decision of the judges in favor of the king's right to levy this illegal impost, that Hampden refused to pay it. Henceforward he took a prominent part in the great contest between the crown and the parliament, and was one of the five members whom the king so imprudently attempted, in person, to seize in the House of Commons. When the appeal was made to the sword, Hampden acted with his usual decision, by accepting the command of a regiment in the parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex. Prince Rupert having beaten up the quarters of the parliamentary troops, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, Hampden eagerly joined a few cavalry that were rallied in haste; and, in the skirmish that ensued, received a wound which proved fatal six days after its infliction, on the 24th June, 1643. His character and conduct, from first to last, evince true conscientiousness, and he has taken his rank, by acclamation, high in the list of English patriots. The Messrs. Devereux present our readers with a very beautiful embodiment of his person, in the above wood cut, while we believe it is one which, considering the source from whence it comes, must be very faithful to nature.

LATE NEWS from Rio Janeiro announces that Mr. Frederick W. Reese, a native of Philadelphia, charged with the murder of an Italian in that city, has been a second time honorably acquitted.

STOCK-JOBGING.

“Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience.”

Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 3.

The exclamation of the ruined Timon has been echoed in other words by many a victim of a “corner,” or some unsuccessful dabbler in fancy stocks. If our readers do not know what a corner is, we can explain it to them. The operators in stocks are divided into two classes, the “bulls” and the “bears;” the former the buyers, the latter sellers on time of contracts to deliver stocks at prices on which they hope to realize a profit. A corner is always got up by the bulls, who buy and put away all the cash stock, so that when the time comes for the bears to make their deliveries they are obliged, if they would fulfil their contracts and preserve their credit, to purchase at such prices as the monopolizers of the stock choose to enforce. Of course, the unsuccessful party is, in general, very much inclined to accuse their opponents of using unfair and improper modes of attaining their ends; and out of this fact grows much of the abuse cast upon stock operations. We do not mean to justify or uphold these kind of operations, but they are no worse than speculations of any other kind, in which what is one man's gain is another's loss. Trade of all kind leads insensibly to the adoption of selfish principles of conduct. Its laws, like those that govern the natural world, are, of necessity, inexorable; and a trader never can succeed, who allows his generosity to be constantly getting the better of his desire to make money.

The business of buying and selling stocks, or stock-jobbing, as it is usually called, is one of the most singular inventions of modern civilization. Little thought the ancient trader who, in early days, finding it inconvenient to barter a whole ox, bethought himself of the expedient of stamping a piece of his hide, as a symbol of a portion of the ox's value, that his ingenuity would give rise to the complicated system by which the enlightened world of this day represents its industry, skill, labor, and indeed all its properties, and of which this same stock business forms so important a part. But man is naturally a speculative animal; (witness the aptitude with which boys take to games of chance;) and we have no doubt this same old fellow, finding how easily he could make money, issued more pecunia than he had oxen to redeem. Let that be as it will, we are not among those disposed to quarrel with the invention. If it has done some harm in the world, it has done, also, an infinite deal of good. There are a great many Timons in this world, besides he of Athens; very good friends to money so long as they have plenty

in their pockets, but ready to call that faithful servant all sorts of hard names if it happens that they do not have him about them. Stocks and money are so intimately connected, that whatever is said of the one is applicable to the other; and so this stock business is very apt to be considered perfectly legitimate by those on the winning side, and very demoralizing by those who have never made anything at it. Indeed, we do not see how much that the world admires and glorifies could have existed if there had been no stock speculators. There would have been no English National Debt, and, therefore, none of the array of great warriors of whom England boasts, who, without the sinews of modern warfare, would have died inglorious deaths.

There would have been, on our side of the water, but few of those turnpikes, canals, railroads, telegraphs, on which we so much pride ourselves, if there had been no one to take stock in the hope of selling it at an advance; for as to anybody taking stock out of mere patriotism or love of humanity, such things have been, no doubt, but they are as rare as angels' visits.

Philadelphia has a stock board of some forty-five years' standing. In olden times merchants, and such brokers as then were, used to meet at the Merchants' Coffee House, in Second street, now an auction store. This board, consisting of about fifteen members, men of the highest standing and character, was, as it has continued, an entirely self-constituted body, governed by laws of its own making. Its members were such men as Thomas McCuen, Matthew McConnell, Col. Thomas Forrest, Thomas Greaves, John Wharton, Wm. J. Bell, John Donaldson, &c.

In 1816, the Bank of the United States went into operation, and led to immense transactions in its stock, which rose, in the course of one or two years, as high as \$160. At this time, Philadelphia was the great stock market of the country, and New York followed her lead. We remember to have heard of a sale of the dividend on five thousand shares of United States Bank stock, made somewhere about this time, at two dollars and a half, in all twelve thousand five hundred dollars. No dividend was made by the Bank, and the seller realized the whole sum.

Of late years New York, having become the great commercial emporium of the country, has absorbed the majority of the stock business also, and the speculative operations in this market take their tone from that. Now that the telegraph has brought the two cities so near together, a great many transactions are made by it, and the brokers and stock-jobbers about the Exchange are the best customers of the telegraph line. There

have been several "corners" in the history of the stock transactions of Philadelphia. "Reading" is, and has long been, the principal "fancy" of this market. There have been several of what are called "short corners" in this stock. These are accomplished by taking some day on which a large number of time contracts mature, and large deliveries are to be made of the stock, and making the stock scarce by withdrawing as much as possible of it from the market. This is the only corner that can be accomplished in Reading, as the number of shares is so great—about 90,000—that you might as well, as is said on 'Change, "attempt to corner mosquitoes in August." The bears are fond of selling Reading "short," the stock seldom being so scarce that it cannot be borrowed for delivery. This is the reason why the transactions in this stock are so constant and so numerous, and that it is subject to such rapid and, to the uninitiated, unaccountable fluctuations.

Of late years, the outsiders, as they are called, have been a feature in stock operations. They now occupy a spacious room near the Exchange, where they meet the brokers, after the adjournment of the board, and transact business. Here they bandy words and stocks, until the confusion is almost unendurable to those unaccustomed to it. Telegraphs are constantly arriving and being dispatched, and transactions involving thousands of dollars are made with great rapidity.

This stock-jobbing, though a very enticing business, as are almost all merely speculative or gambling occupations, is seldom profitable in the long run; and a daily operator in stocks is the victim of the chances of the market, one day buoyant with the hopes of great gains, and the next obliged to stare ruin in the face with a smiling countenance.

The only successful operators are those who, on the basis of the employment of real capital, purchase stocks of intrinsic value at times when money difficulties have depressed them, and hold them patiently until brighter times bring enhanced values and a brilliant profit. Yet the daily jobbers for the $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ difference, with which they are satisfied, are not without their use. They keep up a daily market, as a basis for legitimate transactions, and furnish a constant and convenient medium for those real purchases and sales which tend to the use and investment of capital, and the furtherance of many important works of internal improvement which find a market for their securities on the Stock Exchange. We may properly conclude these few remarks by the following quotation from a writer on the subject of the London Stock Exchange, as it is just as ap-

plicable to this latitude as to that for which it was written:—

"Of the morals and manners of the Stock Exchange, little can be said in praise. Morals, it has been rightly asserted, too often fade before money-making; and manners are regarded as unnecessary in the same eager pursuit.

"When the fate of a jobber depends on the turn which the market may take—when sorrow or success hangs upon a word—when

family, friends, and fortune are in the balance, and a rumored falsehood may sink or save—it is not in humanity to resist the temptation; and it has, unhappily, become too general a practice to stop at no invention, and to hesitate at no assertion which may assist the inventor. From this cause the Stock Exchange is rarely mentioned with that respect which it merits, as the theatre of the most extensive money transactions. Public opinion punishes the many for the few."

STOCK-JOBBERS;



OR, "BULLS AND BEARS."

DEO GRATIAS.

Thanks to the Power Benign, who life doth give,
That 'twas my lot 'mid rural scenes to live
Through childhood's years;—that on my earliest hour
The "Mighty Mother" laid her spell of power;
Bidding me look on hills and mountains high,
Whose summits blue seemed neighbors of the sky;
On rivers rolling with majestic flood,
And rambling brooks of sportive, seeming mood;
On primitive forests with weird voices haunted,
That with a pleasing awe the spirit daunted;
Whose lone, dim glens, and deep recesses green,
Showed now a solemn, now a lovely scene;
Where the strong storm-wind and the gentle breeze
Drew various music from the stirring trees;
On the rich pomp the changeful seasons wore,
As each successively earth's sceptre bore;
And thus, that my young soul boon Nature fed,
With choicest sights and sounds for daily bread.

Long years have sped, and I have walked, sad-hearted,
In many a funeral train of joys departed;
And I have stood upon life's desolate heath,
Bare of all green and scourged by winter's breath;
Yet the fair scenes, in those young hours impressed,
Remain as yet unfaded in my breast;
And not one natural sound or sight, but still
With the old rapture can my spirit thrill;
So that, where'er my fortune bids me rove,
Around me still rise objects of my love;
Nor can fate's sorest stress despoil me quite,
So God's bright earth and sky salute my sight;
And, long as rippling stream and rustling tree
And heaving ocean's voice are left to me,
I yet must count the simple boon, to live,
Right worth possessing, worthy God to give!

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will open their annual exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture in May. The additions to their collection includes a beautiful statue of Penelope.

THERE is an island among the Hebrides called the Isle of Pigmies, where very minute human bones have been discovered. Fossil remains of monster men have been found in various parts of the world.

IDA MORLAND.

A few days ago, while on a visit to Root's Gallery, in Chestnut street, I was more than usually struck by the delineation of a female face. It was a beautiful face, and, on this account alone, might have made a strong impression on the beholder. But for me it had another and still stronger attraction. It was a *familiar* countenance, and I felt sure that somewhere and at some period, I had met a young lady who might well have been the twin sister of the original. Nor was my memory long at fault in the matter. Person, time, and place soon came vividly to mind, and in the thronging recollections thus awakened, were blended both the brightest and the saddest hues. A brief narration of certain incidents in the life of the lady, who was recalled to my mind by the portrait in question, will illustrate what I have said about one special attraction I find in pictures.

The first time I ever saw Ida Morland, was many years ago, and in a distant State. It was on the occasion of a public literary festival, where she was present with two sisters. All three were famed for their personal charms, but she, the youngest, and then about seventeen, was decidedly the most attractive of them all. Her figure was of marvellous symmetry, flexibility, and grace, and her face—how shall I, or can I, describe it? What words ever yet *completely* represented beauty, that divinest of earthly things? Her whole aspect spoke of the "sweet South," and one would have thought she first saw the light in a clime kissed by a warmer sun than ours. With classically moulded features; with hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes of a fine, silky, glistening black; with that clear, brunette complexion which is, more than any other, capable of expression; with those large and vivid, yet soft black eyes, which (in the poet's phrase,) were each in itself "a soul," she riveted irresistibly the gaze of all who beheld her. It was a feast to watch her countenance, as she listened to the eloquent orator of the day. Byron, in describing his heroine, Zeluca, speaks of

"The mind, the music breathing from her face."

Here I saw his poetic description made *literal fact*. I had, too, often seen, and may be used, the phrase, "*speaking face*." Here, for the first time, I felt that the expression, however strong, hardly matched the reality. In short, Ida Morland, in face and form, seemed one of those beings shaped by nature in her most genial and prodigal moods, as if to show the boundless reach of her resources, and to foreshadow the time, when, through the upward progress of humanity, rare endowment and exquisite beauty shall be as universal and familiar, as mediocrity and ugliness are now.

But, alas! though

"Some flowers of Eden survived the fall,
The trail of the serpent is over them all!"

One peculiarity I noticed in Ida, to which, indeed, I attached no special meaning, but which, long after, I had sad occasion to recall. Nor should I have remarked it at all, but for its singular contrast to her ordinary mood. This mood was not what is termed sprightly and gay. Her nature was too intense, too susceptible of deep passion and vivid emotion for that. But her expression, for the most part, was that of a sunny cheerfulness,—of a happiness deep but not undemonstrative. The current was not shallow enough for ripple and froth. But ever and anon I detected a shadow passing over, or perhaps lingering for a moment or two on this bright countenance. Who shall say whence it came or with what import it was charged? I have since thought it possible that some vague presentiment of calamitous days lying hid in the future, might occasionally have fallen upon her, and that from *this* came the shadow on her face. It did not, however, and could not remain long, for with a present alike so brilliant and cloudless as hers, how *could* she long feel that "evil days" were awaiting her?

A year and a half went by, and I saw Ida Morland for the second time. It was on that one greatest crisis of her woman's life, her wedding day. If, on the former occasion, her charms made all language poor, with what words dare I *now* essay to bring her before the reader? All women are said, and truly, to be handsome on their bridal day. How transcendent, then, must have been Ida's appearance! As she stood there beneath the blaze of the lights, robed in floating snow, with the mystic orange-blossoms glistening amid her raven locks, and a veil, like moon-lighted mist, half covering her head and dropping to her feet, her exquisite face (one might say) absolutely *vocal* with the unwonted, complex thoughts and emotions awakened by the occasion, over all which, however, were manifestly paramount an intense, tender, all-surrendering love and a sublime faith in her lover, she was the living incarnation, the breathing fulfilment of one's highest dreams and utmost imaginations of mortal beauty and loveliness!

Of course, the bride was the central object of interest for the time. And yet the bridegroom, Richard Blendell, was not a person to pass unnoted either here or elsewhere. He was undeniably a magnificent looking fellow, tall, well shapen, and manly; with a face and head both handsome and expressive alike of intelligence and sensibility, while his flashing blue-gray eye and well cloosed mouth spoke of daring, energy, and firmness. In short, one might safely predict that in his

favorite profession (for he was a lieutenant in the United States Navy,) he would achieve eminence, were life prolonged and opportunity offered.

It was a brilliant scene. The momentous rite was completed, and the numerous company surrendered themselves to gaiety and mirth. Most of the evening I kept my eye on the bride, and once, and only once, I perceived the shadow, I have above spoken of, pass over her countenance. It was gone, however, in a moment, and then again, as before, she was the "bright, particular star," unclouded and serene, shedding light and grace on the charmed admiring assemblage. And so passed Ida's bridal evening.

My third time of seeing her was about four years afterwards, and *such* a sight may Heaven preserve me from ever beholding again! I neither can, nor would I, if I could, bring it before my reader in its terrible truth.—About four years from the period just noted, I visited an old college friend at a Lunatic Asylum, of which he was the medical superintendent. In our progress through the wards I was forcibly struck by a female face, which I should have thought was Ida Morland's, had it been possible for me to entertain so hideous a thought. But in that face so worn, so haggard, so painfully anxious looking, so unutterably sad—in those preternaturally large eyes alternately vacant of meaning, and flashing out wild, fiery gleams,—in that hair cut short, disarranged and bristling,—in that disordered garb of stout coarse stuff, clinging round that attenuated figure,—how, in such a spectacle, could I imagine I beheld that radiant creature, whom I last had seen in the pre-eminent beauty and amid the splendid festivities of her bridal eve! Yet it was Ida Morland!

My friend afterwards related to me the tragic story of her married life up to the date of her admission into the Asylum, and I here subjoin the substance of it in a very few words, as it would be too painful both to my reader and myself to go into details.

Four or five months were passed by the newly wedded in a bliss as nearly perfect as this earthly state admits. No jar had intervened, no incompatibility of temper and taste had been revealed, nor had custom yet staled the delight flowing from these new relations. Ida (it was said) grew every day more charming, if that were possible. In the tropic sunshine of her love her rich nature put forth verdure and bud, blossom and fruit, in a lavish profusion unexampled before. Bridegroom and bride grew daily more and more ardently attached to each other, when, in the midst of their rapturous happiness, came an unexpected order from the Navy Board, commanding Blendell on a three years' cruise to the Pacific. I shall forbear attempting to

picture the agitation and distress of both parties at this announcement, and I shall pass over in silence the parting scene. Having made every arrangement within his power for the comfort and happiness of his darling wife during his absence, he tore himself away in greater perturbation and heart-sinking, than he had ever experienced in the face of a hostile battery.

I shall abstain—at least for the present—from letting in the light upon even what I know or imagine of the routine of Ida's life during the three years following.

Nor shall I accompany the stout ship that bore Blendell on his long and tedious cruise. If my reader either loves, or ever has loved, he can easily imagine what must have been the thoughts and feelings occupying the mind of that ardent, impassioned young sailor, thus doomed to a protracted absence in the very heyday of youthful passion and wedded bliss. Substantially it was *one* thought and *one* feeling, that absorbed him, and this was Ida.—Forever and ever flitting before him was that light graceful figure and that beautiful face,—now, as encircled by the dazzling sunshine of her own surpassing happiness, and now, as in the parting hour, shrouded in the agony of a tearful, tempestuous sorrow,—and the comparative monotony of a sea-life tended still the more strongly to concentrate his attention upon this single object. How, in the unutterable splendors of those tropic nights, when sea and sky were full to overflowing of a magic loveliness,—how did he yearn, as though his heart would burst, to behold once more, and once again clasp to his bosom, *her* of whom he was eternally reminded by all things bright and fair that met his gaze,—*her*, immeasurably more beautiful and lovely than they,—*her*, around whom evermore shone

"A charm, that never was on sky or sea!"

But time, however tardily and wearily, does move on. The allotted three years are spent, and the good ship has reached, on her return, the Land of the Stripes and Stars.—Blendell's house is almost within sight of the deck. He hurries through his indispensable duties, flings himself into a boat, and bids the rowers "pull with a will" for shore.—His agonized impatience, his almost frenzied yearning, who can paint, or even imagine? For, in the latter of the few letters which reached him from Ida in his far exile, his super-sensitive spirit was impressed with a somewhat of *strangeness* in their tone; and this, in his lover-mood, was sufficient to awaken a vague anxiety,—a undefined presentiment and "fearful looking for" of he neither knew nor could imagine *what*.

He jumps ashore, hastens at full speed up the street, reaches his own door, and pulls furiously at the bell. It seems an age ere

the door opens,—a strange face appears,—his white, frozen lips can shape no question,—he pushes open the parlor-door and enters. There sits Ida the loved, the adored, on the sofa alone. She starts up shrieking,—and, as with open arms he hurries towards her, she stumbles in her effort to approach, and falls prostrate on her face. She is a victim to the horrible vice of intemperance!

And *this, this*,—after three endless seeming years of separation,—was the meeting of two beings as splendidly dowered both in mind and person, and as ardently and truly attached to each other, as any pair one ordinarily meets in a life-time.

My reader can guess,—at least more nearly than I could picture it,—what followed this awful scene. Nor will he be surprised, that, for the unfortunate Ida, the Lunatic Asylum became the natural goal of a career, of whose quality *this* incident was a specimen. At the period of my visit, she had been some months an inmate, and her medical attendants could, as yet, detect no symptoms, that authorised the hope of her restoration to sanity. She never broke out into paroxysms of violence, and was uniformly tractable and obedient to the directions of those having her in charge. But her customary mood was that of grief; and her face wore, for the most part, an expression so unutterably sad, so anguished and despairing in its sorrow, that few could behold her without being moved, as if with a sense of some deep personal calamity. For myself, I left the place feeling, as though the world was one vast, desolate wilderness,—that all happiness was a dream, and all hope a cheat, and that I would not be happy, if I might, in a life admitting such tragedies as this.

The hapless Blendell, my friend said, was yet living, if such an existence could be called *living*. For as yet he, apparently, had made no progress towards submission and acquiescence in so desolating and crushing a calamity. He “refused to be comforted,” and exemplified in himself the *spirit*, at least, of the old ballad lines,

“There is a knight in Smallhouse tower,
Ne’er looks upon the sun.”

If my story ended here and thus; or if, as a faithful chronicler, I had to relate, that the cloud never lifted from the mind of this unfortunate, till scattered by the sunrise beyond the grave, it would be a tale, which, however truthful, and however worthy of record for the weight of its solemn warning, would yet be gloomy without one ray of light, and painful with no mingling of consolation. But if there be any, who, having accompanied me thus far, are disposed to throw down the narrative and reproach the writer for having penned a chapter of life so deeply tragical,—let me simply ask them to go with me a little

further. I will promise to “introduce them into scenes, which, although I am incompetent to paint them fully, they may easily conjecture to be as joy-inspiring, as the foregoing are saddening and oppressive. Yes, the actual sequel of Ida’s history was so beautiful and gladsome, that a light as if from Heaven streams from it over the whole dark passages preceding it, and all wear the aspect of having been ordered in mercy and love. Yet we are not authorised by experience to expect it to be invariably thus.—Many a series of events have occurred no less tragic than those I have recounted, nor was the enigma they presented ever apparently solved in this life. Most grateful, however, it is, when we are permitted to witness such a conclusion, as I am now about to relate.

Some ten or twelve years had elapsed without my having heard any thing of Ida, when, in traversing one of the more quiet, yet elegant streets of our largest American city, I caught through a window a glimpse of a face, which affected me like an electric shock; for it brought to my mind Ida Morland, with her whole eventful history. I glanced at the door-plate, and there in very truth was the name Richard Blendell! Moved by an impulse, which I did not even attempt to resist, I hurried up the steps, rang the bell, inquired of the servant, who opened the door, if Mrs. Blendell was at home? She answered “yes;” and though I had never been intimately acquainted with Ida, I ventured, in a sort of desperation, to enter the parlor. And charming, indeed, was the spectacle I there witnessed. There sat Ida, evidently enjoying complete blooming health, and quite as beautiful as ever, though with beauty of a different cast. This difference did not spring merely from her mature years, but it lay in the entire expression of the face. In former days, radiant and lovely as she was, her radiance and loveliness were *earthly* merely.—Now, besides that her face was far more intellectual and expressive of thought, it wore a pervading spiritual expression, indicating that the soul had sounded some of the profoundest depths of human experience. In short, her aspect was, in the best sense of the word, *religious*—mingling a genuine reverence of the Most High with a genial cordiality towards all human kind.

She received me with the most affectionate friendliness, and insisted on my staying the remainder of the day. I did so, nor did I leave till nearly midnight. The hours I passed there I have since regarded among the brightest of my life. Blendell himself came home to tea and remained there for the evening. It needed not his telling me he was well and happy, for the brilliant, joyous face and the buoyant vigor apparent in every gesture and motion more effectually proclaimed

the fact. Three lovely, healthy children,—two girls, respectively of nine and seven, and a boy of three,—completed this incomparable family group. That they were all handsome, was well nigh a necessity from being of such a lineage. Healthy in physical organization, and bright and intelligent of mind, they exhibited all those amiable, gracious traits and winning ways, which proved them to have lived habitually under the most genial and harmonious influences. Until I had spent some hours with these charming little creatures, I never knew how much of mind, heart, and character there could be in children of this tender age.

Before leaving the city, I heard from several persons Ida's history for the previous ten years, as also the character she now sustained among all her acquaintances. Especially did I learn from my friend, the asylum doctor, the pathetic tale of her recovery from insanity. He told me, that for some months after my seeing her there, there was little or no perceptible change in her for the better. Finally, however, she was visited by a lady who has traversed a large portion of the United States and the Canadas on a mission of consolation and relief to the insane in general, but more especially to the insane poor. Most appropriately does she bear the name of Dorothea, derived from the two Greek words, "*Doro* *thea*," "gift of God." For a genuine gift of God she has been to numbers of the mentally diseased, through the consolatory, healing power, which beams from her face and sounds in her tones of voice and is communicated by her words.

On her visiting Ida, the unhappy creature appeared, at the outset, somewhat roused from her deep gloom by her visitor's gentle, kindly address. But when the lady, according to her custom, began reading the Scriptures in hushed, reverent, solemn tones, Ida's attention became more and more attracted and some glimmerings of the light of reason seemed breaking through her mind's darkness. The passage selected was that chapter of Luke, wherein Jesus says to his entertainer, Simon, concerning the sinful woman, who had washed his feet with her tears, and anointed them with perfumes, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for *she loved much*,"—and then turning to the woman, says, "thy faith hath saved thee; *go in peace*." Ida was much moved from the beginning; but when the first of these two passages were read, the ice in which her being had been frozen up, seemed all at once to be melted, and she broke into a flood of tears. The mingling of her remorse for her sin against God, with her remembrance of her intense affection for her husband, from whom she was now severed, probably wrought this effect in some way inexplicable to us. And

when, in the second sentence, there followed that word so sweet to the sorrowful of heart, "*peace*," this appeared to give the finishing touch to the healing process, which God's Word in the mouth of one of His angels had commenced. For, from that moment, the work of mental renovation went forward without cessation, and in a few weeks she was restored to her husband's house with every symptom of mental and physical soundness.

Thenceforward her life steadily advanced in the growth of those lovely qualities of all kinds, which she manifested on my visit.—All voices were unanimous in her praise.—While the admired of a large circle of cultivated and refined society, she neglected none of the offices of the wife and the mother.—And, superadded to all this, she was the friend and ministering angel to all unfortunates within her reach, especially those of her own sex; nor did she pass those by unhelped, who had fallen wounded and bleeding under the force of their own perverted passions.

Yes, Ida Blendell is an example of one of those brightest and divinest of mortal creatures,—a woman of true principle and piety,—one, who possessed of all shining gifts of mind and person and position, lays them all on the altar of Him who created her, while manifesting her love towards Him who redeemed her by "keeping his commandments!"

It were needless to say much of the causes that produced her delinquencies. My readers will, doubtless, perceive them to have been mainly two,—first, the abandoning of herself to excessive grief over the protracted absence of a fervently loved husband, until the mind was thrown from its equilibrium, and a morbid craving for the relief and solace of *oblivion* became a despotic propensity,—and next the lack of that genial *employment*, which was ordained by the Creator, as one of life's most healing and protective instrumentalities, for all, without exception. No sentiment, however lovely in itself, can safely be allowed to become dominant over principle and conscience, and *idleness* is one of the most perilous and demoralising of all human conditions!

THE TYROLEANS are a migratory people, but they rarely go so far away from their mountain homes that they cannot return to them as often as once a year. Our Yankees have all the uneasiness of the Tyroleans to try fortunes away from home, but they are without the *desire* of returning to their birth-place. Their bump of love-home-ativeness is *minus*, in other words, while with the Tyroleans it is *plus*. Yet the Yankee spirit is well, very well adapted to the peopling and developing of our wide-spread land; just the thing for a growing country.

GOLDEN CORRESPONDENCE.—No. 1.*

ACAPULCO, MARCH 8th, 1852.

MY DEAR BIZARRE.—My letters to the Tribune will have informed you, before this, of the wreck of the good steamer North America, on the coast of Mexico, toward the end of last month. It was a sad business to be sure, but we must make the best of it. I am not, as you know, much given to despairing, and, indeed, except some slight detention, and a trifling pecuniary damage, I shall not, I think, suffer thereby. This place is said to be exceedingly healthy, and it had need to be, for there are hundreds here who have now nothing but their health to lose. For myself I never enjoyed better health and spirits in my life, than since I started.

A walk through this old Spanish town of an evening might be interesting to you. There are so many things here that you have heard of and never seen, so many that you have never either seen or heard of, so many as familiar to you as the Exchange, Chestnut street, or the adorable ladies that of a summer afternoon make the latter a living parterre of blooming loveliness, that I dare say you would be amused.

But I recollect you have an invincible repugnance to travelling; you are hopelessly wedded to home. Give me your arm, then, coz, and you may see it with me in fancy, for I am set for a stroll through its labyrinth this lovely moonlight evening.

We leave that cluster of hotels behind us—the American, El Dorado, United States, &c.—and advance up the Plaza. They are not very uniform buildings, these hotels, though decidedly the best in the place. They do not rise above the dignity of one story, and are covered with semi-cylindrical tiles, the eaves projecting a couple of yards over the street. The walls are of stone, plastered and white-washed, and the wide windows are protected by bars like prison gratings, for, my dear friend, a glazed window is in Acapulco a thing unheard of and unknown. Had you gone within any of them you would have found them buildings with four fronts, built so as to enclose each a square, open, paved court, in which is a well and bucket and the utensils of the house.

As we advance up the Plaza we have an opportunity of observing the markets. They are not very extensive. You fellow in a ragged pair of pantaloons, a hat and nothing more, is displaying on a raw hide on the ground his stock of marketables—black beans, rice and corn. Further on you observe that lady in a rather primitive costume; with the jar on her head, somewhat in the

manner of the Scriptural pictures of Rebecca at the well; she is vending an indescribable and nameless mixture to the passers-by. The little withered old man has hammocks for sale—the two little girls are dealing out bread, and the ill-looking bandit screeching so discordantly, and with a pack of cards in his hands, is holding a sort of raffle for that strange looking set of crockery ware before him. They are all on the ground—stalls are a luxury not yet arrived here. In the little huts or booths surrounding the market place liquors are sold. Groups of our countrymen stroll round, stare, swear, and laugh in the most approved New York or Philadelphia manner, and snatches of well-known tunes, and broken sentences in our English tongue, mingle strangely with this discordant native jargon. But it is enough—foul scents arise and warn us that the sweet cleanliness of our home is not to be found here; and so let us proceed. Suddenly as we turn a corner a broad blaze of light flashes over us—we have stumbled on a fandango—*al fresco*—in the open air. The scene is strange. Large bundles of splintered pins, bound to poles are planted round, and blaze for the illumination of the place. There is a board as large as a common-sized door laid flat on the ground, and on this two girls are beating time loudly with their feet, moving their bodies the while, in a not ungraceful series of postures. A crowd is looking on—black, white, and of all shades between—young, old, and middle-aged—all observing the performance. The dancers get tired—their places are supplied by others—still others succeed them—and so the thing proceeds. There is no music—nothing but the monotonous sound of their measured steps—it is scarcely so interesting as a waltz after all. We might as well go on.

That is the Cathedral. It looks somewhat picturesque by moonlight, but day displays the ravages of time on its gray walls. It has a tolerable peal of bells, and if it were daylight I would show you a fine old picture within, of Christ scourged. The ruins of a still older and more extensive Cathedral are on the hill yonder, fast crumbling into dust. This is the first place where you and I have ever seen *antiquity*. At home the house that is untenanted soon gives place to the newer fabric; but here they have another method. Pulling down is troublesome—they build one on a new site and the old one goes gently to decay. What a people! What a miserable compound of pride, wretchedness, and rage! That *hombre* now with the worn out hat, tattered shirt, and fragmentary breeches, wears a sword. Bless you, his dignity would suffer dreadfully without it! A miserable, rusty, hacked, soft-iron concern, that a boy would be ashamed of at a mock training.

* Our correspondent, Mr. Pollock, was a passenger on board of the Steamship North America, cast ashore on the Pacific coast, about eighty miles north of Acapulco.

Here is the last fragment of the chivalry of Spain.

We ramble on, and the huts grow scarce. We reach the woods. There are lights beaming—they come from the camps of our gallant fellows who, unable to procure lodgings at the hotels, and unwilling to beg, use their limited means sparingly, and cook and eat for themselves. They are laughing, talking, and singing, you observe, and question us, as we pass, as to the prospect of getting away. There is none, of course, but still they speculate, argue, and gesticulate, much to the admiration of the *senoras* and *senoritas* who have gathered around. They are of a mighty race, and as we toil up this hill their strong, hearty voices come after us, speaking of all the manly virtues—courage, patience, perseverance and hope.

Our course is interrupted; we are on the brink of an abyss; a precipice sinks before us an hundred feet deep. What is it that roars and foams below? the never-resting waves! What is it which stretches, dim and shadowy to the indistinct horizon? The calm ocean—the broad, the as yet scarcely half explored Pacific!

Ah! we should have been steaming on our way now—far up on that placid sea. Yon northern star—yon motionless point of light, to which in absence we turn as to a steadfast, well-known friend, should by this time have arisen to the old accustomed altitude, instead of lingering close to the horizon. Well—time—time—"And the blue sky bends over all."—Let us return. This moonlight and this silent scenery are mournful. Let us hasten to cross in our dreams the thousands of miles that separate us from all we hold dear. Ah! sad existence, that finds its sweetest moments in sleep! Farewell for the present:—

To all and each a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.

E. P.

STEAM MARBLE-WORKING.

VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS.

J. & M. BAIRD.

The useful and beautiful are happily blended in the fruits of many large enterprizes of Philadelphia, but in none more than that of Messrs. J. & M. Baird, Marble Workers. Their establishment is a little world in itself; covering an area, embracing one hundred and fifty feet on Ridge Road, and one hundred and twenty feet on Spring Garden street; while its average depth on both fronts is at least one hundred feet. We passed through it the other day under the guidance of the senior of the house, and what we may say of it must be considered as gathered from the closest, and, we may add, most gratified ob-

servation, on that occasion. We were prepared to see a large whole; but not one certainly so large, and so full of deeply interesting features as that which we encountered.

We first were shown into the warerooms—embracing some twelve or thirteen—where we examined upwards of a hundred different styles of marble mantels. There were not two of the same design; the materials were also diversified. There were the plain, the florid the modern, the antique styles, and there were in marbles, the Sienna, the Egyptian, the Levante, the Brocatelle, the Spanish, the Pyrenees, the Mosaic; besides many others which we have not time to specify; indeed such a variety presented itself as we have never before seen in one collection. The designs were all original, and executed, too, under the roof of the Messrs. Baird. Prices of this work we discovered to be according to quality of material and finish. We saw some patterns which are sold as low as ten dollars each—while others are held at a thousand and upwards the pair. The elaborateness of carving on some indicated the highest elevation of the chisel; not a few, indeed, were exquisite specimens of the Phidian art.

From the mantel warerooms we were shown into the workshops. Here we saw big masses of marble undergoing a slicing process through the instrumentality of mammoth saws moved by the giant arm of steam; and this was done as effectually as if the material had been wood instead of stone. We also saw large blocks of metal whirled rapidly around by the same engine, from which details of work received the richest polish. Machinery was laboring here with the nicest accuracy, machinery, too, much of which owes its being to the skill and ingenuity of the excellent proprietors.

We next visited the carving, the designing, the modeling, and the packing rooms; and in all, something interesting was shown us. The carvings in process were, some of them, of the highest order. We noted flowers and fruits which wanted but the *colors* to come quite up to nature. The best artists are employed in the carving and designing rooms, and great encouragement is given to the study and practice of both of these branches by the Messrs. Baird; schools having, indeed, been established by them for the benefit of their apprentices. In the packing room we noticed a large amount of work all ready to be sent off; indeed, the whole of an immense apartment was filled with boxes and materials for the purpose.

We, lastly, accompanied our agreeable chaperon to the monument yard. It is situated on Spring Garden street, and is filled with beautiful works of art. The cities of the dead within and near the city, have long eloquently spoken of the success of the

Messrs. Baird in this branch of their business, and they will continue to speak eloquently in the same behalf hereafter. We saw in their collection, imported monuments, such as command admiration in the cemeteries of Europe, but they were far, far in the shade, as compared with almost any of the better works of the Messrs. Baird.

We must now take leave of our subject, first adding a fact or two connected with the same. The establishment of the Messrs. Baird was founded by the senior of the firm, in 1840, we think. It then consisted of only one small building. It now occupies the vast space which we have described, and gives constant employment to upwards of one hundred men. Its business was at first confined to the city; it now has a field of operations embracing a large portion of the South and West. Such a whole as it embraces is a credit to its authors, and to the great and growing city where it is established. One of the objects of BIZARRE is to call attention to such an enterprise, and we hope we have done it in this case, and shall do it in others in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

A MEMORIAL of the Convention of citizens of California lately held in Washington, gives an exalted idea of the richness of California in minerals, and particularly in gold, quicksilver, &c. The annual product of gold from auriferous quartz will be, three years hence, two hundred and twenty-five millions. The average results of specimens sent to London, was \$500 a ton; the picked specimens were equal to \$35,000 a ton. An assay of gold-bearing quartz at the mint, which weighed 188 ounces in its natural state, produced \$1,731 in gold, or \$9 20 an ounce. The amount of gold dust during the next three years is estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.—The agents of the Quartz Companies in California write that the various mills are doing well where the machinery is of the right description. The Gold Hill Company has just made another monthly dividend of 10 per cent. on the nominal capital, or 25 per cent. on the actual amount expended. The Rocky Bar Company obtained 64 ounces of gold in the first three days' working, but in that time frequent stops were necessary to make needed improvements in the mill. The stock of the latter company has gone up 400 per cent., it is said, since operations were commenced at the mines.—The Russian government had resolved to carry into execution the project of establishing a railway from Chartoff to Theodosia, and had accepted the proposition of a private

company for that purpose, with a capital of fifty millions of silver roubles (118,750,000 francs), to which the government had consented to guarantee an interest of three per cent. Chartoff is a city of the Ukraine, situated 1,030 kilometres S. E. of St. Petersburg, and Theodosia or Kaffa is a port on the Black Sea, near the straits of Kertch. It is in contemplation also to establish a railway from Moscow to Chartoff, so that a direct communication will be ultimately established between Petersburg and the Crimea, and the capital of Russia be thus able to communicate in a few days with the Black Sea and Odessa.—In the course of Mr. Webster's late speech at Trenton on the India Rubber case, he said: "I look to the time when ships shall traverse the ocean propelled with India rubber sails! I look to the time when the ships that sail over the world shall have India rubber sheathing! I look to the time when this substance shall be applied to thousands of different uses! So that what he has now patented is but as dust in the balance compared with the uses not yet developed, and which should be developed."—The *Union Medicale* states that in 1812 there were 537 medical men practising in Paris, whilst in 1851 there were 1,352, being an augmentation of 815 in 40 years. The population of Paris in 1812 was 547,756 inhabitants, or 1,018 persons for each medical man; at present it is 900,000, or 600 for each medical practitioner.—Emigration to this country from Germany still continues on a vast scale. An emigration company of Mentz is preparing to convey 10,000 persons. In Saxe-Weimar, a few weeks ago, all the inhabitants of a village, headed by the clergyman and the school-master, took their departure, and a similar departure took place from a village near Gotha. From the two Hesses, and in a part of Thuringia, the emigration is also extensive.—A very astonishing discovery has been made by a French chemist, which will render the alteration of bank bills impossible. It consists in a peculiar way of making the paper, which, being a secret, it is impossible to alter or imitate it. The inventor intends coming to the United States to take out a patent.—Mrs. Susanna Ritner, wife of ex-Governor Joseph Ritner, died at the residence of her husband, in West Pennsylvania township, Cumberland county, on the evening of Feb. 22, in the 51st year of her married life, and the 70th of her age.—The example of the Crystal Palace is about to be followed in Silesia, where there is soon to be an exhibition of Silesian manufactures under a glass roof.—A letter from Frankfort, of the 20th ult., in the Cologne Gazette, says:—"After a long deliberation, the Germanic Diet has resolved to sell the fleet of the North Sea."—The population

of Toronto, Canada, in 1826, was 1,719; by the census, just completed, it is 30,763, having more than doubled itself during the last ten years.—The emigration from Wisconsin to California, exceeds belief. Farms are sold for half their value by persons in haste to migrate to the land of gold.—A treaty between her Majesty and the republic of New Granada, for the suppression of the slave trade, was signed at Bogota on the 2d of April, 1851.—The Belgian government has authorised an English company to lay down an electric telegraph between Ostend and London.—Petitions to the Queen are in circulation in Quebec and Montreal, praying for the release of Smith O'Brien and his fellow patriots.—The number of pairs of shoes manufactured in the North Parish of Danvers, Mass., for the last two years, is estimated at 800,000 pairs per year, of thick work, and 290,000 of thin, the profit of which is set at about \$100,000.—The Government of the Valais has resolved to plunder the hospice of the Great St. Bernard of the landed property which is held from the piety of the faithful, and which was devoted to the assistance of the poor and travellers. This unworthy spoliation was commenced by a sale of a portion of the property on the 17th of November, 1850.—The sale of Louis Philippe's library is still going on, and the bidders are paying for the volumes of that valuable collection, at the highest rates. The works of Audubon have been sold for 2,000 francs.—The postage on the American news papers to Paris has been augmented. They formerly cost three cents each from Liverpool to Paris, but now, according to the new law of the press, the stamp duty has been added to the postage duty, and every newspaper is charged three and a half cents.—The *Plattsburgh Republican* says that Joseph Gall, a resident of that village, is the father of twenty-two children. By his first wife he had 7, by his second he had none, by his third and present wife he has had 15—making, as above stated, 22 in all, quite a majority of whom are still living. Mr. G. is a mechanic, and a Canadian by birth, and is a good citizen. He was 54 years of age last St. Patrick day morning.—The *Burlington (Vt.) Gazette* states that a curious instance of the recovery of lost property occurred in that place last week. In 1829 a lady lost some silver spoons, and subsequently the family removed, but returned to their residence last winter. The gardener last week while digging in the garden turned up the spoons, which though black and corroded, were recognized to be the same.—Galignani says, that a young female who has the monomania of homicide, has just been arrested and sent to the Prefecture. She had attempted, but fortunately without ef-

fect, to murder her father, her mother, her sister, and several females of her acquaintance, declaring that she wished to drink their blood!—The Belgian journals report that intelligence has been received from London that the health of the ex-Queen of the French has become much shaken, in consequence of her recent trials; and that her Majesty has expressed a wish to see all her family assembled around her.—China has an area of 60,000 geographical square miles, and about 838,533,000 acres under rice cultivation; on which, not including the lands for vegetable production, three hundred millions of beings have to live.—Lady Harris, a very beautiful young Scotch widow, who was perverted last year to Popery, has given over to the Jesuits her beautiful estate of Sealife, in East Lothian, her prospects of £10,000 a year from an old uncle (Mr. Sligo, of Carmyle,) and all the treasures collected in India by her late husband, Sir W. Cornwallis Harris. She has been induced to forsake an aged grandmother, and her mother, whose only child she is, and to retire into a strict convent at Grenoble, in France, committing herself to the protection of the Jesuit priests.—Louisiana has been apportioned into districts for the election of Members of Congress. Of these districts, in 1849, on the vote for Governor, two gave Whig majorities and two Democratic.—The Odd Fellows of Boston are to erect a splendid hall in that city within the ensuing year. It is to be of granite, four stories in height, and will cost \$80,000. This amount is to be divided in shares of \$20 each.—In London, lately, a fire broke out in a house in Dorset Square, caused in the following singular manner:—A favorite jackdaw kept by the occupier, entered the second-floor front room, and having obtained possession of a lucifer match, commenced rubbing the same on the floor until it became ignited, when the flames came in contact with the bed clothes, and in an instant the place was filled with fire. The fire was not extinguished until considerable damage was done.—Buckingham, the traveller, is the promoter of a scheme for joining the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by establishing a line of route between Boca del Toro, or Chérique, on the Atlantic, and Golfo Dulce, on the Pacific coast. The distance from sea to sea between these points is seventy miles, and the ground is in the hands of the British, who have an infant settlement, which Mr. Buckingham recommends as a desirable location for emigrants, at the southeast portion of Costa Rica.—In Boston, a few days ago, a young girl, eighteen years of age, a grand-daughter of a New Zealand king, was arrested and tried for larceny in the Municipal Court. Her fine of \$50 was paid by subscription,

and the heir of royalty was sent to school to learn better manners.—One of the latest inventions is a nest egg made of porcelain. The eggs are made of different sizes, to suit chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, &c., and so natural are they, that the greatest connoisseur in the egg line must be deceived until he comes to crack it.—Dr. Pretty appears to have found a very simple means of arresting the hiccup. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.—There are 188 miles of railway opened between Cork and Dublin, and the charges are only 10s. a ton for goods. Between Galway and Dublin there are 126 miles opened, but the charge is 16s. a ton.—At our latest dates from England, the small screw steamer fitted out by Capt. Beatson, to proceed in search of the missing Arctic expedition by the way of Behring's Straits, was declared ready for sailing. The proposed field of search is east of the meridian of Behring's Straits, towards Keller's discoveries in 1849, Herald Island, and New Siberia. Capt. Beatson takes out autograph letters from the Emperor of Russia, recommending the expedition to the commanders of the Russian outposts at Siberia, and other Muscovite settlements, and desiring them to promote the object in view to the utmost of their power.—There is now living in St. Peter's, Isle of Thannet, a mother of ten children, whose united ages amount to 600 years. Also one male and four females, whose united ages amount to 428 years.—Meyerbeer, the composer, has received from Queen Victoria two works of art and a complimentary letter for his ode to the memory of Rauch, the celebrated sculptor.—A subscription has been opened at Vienna for a testimonial to the hostess of the inn in which Marshal Haynau took refuge from Barclay and Perkins' draymen.—Pablo Fauque is the proprietor of one of the largest equestrian establishments in England. Pablo is a colored man. An American who happened recently to see him in a grand public procession, writes as follows:—"As I was sitting at the window the other day I heard music, loud and furious. I waited a few minutes, and a van, containing about a dozen musicians, drawn by four horses, came along—there followed various party colored horses, ridden by ladies and gents, and at last, an open barouche, drawn by four beautiful horses, driven by a white coachman, and in the barouche I saw seated Pablo Fauque (a colored man), with a white wife, and cream-colored children! I am told that Pablo Fauque is very wealthy."—Amongst the fleet lately wind-bound in Lamlash, Ireland, perhaps the greatest wonder was the good old brig Cleotus, of Salcoats,

which for more than twenty years has been commanded by an heroic and exceedingly clever young lady, Miss Betsy Miller, daughter of the late Mr. W. Miller, ship-owner and wood merchant of that town. He was concerned with several vessels, both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betsy, before she went to sea, acted as "ship's husband" to her father, and seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the Cleotus, which she holds to the present day; and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. The Cleotus is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, &c.—The quantity of opium entered for home consumption in Great Britain in 1850, amounted to 42,324 lbs., and during the past year it had increased to 50,368 lbs., being an increase of 8,044 lbs. over that of preceding years. It would, therefore, appear that as dram drinking decreases, opium eating increases.—A committee has been formed in Dublin for the erection of a suitable testimonial to the poet Moore. A pension of £300 a year reverts to the Civil List by his death.—The Great Britain, when afloat, will carry no less than 13,000 yards of mast canvas.—The manufacture of "ancient masters" for the home market is an established branch of trade in London. The "splendid collections" of Rembrandts, Corregios, Murillos, and Vandykes, sold periodically, come entirely from this school.—Another kindred branch of art has just been discovered—a wholesale factory of autographs and autograph letters! The forgery was so perfect that Sir Percy Shelley is found to have purchased a number of letters believing them to be his father's; and Mr. Murray, the publisher, several supposititious Byrons, which came from this same workshop. But their most remarkable success was selling the collection of Shelley's letters, recently published by Moxon, and edited by the poet Browning, which turn out to be all forgeries.—"The Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon" have just appeared in an English dress. They are a pale shadow of the ponderings and speculations of St. Helena. In the accompanying memoir, M. de Persigny is painted as the secret will and intellect which has guided the entire career of Louis from Strasbourg to the Tuileries.—Mr. Garbee, of Easton, Ohio, some fifty years old, while contemplating the ruins of his burning dwelling, the other day, exclaimed, "There is all I am worth!" and fell to the ground a corpse.—There are six hundred steamers on the Mississippi, of 150,000 tonnage, worth \$16,000,000, and carrying \$250,-

000,000 freight yearly.—The heirs of Gen. Lafayette have brought suit to recover several hundred acres of land, having a front of 600 yards beyond the old fortification at New Orleans. This is a portion of the 11,520 acres of land granted to Lafayette by Congress.

—The *Piedmontese Gazette* publishes a statement, from which it appears that, from 1847 to 1851, 573 vessels, forming an aggregate of 41,650 tons, or an average of 73 tons per vessel, have been built in the dock yard at Piedmont.—Diplomatic notes of an exciting nature have been exchanged between the French and Belgian cabinets, relative to a masquerade which appeared a few weeks ago in the city of Ghent, by which Louis Napoleon and his friends had been grossly insulted. The same difficulties have been encountered by the Swiss government at Bale, where on the 1st instant, a masquerade was organized, representing Louis Napoleon disguised as a monkey, and followed by a certain number of French generals, statesmen, and citizens, with long ears of jackasses.—Songs of the most insulting nature had been publicly sung, and copies of them distributed to the public. The officer of a regiment of cavalry had tried to prevent this scandal, but without effect. The Balois Governor knew for ten days previous that this masquerade was to take place and did nothing to prevent it.—Smith O'Brien is at present acting as classical tutor in the family of Dr. Brook, in Van Diemen's Land.—Mr. Fox, of Kingsbridge, Devonshire, (Eng.) has obtained the largest comb of honey ever seen; it weighs 48 lbs. net.—The *Orden*, a ministerial journal, states that General Jose de la Concha has been recalled from the Captain-Generalship of Havana, not on account of any mistrust, on the part of the government, of the General's capacity or loyalty, but because certain measures of his have not obtained its approbation. General Don Valentin Canedo, lately Captain-General of Madrid, is to replace him. He was to have left Cadiz on the 20th ult., for Cuba. General Lasundi takes General Canedo's place in Madrid.—After the execution of Merino for the attempt to assassinate the Queen of Spain, a cast of his head was taken by Dr. Didier of Madrid. A copy of this cast has arrived in Paris, and been placed in the Museum of Anatomy, in the collection of heads of great criminals.

—The *Nacion* and *Clamor Publico* of Madrid, state that two priests quarrelled recently as to who should perform mass first in a church at Brides, in the Rioja, the same district which gave birth to Martin Merino.—They assaulted each other with the books, calices, and everything else they could lay their hands on, till at length one of them *actually beat out the other's brains with a crucifix*.

—The works of the railway from St. Pe-

tersburg to Warsaw are being carried on with extraordinary activity. The number of workmen at present exceeds 10,000, and they work during part of the night.—The University of Georgia has 175 students, of whom 151 are in actual attendance. There are two literary societies connected with the University—the Phi Kappa and the Demosthenian.—In addition to forty-two vessels of war, well-armed, which Russia has in the Baltic, she has from fifty to sixty in the Black Sea, and in the Sea of Azof. Among them are several steam-frigates. Travellers who have arrived from the interior of Russia state that the government was taking measures to re-establish the park of artillery at Warsaw.—John Haviland, an eminent architect, died lately in this city. He was renowned as the originator of the Pennsylvania System of Prison Discipline and Architecture, the fame of which led him to receive important contracts in Europe, and made him the recipient of artistic and scientific honors abroad.—In an action brought for damages sustained by reason of the bite of a dog, the other day in New York, the following curious verdict was rendered:—"We find for the plaintiff six cents damages, and the dog to be given up to the plaintiff, by five o'clock this afternoon, to be killed."

—Madame de Bocarme, the heroine of the murder of the Chateau de Glandier, where her brother, M. de Fouquier, was poisoned by her husband, was living at Brussels, in the street Schaerbeck, No. 136, and she daily took her promenade in the streets, or on the boulevards of the city. She was violently insulted at the last *mardi gras*—having had the door of her hotel covered with tobacco leaves and labels, upon which were written the word "*nicotine*." Her intention was to emigrate to the United States, and she has left Brussels for that purpose.—The *Akbar*, of Algiers, announces the death of Ben-Djellah, the cheickh of the oasis of Toucourt, and states that the principal men of the district recommend his young son, Abdel-Kader, to the French government as his successor, the chiefdom having been in the same family for upwards of three centuries. The deceased cheickh was only 30 years of age.

—The police of Copenhagen publishes every year an account of the number of persons found drunk in the streets. In the year 1851, the number of men taken up drunk was 591, and of women, 150—a total which gives an increase of 73 over 1850, and of 92 over 1849.—A beggar boy, applying to a lady at Boston, not long since, for money to get a dose of castor oil, was called in, and the oil was administered gratis, despite his grimaces.—The New Jersey Central Railroad is nearly completed to Clinton, and will be finished to Easton by the 1st of July, or possibly by the 15th of June.—Near St.

Sevier, there lives an old soldier with a false leg, a false arm, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a silver nose covered with a substance resembling flesh, and a silver plate replacing part of the skull. He was under Napoleon, and these are his trophies!

—Mrs. Johnston, long connected with *Tait's Magazine*, has received a pension of £100 per annum, as an acknowledgment of her eminent literary merits.—The Rev. George Evison, late a priest of the Church of Rome, has renounced the errors of Popery in the Church of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, (Eng.)

—It appears from a statistical return to the Austrian government, that at the end of 1851, the number of sheep in the Austrian dominions amounted to twenty-seven millions. In the same year, these animals furnished 610,000 quintals of wool, of which, 160,000 were exported, and the rest used by the native manufacturers.—According to a report of the Submarine Telegraph (between France and England) Company, submitted at a meeting held lately in Paris, it appears that the receipts were £398 in the first month from the commencement of operations, £517 in the second, and £519 in the third. The annual expenses of all kinds, it is estimated, will not exceed £2000.—The committee of the Jardin des Plantes de Paris have presented to the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons the casts of eggs of the gigantic wingless bird of Madagascar, which are equal in size to 12 ostrich, 16 cassowary, 148 domestic hen's, or 50,000 humming bird's eggs.—Miguelite outbreaks, on a small scale, have taken place in several parts of Portugal; but they have been promptly suppressed, and the chief instigators arrested. From all the accounts, it appears that the country generally is in a state of ferment and disorder.

—William Jerdan announces his autobiography and correspondence for forty years of literary life. Mr. Jerdan has come into contact with every literary man of note in England since before the rise of Scott, Byron, and Moore, and when Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were pilloried and pelted in the critical journals as French levellers.

—As a steamer, containing a large locomotive, was, not long since, descending the Rhine, from Gernsheim and Rheinsheim, she struck against a sailing vessel with such violence that she keeled over, and the locomotive, slipping to the side, fell into the water, a depth of more than fifty feet. An attempt is to be made to raise it. Its weight is fifty tons.—The state of distress in the provinces of Prussia was increasing in a most terrifying manner; even in Berlin itself the scarcity of victuals was felt; potatoes were rising in price about 100 per cent., and bread was diminishing in quality and quantity.

The prospect for the next season is very far from being satisfactory.—An elderly bookseller in Paris, one of the old fashioned routine school, on being asked for the "New French Constitution," replied that he "did not sell *periodicals*."—Leopold de Meyer, the German pianist, lately gave a concert in the *salle* of M. Henry Herz, assisted by M. W. Ernst, and Mme. Duval, which was attended by a large audience. The pianist met with great success. Wonder if he wore the big-plaided pants.—Madame Pfeiffer, the lady traveller, who has traversed almost every country in the world, made her way unattended across India, and traversed Central Asia in safety, has arrived at Singapore. She purposes visiting Borneo, the Celebes, and other portions of the Indian Archipelago, and intends to trust herself among the savage tribes of New Guinea.—The Yacht America, arrived at Malta, from England, on the 2d of February, and her owner, Lord de Blanquiere, expressed great satisfaction with her speed, &c.—According to an imperial ukase, the Jews are now to be classed in two categories, those who have a fixed residence and a trade, and those who have neither. The latter are to be employed in the public mines and fortresses. The classification is to be made in all the provinces where Jews are tolerated, at one and the same time.—The *Independence*, of Berne, announces, that the difficulties between the French government and the Swiss Confederation have been arranged for the present. The Secretary of the French Legation at Berne has arrived in Paris.—There were only two clocks in England in the reign of Edward I, both of foreign manufacture. One was placed in an old tower in Westminster Hall, and the other in Canterbury Cathedral.—Steamboat voting is beginning. We find in the *St. Louis Republican* the following vote for President, taken on board of the steamer Clara, on a late trip down the Mississippi: Fillmore, 82; Webster, 10; Buchanan, 2; Cass, 4; Scott, 2; Douglass, 1; Foote, 1; Butler, 1.—The Prince of Prussia's son has completed his studies. He will quit Bonn in a few days, and, for the present reside in Berlin.—The *Bengal Hurkaru* states that Tien Teh, the new Emperor of China, is a Christian, having been baptized by the late Dr. Gutzlaff.—The *Paris Corsaire* mentions a report that one of the chief functionaries of the administrations of forests has been summoned to Paris, to organise a hunting establishment for the Prince President, and that the Prince de Wagram is to be grand huntsman, a post occupied by his father under the empire. The *Moniteur* will continue to blow the horn for the little Napoleon.—Kossuth's sisters are still in confinement, but it is expected one of them

will soon be liberated. The family are very poor.—“Tom Moore” kept a journal with singular regularity during many years of his life, which occupies three volumes of closely written MS., and was always intended by the poet for publication. It will, therefore, we are told, be prepared for the press by Mrs. Moore, who will probably associate with it other documents.—The gold fields of Australia are supposed to extend over a surface of 200,000 miles, and, ultimately, an export of £8,000,000 per annum is anticipated. The richest fields are between fifty and seventy miles off Melbourne and Geelong.—Not long since, the new English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Earl of Malmesbury, made an appointment to meet the Austrian Minister. The Minister arrived at the time appointed, but the Earl of Malmesbury having been unexpectedly engaged for some time previous, requested Count Buol to oblige him by calling at a later hour. In the interval, the whole ceiling of the room in which Mr. Malmesbury would have received the Austrian Minister fell with a tremendous crash, covering the tables, and chairs, and floor of the apartment with the *debris* of the plaster, which was between three and four inches thick.—The reigning monarch of Siam has married a young lady only 18 years old. He is 48. The bride's name is Chaufa Somanass Wadduanawaddy. The nuptials were celebrated with great splendor on the 2d of January, when her name was changed to Phraong Chow Somanat Wathanawasi, and she was elevated to the rank of queen consort, or barthaparicharick, which being interpreted, means “a favorite wife, taking care of the royal feet.”—According to the last medical returns, 40,000 persons died of cholera, in Jamaica, last year.—It is stated that, in the event of the Crystal Palace being taken down, an enterprising individual has offered the contractors the sum of £500 to be permitted to pull up the flooring, and take possession of whatever he may find underneath.—According to the *Boston Times*, a gentleman became convinced that the filling of his cigar was some other than tobacco, so he took it out and planted it in some rich earth, when, lo! there appeared a cabbage.—The correspondent of the *London Times* says:—“The ‘great fact’ of the day, is the certainty of the amalgamation of the Orleans and Bordeaux, the Centre of France, and the Tours and Nantes Railways, with the trunk line of the Paris and Orleans.—The first California novel is being published at Marysville. It is entitled “Entewa, or the Mountain Bird,” and the scene is laid among the Indians and “diggings.”—Gen. Perczel has at last been released by the Sultan, and with his wife and family is on his way to the United States. Perczel was one of the fore-

most among the gallant spirits that the Hungarian war covered with patriotic distinction.—The only post offices which yielded over \$1,000 in 1700, were at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, Petersburg, Alexandria, Norfolk, Fredericksburg, and Charleston.—The Elmira (N. Y.) *Republican* estimates that 12,500,000 feet of lumber floated down the river past that place in two days, recently. This is supposed to be worth from \$150,000 to \$200,000.—The statute against using profane language, has been revived at Memphis, Tenn. It applies equally to parties of every sect and color.—A German musical society, called the Sangerbund, has been formed in San Francisco.

MOSAIC WORK.

Mosaic work is exceedingly beautiful, and it has been executed from the earliest periods. It is related in the Book of Esther, that Ahasuerus had in his palace a “pavement of red and blue and black marble.” In Britain, and other countries inhabited by the ancient Romans, mosaic or tessellated pavements have frequently been discovered. In 1790 a mosaic pavement of great antiquity was discovered near Seville, in Spain, a little below the surface of the ground. It was forty feet long, by thirty wide, and contained a representation of the Circus games in the centre, three sides of which were surrounded by circular compartments, containing figures of the Muses. Other features of the games are given with great truthfulness and spirit. A similar mosaic work was also, not many years ago, discovered at Lyons, in France. The whole details of the Circus games were represented upon it, from which it appeared that no less than eight chariots started at a time, which were broken, the horses and charioteers having fallen. The horses of white, grey, and pale bay, had an elegant and animated appearance. A number of spectators, generally clothed in blue, surrounded the Circus. Both of these rich and rare works of antiquity have been preserved. An European traveller tells us that on the roof of the baptistry of the Church of St. Ravenna, according to Mr. Dalzell, the baptism of Jesus Christ is represented in Mosaic, ascribed to the fifth century. The ceremony is performed partly by sprinkling and partly by immersion. A circular compartment in the centre is occupied by Christ, standing upright in the river, and by John, who holding a long, misshapen cross in one hand, pours water from a shell or some vessel with the other on the head of the Saviour. It likewise contains a human figure, inscribed Jordan rising out of the water, which is probably a personification of the sacred river. This com-

partment is environed by full length figures of the twelve apostles, and the whole is surrounded by a border, consisting of pulpits, altars, and other subjects. Napoleon Bonaparte, while in Italy, ordered a mosaic copy of Leonardo di Vinci's celebrated "Last Supper." He desired, too, that it should be of the same size as the original, viz: twenty-four feet by twelve. The artist was Giacomo Raffalli, and he employed eight or ten men

to assist him. The cost of the work was nearly forty thousand dollars. The advantage of Mosaic work is, that the colors are imperishable through time. It is exceedingly difficult to execute, especially when done in small work. A face of Pope Paul V., to be seen at Rome, contains more than fifteen hundred thousand fragments, each one of which is not larger than a millet seed!



LEAVING HOME.

Few of us but remember the regrets with which, in boyhood's days, we left home for school; the partings with parents; brothers, and sisters, the last lingering looks which we cast at the old homestead, and the familiar objects everywhere around. The hour was a heavy one, and "good bye" nearly choked the utterance. Still, the "be a man" spoken perhaps sobbingly on squeezing the hand for the last time, crowded back the tears; while a light, merry look was assumed, to comply with the wish, as well as to lighten the sorrows of those we left behind. We have, in the above engraving, a spirited picture of one of these boyhood memories; and, we doubt

not, it will be regarded with peculiar interest by many of our readers, who have again and again been actors in just such a scene. The head is turned back, the hat is raised to wave adieus, and while the heart is pulling lustily at the tear pump, the face is still dressed in smiles. There will be a shower though, the moment the noble lad has passed out of sight of those he loves; and then for the glorious incomings of pleasant anticipation to comfort him with the expectation of happy hours among school-mates, and that glorious crowning of them, brought on by another vacation, and another sojourn in the bosom of sweet home.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY LITERATURE.

That, in many respects, the world has made real and important advances within the last generation, is denied by none save that class of persons who stop growing at thirty-five, and ever after are incapable of accepting a new idea. And not many of these advances are more to our own liking, or, as we believe, to the public benefit, than the changes which have taken place in all the varieties of literary productions. Compare, for example, the newspapers of thirty years ago with those of to-day. Make whatever exceptions you will, and it must still be conceded that, on a fair average, the former stand to the latter in the relation of the child to the adult man. So, too, between the books, of whatever kind, which we read in our boyhood and those we read now, the difference is vast in many particulars. One of these particulars is size. The octavo of our academic days is the duodecimo of the present. What was then the duodecimo, is now the octodecimo, while the former octodecimo is transformed into the tiny volume to be mastered at an hour's sitting, or, it may be, the mere pamphlet. Nor are our books the less, but rather the more valuable, for this diminution of bulk. In our view, they are, profounder and larger in thought, as well as more concentrated and vigorous in expression. What they have parted with consisted mainly in those verbal redundancies, which hinder instead of helping the sense to be conveyed. Our writers have taken a hint from the practised orchardist, who improves the quality of his fruit by lopping off a thousand verdant excrescences, which, however beautiful in themselves, absorb the juices required in fructification.—Another benefit from this literary condensation is a great reduction in the cost of books. Twenty-five years ago, books sufficient to constitute a respectable library, demanded a sum which few were able to spare. Now, a library adequate to most of the wants of even the professed litterateur may be had at a price within the means of all save the very poorest.

This, like numerous other particulars of the great literary revolution, which is not even yet completed, owes very much to the Edinburgh Review. There first with Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macauley and others, commenced the practice of condensing the fruits of years of study on a special subject into an essay of forty or fifty pages, with the title of some published work at its head as a motto, and perhaps a few lines about the work in its opening sentences. These were named "Reviews," but, actually, they were new discussions by the Reviewer of the topics handled in the books referred to. And in the majority of cases, perhaps, these soi-disant

Reviews, besides being superior in style, gave a clearer and fuller view of the subject treated in the book reviewed, than the book itself, though the former might be comprised in fifty pages and the latter might extend to five hundred.

The example thus set by the Edinburgh, was largely followed both by other Quarterlies and by Monthlies. After some years the practice came up for writers to collect these scattered articles of theirs into serial volumes. Hence we have the "Miscellanies" of Carlyle, of Macauley, and of many others; books, in our view, among the most interesting; as well as instructive, which have ever issued from the press. For, in perhaps a half-dozen duodecimos, we have not only the essence of many years study and thought of an accomplished man of genius, but the essence also of it may be a whole library of books, which have fed his mental growth.

The example of these Reviewers has extended far and wide through every department of the world of letters, and "libraries of useful knowledge," "libraries of entertaining knowledge," "penny cyclopedias," and a thousand other similar serial publications, are its results. A twofold aim in all these is to compress a large variety of useful and interesting matter into the smallest possible compass, and to put them at a price which all are able to pay.

BOOK NOTICES.

LECTURES ON THE APOCALYPSE. BY CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D. Philadelphia: HERMAN HOOKER.

Probably no book in the world—certainly no book of the same bulk—ever gave rise to so much discussion and controversy; ever called forth so many elaborate attempts at elucidation; or ever was made the foundation of so many wild and often harmful fanatichisms, as that bearing the name of "Revelation of St. John." From the age of the immediate successors of the very "Angels (or Pastors) of the Seven Churches," to whom this "Revelation" purports to be addressed, down to the present hour, multitudes both of the most learned and the most ignorant of all branches of the Christian Church have cast into the debate on this little book their whole energies of thought and feeling. This, however, is not much to be wondered at, for the writer carries us into scenes where all things are alien, not only to our ordinary experience, but to the innumerable various creations, which either poetry or superstition bring before us. Except in a few passages of the elder Hebrew prophets, we believe nothing is to be found in the whole world of books at all resembling the contents of the Apocalypse.

We apprehend, however, that there is no difference of opinion about the general grandeur, as well as frequent beauty of this book. He who can read it without his imagination being kindled, and his heart often touched by the sublime and solemn march of its events, and the pathetic sweetness of its narrative and its exhortations, must, as it seems to us, be strangely obtuse or lamentably hardened. Most of the controversies above referred to, have sprung from the different constructions of two or three points. The chief of these points are the "thousand years" of Christ's reign on earth with his true followers, spoken of in chap. xx., and the "scarlet-clad woman" named "Babylon," described in chap. xvii. Most are aware, that for 1800 years there have been many who have believed in a *literal earthly Millenium*; and during that period there have been several occasions when precisely the same circumstances occurred which we saw, a few years ago, in the case of the Second Adventists. As to the scarlet woman, the description of herself and her accompaniments is so precise that there is no evading the conclusion that Rome is meant. Both Catholics and Protestants, therefore, agree in this, but disagree as to whether the *City* or the *Church* of Rome is intended by the prophet.

We have read a large part of the lectures under notice with great interest and benefit, and can cordially and in all sincerity recommend them to our readers. The author is an English clergyman of the established church, and, if we mistake not, a nephew of the late venerable bard of Rydal. But the Christian reader, of whatever communion, will never be repelled by bigotry, narrowness, or any touch of arrogant assumption. Candid, and uniformly equitable towards opponents, he is zealous only for the honor of his divine Master, and the conservation of the integrity of the Book in which His will and grace are made known to men. And to his task of discussion and exposition he has brought a learning which may be pronounced marvellous. The whole range of ancient and modern languages is constrained to yield whatever is therein contained of the description to throw light on the theme under review; and yet all this erudition is so employed that the discussion loses nothing of its simplicity of manner, but remains intelligible alike to the unlearned and the learned reader. The only exception to this statement is found in the notes, which are left in their original languages, mostly Greek, Latin, and German. We think the author should have translated these into the vernacular; for, if introduced at all, it should have been in a shape, that should edify, instead of baffling, and, perhaps, irritating the majority of readers.

This, however, is but a slight matter. We

can assure our readers that this book will amply repay a careful examination. They will find a vast amount of curious information relating to the earliest, as well as all succeeding eras of the Christian Church. We should like to quote several specimens of this kind, but our space will not permit. We must, therefore, refer our friends to the volume itself; assuring them that, of its kind, we know of no book better suited to keep near by one's self, as it may be opened again and again with ever fresh pleasure and advantage.

THE MODEL ARCHITECT, BY SAMUEL SLOAN, ARCHITECT. Philadelphia: E. S. JONES & Co.

We reviewers are sometimes in a "bad fix," between our native goodwill to all mankind, which prompts us to say a favorable good word of a book, which, in rigorous strictness, does not quite deserve it, and our conscientiousness, which bids us tell the exact truth, and "nothing else." In the case, however, of the work named above, our path is unobstructed and perfectly clear. We can, in all sincerity and with the strongest emphasis, recommend it not only to Architects and Builders generally, but to the public universally. We have before us ten numbers, the latest dating April (the present month), and we are told, that the series is to embrace twenty-four numbers. We are furnished with finely executed engravings by P. S. Duval, of a very large variety of dwelling houses adapted to suburban and country life—so large, indeed, that persons of every diversity of taste, provided they have any taste at all, are likely to find a model that will suit them. Mr. Sloan usually presents two views of each dwelling, a front and a perspective, or a front and a side view. In addition to this, he gives a plan of the first and second floors of the building, every room and closet mapped out with mathematical precision, together with the most important parts of the edifice represented on one or more separate pages, and a graduated scale of measurement prepared for the contents of each page. And, further still, he furnishes, in several instances, a complete schedule of every item of expense in the erection of a house, from the foundation stone to the ridge-pole, so that one may learn beforehand precisely what description of a house he can have for the sum he can afford to expend. From this analysis, every intelligent reader can judge, that such a work, if well executed, must be exceedingly valuable to the whole community, while to the Architect and the Builder it must be a *sine qua non*. And that it is well executed, we pledge our word to our readers, without qualification or reservation. Were we so fortunate as to belong to either of these honorable professions, we would no

more be without this work, than without our mathematical instruments, or our measuring rule.

Mr. Sloan has added to the value of his work by introducing much interesting information concerning architecture in different ages of the world, commencing with the earliest known erections deserving the name, and tracing its history down to the present day. We are glad to find that our countrymen, who possess the means, are fast coming to regard beauty and grace as of some consequence, as well as mere comfort and convenience, in the style of their dwellings. It is, indeed, time, that the indomitable American energy and enterprise, which have achieved such marvels in all the spheres of utility, should be turned also in the direction of beauty and refinement. In sculpture and painting we have done pretty well, our youth and comparatively slender advantages being considered; and in literature, perhaps, we have done all that could be looked for from people rowing against wind and tide. But in architecture we are woefully behind hand, and, in the majority of cases, our structures, both public and private, would be indicted as nuisances by a fastidious taste in art. But the prospect is improving, and, perhaps, one sign of this, is, that an artist, like Mr. Sloan, should venture to publish this work of his. We do sincerely hope he may not be disappointed in the public taste, but that his "Model Architect" may meet the sale it merits. It is sold at fifty cents per number, by booksellers generally.

THE MILLINER AND THE MILLIONAIRE. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.

Mrs. Dr. Hicks, the writer of this story, is already known to the public as the authoress of the "Lady Killer." She introduces herself, in the volume before us, through a preface piquante and original, in the highest degree. We are led by it, indeed, to turn over the leaf to the story itself, and having done so, we are carried by its attraction, *vi et armis*, to the conclusion. A particular word though about the preface: It is as pointed as a cambric needle, and as sharp as a razor. If those critics who have "cut up" the "Lady Killer" are not smoothly "cut up" by it, in return, we are greatly mistaken. She says she has severely tested the "chivalry, magnanimity, and gallantry" of these gentlemen; she feels that she "owes them something," and would fain make the 'amende honorable' in her humble way." She does this by presenting them another book to attack! "Will they rend it in pieces? Will they cuff it and kick it about? or will they emulate the noble elephant?" she asks. Then she tells us how the elephant won his title to nobility. Hear her: "This magnificent animal (the elephant

aforesaid) whose deeds have been handed down to history, having escaped from his keepers, was tearing down the street at a furious rate, scattering everything before him, and spreading consternation wherever he went. Rushing on, at this mad rate, what should he encounter but a little child, which had accidentally stumbled, and fallen in his path. The sagacious creature paused—most noble Critics—and doubtless reflected, in an elephantine way (which the authoress thinks must be a very good way of thinking); then taking the little straggler tenderly and carefully on his proboscis, he stood him up firmly on his little legs again, and dashed on, amid the plaudits and loud huzzas of the admiring multitudes!" Who can fail to make the application? We maintain, however, that the "Milliner and the Millionaire" requires no elephantine magnanimity. It is, in other words, a very pleasant tale, very pleasantly written, and, for our part, we should like, as soon as possible, to see something more from the same agreeable writer.

CHAMBERS' PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. VOL. 4. Philadelphia: J. W. MOORE.

Among serials, and certainly among the very best we have seen, is Chambers' "Papers for the People." We can honestly recommend it as admirably verifying its title, being a book, in which persons of every class and age may find something to their taste. We have glanced at several numbers, but the one named above we have read through. A simple enumeration of its contents, with a few words of comment, will give our readers some notion of what it is.

We have, first, a History of the Bourbon Family, which to the antiquarian and the lover of history must be of some interest, from the fact, that this family has, for nearly 900 years, enacted a leading part in European affairs, having furnished several emperors, ninety kings, one hundred dukes, and innumerable ruling personages besides.

2d. A full and well digested History of California, past and present.

3d. A well conceived and vividly written Tale, which will charm all lovers of romance.

4th. An excellent biography of Fenelon, which all will read with pleasure and profit.

5th. "Everyday life of the Greeks,"—an admirable article.

6th. "Lady Manjory St. Just,"—another exquisite story, which does the heart good, while it fascinates the imagination.

7th. "Science of the Sunbeam,"—an article, which, while disclosing many scientific facts of exceeding interest, gleams throughout with the golden light of poetry.

8th. A well written biography of Sir Robert Peel, a statesman worthy the best days of English statesmanship.

ADVENTURES OF COL. VANDERBOMB (OF SLOUGH CREEK) IN PURSUIT OF THE PRESIDENCY; ALSO THE EXPLOITS OF HIS SECRETARY. Philadelphia: A. HART.

Here we have a work which we think is calculated to excite considerable interest. It was written by J. B. Jones, Esq., as he styles himself, "ex-Editor of the Official Journal," and probably lays open many scenes and incidents which happened in the green-room, during the performance of a late Presidential melo-drama. There were many Vanderbombs who performed in that piece, and their efforts to gain preferment, through the too credulous, but, as we believe, well-meaning President, must be familiar to the writer of this book; ex-editor, as he is, of the *Madisonian*. The question will now arise, who is Vanderbomb? There are, at least, a hundred in our memory who can lay some claim to the distinction. The country was, indeed, full of Vanderbombs, during the Tyler dynasty. They spirted up from every political demonstration; and though they lived but a brief time, they made their mark while they did live. The author tells a capital good story, embracing now and then passages abounding in humor. He has long laid *perdu*, and we are glad that he has once more sprung into life before the public. The volume in notice, we should add, is embodied in the "Library of Humorous American Works," and comes to us in the very attractive guise of its illustrious predecessors. That it will enjoy an extensive popularity we think is very certain. May we ask, in conclusion: Who is Col. Vanderbomb? Who is Col. Vanderbomb's Secretary? Those who recognize the portraits, and can reply, may address us confidentially.

HISTORY OF GEORGIA. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.

We have here the first volume of a series, now in course of publication, entitled "LIPPINCOTT'S CABINET HISTORY OF THE STATES." It emanates from the pens of T. S. Arthur and W. H. Carpenter, both well fitted for the purpose. The history commences with the settlement of Georgia, and is brought down to the present time. We have read it with pleasure and profit; and if the series is half as well continued as it begins in the volume before us, it will be exceedingly valuable. The idea of giving a history of each State in uniform style, yet separate and distinct, is an excellent one. We are all supposed to feel a desire to encourage such a work, for it presents neatly and comprehensively in detail the progress of the members of our great republican body; giving the particulars, in other words, of a whole, whose glories are our glories. The history before us is deeply interesting, connected as it is with the adven-

tures of Raleigh, Oglethorpe, and others of eminence associated with the discovery of Georgia. There is much generalizing observed in the record of incidents, yet not more than necessary to carry out the plan of the work. We should like, perhaps, more particulars, regarding the career of the eminent Wesley while in the colony; but then we must remember that all these are detailed elsewhere, and that they could not be given in the volume before us; and hence it maintains the idea which characterizes the series; an idea of giving the histories of all the states in a form and style calculated to make them acceptable to the mass of readers; in other words, to those who, unless they can get a quart of knowledge out of a table-spoon, will pass the preparation by.

PHILADELPHIA AS IT IS IN 1852. Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

This work is intended to present a correct guide to all the public buildings; literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions; places of amusement; remarkable objects; manufactories; commercial warehouses; and wholesale and retail stores in Philadelphia and vicinity. How well the idea is carried out is a matter about which there must be a vast difference of opinion. According to our view, the work does not come up to the programme; though still it has a multitude of attractive features. The map of the city and environs, by R. P. Smith, which accompanies it, is excellent; and there are other details of decided merit, particularly in the way of embellishment. The plain palpable intent of the work seems to have been to make money, through the, at present, much abused medium of advertising; while the telling about matters and things in Philadelphia is as distinctly quite an incidental, at least, as to the nicest regard to everything which has a right to be known. The work is beautifully printed, and altogether elegantly appointed in all the particulars of paper and binding.

TALES OF THE SOUTHERN BORDER. PART I. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.

We have here the commencement of a compilation, embracing tales of border life at the South, from the pen of C. W. Webber, a writer well known and highly appreciated in this branch of literature. The stories have all been pronounced good; at least, we should judge so, from the sale which they are reported to have had, as presented in former issues. The present collection is handsomely got up, as are all the books which emanate from its publishers. We doubt not it will be received with marked favor, by the large class of readers who enjoy the style of incident of which it treats. There is, we confess, a little too much saltpetre and bowie-knife in it

to harmonise with our taste. A vast deal of talent is required, however, to present such scenes in their true natural colors, and that Mr. Webber possesses this is generally conceded.

THEIR'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON. Philadelphia: A. HART.

The Eleventh Part of this low-priced life of the Emperor Napoleon is before us. It was commenced by the predecessors of the present publisher, whose intention it was to complete it in ten parts; but the original being swelled beyond the expectation of the French publisher, Paulin, of course, so must the present admirable translation. The work is now expected to occupy fifteen parts, and will be completed by Mr. Hart at the original low price of 12½ cents each. Those who subscribed one dollar for the whole work, when it was commenced, and who have obtained the ten parts, which it was then thought it would embrace, can have the five additional numbers by enclosing Mr. Hart 75 cents in postage stamps, if residing under 1000 miles, or \$1 if further distant from Philadelphia.

THE BARON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, AND OTHER TALES, IN PROSE AND VERSE. H. HOOKER.

We have here a charming reprint of an English work. The chief story delicate in sentiment and style, furnishes the groundwork whereon several delightful tales are presented in rhyme. We hail the appearance of such books as the "Baron's Little Daughter," particularly at a time, when so many of a pernicious character are scattered among our youthful readers. They give us fiction, but it is that which is associated with high purposes and ennobling sentiments; that which is calculated to inspire the youthful mind to effort, because of the good arising therefrom, and not a mere gain of money and fame. Dr. Hooker sends forth always this class of reading, and we trust enjoys a return from the reading public commensurate with his merits.

**MOVEMENTS AMONG PUBLISHERS,
FOR THE CURRENT MONTH.**

BLANCHARD & LEA publish—

The Principles of Surgery, by James Miller, F. R. S. E. H., third American from the second Edinburgh edition, revised with additions by F. W. Sargent, M. D., illustrated with 240 wood engravings, 1 vol. 8vo., 750 pages.

Schmitz's Introduction to the Latin Grammar and Exercise Book, being part of "Schmitz and Zumpt's Classical series for Schools," 1 vol. 18mo.

THOMAS COWPERTHWAIT & Co.
Meadow's Spanish and English Dictionary.
Sargent's Standard School Speaker.
Manesca's French Grammar.

" " Reader.
History of the United States, by Rev. John Lord.

Tales from Shakspeare, by Charles Lamb.
Interlinear Virgil, by Hart & Osborn, (new edition.)

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.
Part 2 of Schoolcraft's Great National Work on the Indian Tribes of the United States. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Capt. U. S. A.

A. HART.
Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1852.

Woodreave Manor, a Tale of the Times, by Mrs. Dorsey.

Clifton, a new American Novel.
Boucher on Horses, second edition.

H. F. ANNERS.
Peter Parley's First Book Spelling and Reading.

The Child's Elementary Drawing Book.
" Juvenile Drawing Book of Landscapes, &c.

MUSIC AND THE ARTS.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

The beautiful specimens of wood engraving, now beginning to be seen in many of our modern publications, do indeed indicate a marked improvement in that branch of pictorial embellishment, over the rough unsightly cuts of a few years back, and at which now the growing taste of the public eye would hardly glance. Nor can we indulge these remarks without bestowing upon the printer his own success in doing full justice to the engraver by clear and beautiful impression, which surely depends upon *him*; and when he has the proper material in ink and paper, our fine publications compare well with those from across the water.

Our friend GRAHAM has not been relax in his exertions to beautify his agreeable monthly with fine embellishments in wood, and his numerous patrons will be much more gratified with the results of Mr. Devereux's prolific pencil, than the smoky mezzotints which have so long intruded upon the pages of magazine-dom. We go for good legitimate line engravings, either steel or wood, and nothing else. One of "Mote's" gems is worth a bushel of common place truck. We are right glad to see fine wood specimens interlarded in the pages of GRAHAM. Onward, say we, with your well-stored monthly, rich in literature, beautiful in embellishment. A large list is your sure reward. "To him who wills there is no obstacle."

ART IN NEW YORK.

Upon a recent visit to New York, we dropped into the Stuyvesant Institute in Broadway, to learn if there was anything there especially worthy of notice, and had the pleasure of seeing Brackett's "Ship-wrecked Mother and Child." The attitude of the mother is really beautiful. The artist has, indeed, succeeded in giving to the countenance that peculiar appearance which distinguishes *death* from *sleep*, and which is perhaps the most difficult task of sculpture. The group is cut from a block of Vermont marble; and although not quite so white as the purest Italian, is still as good and better than very much seen in this country; for it is well known that almost all the best marble of Italy goes to London.

On the same visit we examined the portrait of Napoleon, "*mon oncle*," by the great French historical painter, Delaroche. It represents the Emperor in his private apartments at Fontainebleau, meditating the abdication of his crown, on the evening of the 31st of March, 1814. The picture was commenced by the artist when very young, and finished in 1823. It is conceded by all Frenchmen who have seen the great original, to be the only correct likeness ever executed. The artist has evidently employed a great deal of his time upon it, and although it has so long been finished, and the painter has since executed, perhaps, nearly or quite one hundred other pictures, many of them much more known and celebrated than this, he has always considered it his best effort, valuing it so highly, that he has refused to part with it at any price; nay, he would not permit it to leave his possession, even temporarily, until Messrs. Goupil & Co., the eminent print publishers of Paris and New York, induced him to send it to this country, for a short time only, they stipulating to return it in May.

THE GERMANIANS.

This association of musicians have given several of their almost unapproachable concerts, wherein they have been excellently assisted by Mr. Alfred Jaell, a young man, and one of the best pianists we have had in this city. If any fault can be found with him at all, it is that of performing pieces of so difficult a character that a majority of the audience do not properly appreciate them.—Four-fifths of our untutored lovers of music, prefer to hear simple airs with the variations, *ad libitum*, of the player, to the most brilliant elaborations ever written. The Germans are now probably the best organized band in the country, and with the addition of four first violins, would, be think, be perfect.

SOIREE DE QUATUOR.

The fifth and last entertainment of the sea-

son of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, occurred a few evenings since, to an excellent and discriminating audience. The performances, generally, were appreciated. The only novelty presented was the first public appearance of Mr. Simon Hassler, a violinist of some celebrity in private circles, and a pupil of Mr. Waldteufel, the violincellist. His method is severe, and he may in time by rigid practice, become a good artist. The performances of Sig. Alfisi and B. C. Cross were very effective, but the most satisfactory of any presented was the flute and piano duett by Messrs. Koppitz and Alfisi. We hope these entertainments will be revived next winter. Should they be so, we are satisfied they will be among the most popular musicalities of the season.

PERELLI'S SOIREE.

The last *Soiree* of Signor Perelli was most numerous attended, a fact which rendered an over crowded room quite oppressive.—Might not future *Soirees* be given in the large saloon, where in addition to a much greater degree of comfort on the part of the audience, a better judgment could be formed of the progress and capacity of the pupils? The performances on the evening in question were of a very high order, and will long be remembered with pleasure by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

CHATTER-BOX.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17th, 1852.

RATHER a longer period than usual has elapsed, good readers, since we last gave you the benefit of our Chatter; but as you must perceive by our enlarged and beautiful appearance, we have used it to good purpose. We humbly think BIZARRE was pleasant to look upon, if not profitable to hold communion with before; we as humbly think, it has been decidedly improved by the changes which a few weeks have effected in its outward and inward man. Yesterday, we were a semi-occasional visitor; from to-day, we are to drop in upon you once each fortnight. The present number is but a shadowing of what we hope to do in the future. Such as it is, nevertheless, give it we unto you—modest creatures that we are—satisfied for all its short-comings it is at least worth FIVE CENTS.

THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS, BAKER & Co., in our city, is one of the most prominent of its kind in the country, and probably equals the best in Europe. Its work certainly compares with the handsomest we have seen from London and Paris. We present in another part of BIZARRE an elegant and correct engraving

of a superb chandelier sent by this house to the great World's Fair, and which elicited universal admiration. The London *Illustrated News* said of it:—"The chandelier which we engrave measures 15 feet in height by 6½ in width. It contains 15 lights. The branches are composed of a succession of scrolls, from which hang bunches of fruit; the canopy is composed of flowers intertwining in variegated forms the convolvulus and lily; and the body though also richly ornamented, displays great lightness, a point which the designer has arrived at in all his works, and with great success."

The same paper adds generally touching the manufactures of the house of Cornelius, Baker & Co.—"All the articles manufactured by this firm display remarkable richness of color and commendable beauty of form, and are so constructed as to convey a large quantity of oxygen to the combustion point, to the great improvement in the color and brightness of the light produced. The house of Cornelius & Co. constantly give employment to 700 operators in the various branches of their business."

THE POET Garth says,

"Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year."

This will do for poetry, known to be often far away from fact. Where is the "smiling verdure" of the present spring? We see it not, we feel not its warmth. The trees have tried to bud, but tried in vain. The beautiful horse-chestnuts in the Butler House grounds, with all their manly energies, have been held back. Touching these horse-chestnuts and these grounds; how long have they gladdened our heart as we have gazed from our lofty look-out upon their summer-tide beauties! And now we fear we are to lose the inspiration they give. Our excellent landlord has determined to give up business; he has notified his united and happy family of boarders that they must find other quarters; he is going to have an auction! We trust his place will be speedily filled by some equally good person. To be separated from our long-cherished eyrie, from the lovely green which lies beneath it, those darling horse-chestnut trees, and the floods of bird-music which they throw off for two-thirds of the year—we can't bear to think of it!

HATS ARE various in shape; that is if we survey the whole family from the nicely-polished and neatly-turned productions of WARBURTON, to the unseemly creations of small manufacturers in obscure parts of the city. Chestnut street gives one, too, all the varieties; representatives of all classes of citizens are seen in this thoroughfare. Take it on a sunshiny, pleasant day, and you are amazed at

the diversity in the simple detail of hats which it offers. Touching our friend WARBURTON: he has recently introduced a four dollar hat, which in appearance and, we doubt not, in real quality, is quite up to those for which other dealers charge a larger sum. He must indeed be distressed by penury, who wears an old shabby hat, when a new, shining, and tasteful castor can be had for four dollars. And judging from the increase of new hats, or the great number of new hats which one now sees about town, people, generally, must be fair-to-do in the world. Why should they not? Money, we learn, is a drug at 4 per cent.; and the mines of California are all the time pouring in new supplies of gold, but little of which is shipped abroad.

BUCKWHEAT IS a grain which was introduced into Europe during the latter part of the fifteenth and the earlier part of the sixteenth century, though the writers of those times do not seem to know whence it emanated. Bruyerinus thought it came from Greece; so did Conrade Heresbaek. According to Martin Schork, who wrote in 1661, it had been known in Flanders scarcely one hundred years. We have also the statement of the old botanists, Lobelius, the Brothers Bauhin, Matthiolus, and others, to the end that this grain was known not in Europe until the time designated by those already quoted. We have buckwheat in our country in abundance, and just at this time it is plentifully used for cakes. The season for them, however, is passing away. Very well; we are poetical enough readily to part with them, especially as their places are to be supplied by the enjoyment of

—Fair sunny glades where the buttercup springs,
Of cool, gushing fountains, of rose-tinted wings,
Of birds, bees, and blossoms, all beautiful things."

OUR FRIEND, WILLIAM H. MAURICE, 108 Chestnut street, is never idle. Visit him when we may, he is always occupied. We think him one of the most methodical creatures we ever saw. With him every thing has its place, and is in its place. He began life, too, as a plodder; it has been his pleasure to go on plodding; and we expect he will continue to plod even though fortune may toss into his lap two or three fortunes. Work with him is a second nature; he believes it to be man's duty, rich or poor, to be doing something. Much of the mischief of the time, or seven-eighths of it, springs from idleness. We feel pleasure in dealing with MAURICE, and we are not singular in this respect. The majority of his customers are so, *con amore*. Moreover, Maurice keeps the best blank books, papers, and pens, indeed, the best of every thing in the stationers' line.

CONRAD MEYER has received his medal from the London World's Fair Committee, and it may be considered another testimonial of the excellence of his pianos. We should think the accumulation of honors which is heaped upon Meyer would puff him up a trifle. But no; he is the same plain, substantial, modest-looking little gentleman he always had been. We got a glimpse of him the other night, at the Germania concert, by the way, and it was while Jael was bringing out the eloquence of piano keys. There was an evident excitement going on at the time within our friend's bosom, but it was an excitement of the most pleasurable character.

MR. WILLIAM T. FRY, 227 Arch street, continues to manufacture beautiful things in the way of dressing-cases, work-boxes, writing-desks, &c. He, moreover, enjoys a large wholesale and retail trade. FRY's store is like many of the best men, better within than without. No one would suppose, indeed, from its plain, modest exterior, that it contained so many rare attractions. FRY not only gets up the best of goods, but he also buys that portion of his stock which he does not make, from the first manufacturers in the world. His razors, perfumes, soaps, and toilet articles generally, are all of the first quality.

WE CALL attention to the circular of the eminent Daguerreian, M. A. Root, which appears in another column. Root is full of business. We know this from daily observation, our new office being at 140 Chestnut street, the same building he has so long occupied. He has lately received a letter from the eminent Daguerreian J. G. Mayall, of London, from which we extract the following:

"I had a visit to-day from Mr. McQueen, the engraver, who showed me a 'Crayon' daguerreotype of yours, taken for him, certainly as fine a specimen of the art as I ever saw; and it does you, and all connected with you in the manipulation, infinite credit. Such works as these must convince the most impressionless that the daguerreotype is not a mere mechanical pursuit, which can be picked up in a day. What an infinitude of labor, before you could arrive at such a perfection; how carefully prepared the plate; what chemical skill, with an eye for the beautiful and harmonious; what nature, and still what art; how tender the shadows, yet how massive and grand the whole performance! I hope you will persevere in the same track. You are right in producing such things. They speak trumpet-tongued for your reputation."

TO EDITORS.—Editors copying our advertisement, and sending paper marked to the office, will be entitled to the work for one year. We have no exchange list.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and fifty one, and in the City of Boston aforesaid.

JOHN A. WHIPPLE. [Seal.]

Sealed and Delivered in presence of F. W. SAWYER, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Suffolk, ss. July 19th, 1851. Then personally appeared the above JOHN A. WHIPPLE, and acknowledged the above instrument to be his free act and deed before me.

[Seal.] FREDERICK W. SAWYER,
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We regard, as the two most remarkable

spectacles we have ever witnessed, the receptions of La Fayette and Kossuth by the American people. Nor did their chief interest to us consist in the vivid and universal enthusiasm called forth by the presence of these men. It was rather in the fact, that this enthusiasm was wholly without selfish alloy. True it is, that La Fayette had nobly toiled and fought and lavished his treasure and blood in behalf of American freedom. But these deeds belonged to time past and a vanished generation; and a grateful recognition of foregone services is far rarer than, for the honor of our kind, we could desire.

But, in Kossuth's case, even this ground of special interest is wanting. It is solely his character as a man, his struggles for liberty, as a universal right, and his services to our common humanity, which have kindled in our people such a passion of admiration, and created a general jubilee of emotions, in which egotism has had no share. Whatever, then, may be the immediate result, either to himself or to Hungary, of his mission to this country, its indirect consequences and accompanying benefits to us must inevitably be great beyond calculation.

And, worthy of first mention among these benefits, we count the simple fact of our having been permitted to see and hear a man at once eminently great and eminently good.— True it is, that by a few persons both these attributes have been denied him. We would fain know how such persons explain his having won a reverence and admiration all but universal, and wielded a personal influence almost without parallel in modern history.— In fact, the friends and the foes of Kossuth vie with each other in the emphasis of their testimony to this point. A private individual, without ancestral glories or present opulence; branded with the disastrous defeat of his patriotic enterprise; a fugitive and a quasi prisoner in the far Orient; he yet rivets the thoughts and the speech of the civilized world on himself. The autocrats of two great military Empires, with a million of disciplined soldiers at their back, so dread that defenceless fugitive, that no persuasion or menace is left untried to get him within their grasp. They would hide in the grave, or a grave-like dungeon, the light, whose simple shining, however distant, robbed them of repose. But the Turk negatived their demand at the risk both of domestic insurrection and of war with the overwhelming numbers of his hereditary foes, ever watching for a plausible pretext for seizing his coveted dominions. Meanwhile, a trans-oceanic people four thousand miles distant, alien in race and speech, and related to the captive only by a common humanity, speak with emphatic unanimity for his release, and sustained by a kindred European people, accomplish it. A

national ship is despatched to the Mediterranean, and the hunted fugitive passes beneath the safe covert of the starry flag. It would, of course, have been self-contradicting, if that *Republican* President, whose republicanism has since flamed out so brilliantly, had not feared, despite his half million of trained and subservient veterans, to permit this single wanderer to make a hurried journey through Republican France! Is it not an instructive phenomenon? three despots, wielding the military force of one hundred and thirty millions of people, positively shaking with dread of a solitary invalid, who, with neither power, home nor country, and a dependent for his very bread, possessed nothing save his own mind and heart! Who shall say, that intellect and virtue have not an intrinsic might of their own, and are not, with peculiar fitness, to be ranked among the "powers that be?" And what shall we say of the sagacity of those who would have us believe, that this man is of quite ordinary powers, both mental and moral,—deficient even in that commonest of attributes, personal courage?

We have, however, presented but a part of the statement. While the foes of freedom bear this emphatic testimony to the genius of the Magyar, its friends give attestation not less forcible and far more pleasing. A stranger in the land, and laboring under the embarrassment of a foreign, unaccustomed tongue, he carries, by a storm of fascinations, the sturdy and not very impressionable heart of the English people. Cæsar's world-famed "*veni, vidi, vici*," becomes, a second time, literal verity, and the homeless stranger is transformed into the cherished friend, with a home in the veneration and love of a great nation!

He traverses the Atlantic, and on our own soil the same phenomenon re-appears. From city to city and state to state, his journey is a triumphal march, such as no Roman conqueror could ever boast; the enthusiastic acclamations, that everywhere receive him, are the spontaneous outbursts of free hearts; and the respectful admiration, with which thousands hang on every utterance of his lips, have no mingling of egotism in their source.

It would be strange, indeed, if to this narration we could not add, that the fourteen millions of his native Hungary look, with a rare unanimity, to him, as their providential liberator; or that the friends of European liberty universally regard him as their principal leader and guide; the man on whom, under God, the fortunes of Europe's future depend.

In many cases, a lucid statement of facts is the most cogent of arguments. And we venture to say, that if this our statement of facts universally known, brief and inadequate

as we confess it to be, does not prove its subject to be a great man, we know not by what signs this attribute is to be recognised.

If, however, greatness were his sole claim to our regard, even the little we have thus far said of him were a sad waste of words.—But the goodness of the man is not less conspicuous than his greatness; and if the considerations we have offered demonstrate the one, they no less forcibly evince the other. The genius, which has made him the “observed of all observers,” has been exerted exclusively for unselfish and noble objects. If there be such a thing as utter self-abnegation and a consecration of the whole man to ends the holiest and highest, these traits shine out with noontide brightness, through the entire public career of this patriot hero.

We have, then, no hesitation in saying, that we rejoice, both for our countrymen and ourselves, in the opportunity afforded us to see and hear such a specimen of our race. Of all things known to us, the good, great man is, beyond measure, the noblest and grandest, and typifies most visibly the one infinite perfection. There is magnetism in his touch, inspiration in his presence, a blessed contagion in his words and looks. And who can estimate the moral worth of the sentiments and emotions, which have been stirred into energetic and prolonged activity by the presence of the hero among us? The object, which he has ever at his heart and on his lips, is one that appeals exclusively and strongly to our nobler selves. It presses home to our sympathies with the basely and cruelly wronged; to our compassion for the guiltless suffering; to our hereditary love of liberty and national independence; to our interest in those, who, like our own fathers, heroically struggled against enormous odds, for that freedom which we enjoy, but which they failed, for the time, to achieve.

That we needed some such kindling of our generous impulses; some such brightening of the sympathetic chain, that links us to our kind; some such breaking up of that crust of “custom,” which

“Lies upon us with a weight,
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,”

has been all too plainly shown by the sort of reasons urged by not a few against Kossuth's doctrine of intervention. These reasons, with scarce an exception, have been exclusively selfish and mercenary in character. “Of what profit will this measure be to ourselves?”—is the argument of one class of these persons. “We shall offend Russia and Austria by even an expression of our compassionate sympathy with their chained and bleeding victim,”—is the answer of another class. And grave Legislators, in Congress assembled, have striven to cast ridicule and insult upon a noble people, thus trampled in the mire satu-

rated with the blood of thousands of their brightest and best, and on the self-immolating hero, who pleads in their behalf!

Upon such men, as the last named, we have no words to waste. Pity they were born on this alien soil, and not by the Danube or the Neva, where they properly belong. They demonstrate the truth of Kossuth's remark, that “the instincts of the great popular heart, are often wiser, and afford safer guidance, than the elaborate judgment of politicians.” Those instincts have emphatically proclaimed the Magyar a man who does honor to his kind; at once eminently great and eminently good; and the high-toned feeling which his presence has aroused through the land, cannot be otherwise than genial and healthy in its results.

Hardly less beneficial is the universal discussion awakened by the specific purport of his mission here. It is among the brightest, because truest, of maxims, that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” Not less bright or true, is it, that an almost invariable consequence of great and long continued prosperity is to make us forget, or at least underprize, the sources from which it flows, and the principles essential to its conservation. We apprehend, that such is, to no small extent, the case with ourselves. We count it fortunate, therefore, that the coming of the great champion of European freedom has kindled our sensibilities and attracted our unwontedly earnest regards to those momentous principles, which lie at the basis of our national well-being. The incalculable blessings of liberty, the rights and duties of nations, and themes akin to these, have been again and again set forth by him with a vigor and a glowing eloquence almost without parallel; while his vivid narrations of the heroic struggles, the cruel sufferings, and the monstrous wrongs of a gallant people in vindication of their rightful freedom and independence, have still further tended to deepen our sense of the worth of privileges, of which ourselves are well nigh the sole possessors.

But momentous questions have recently been mooted far and wide touching our relations to other nations. Are we justified in shutting up our sympathies within our own borders; in caring for our own interests solely; in restricting ourselves to the development of our own resources and the enjoyment of our own share of the bounties of Heaven? Or do the unparalleled favors of a benignant Providence to ourselves impose upon us any specific duties towards nations less happily conditioned? May we blamelessly bury our talents in the earth, or use them exclusively for our own behoof? Or are we not bound, on peril of the Divine displeasure, to employ them also for the benefit of the great human family, of which we are a portion?

Such are some of the questions which the visit of Kossuth has brought into general discussion, and certainly they are questions both of deep interest and transcendent importance. What his views concerning them are, is sufficiently well known; and he has vindicated their justice with a vigor of logic and a power of eloquence not easily to be matched among living men. To discuss his favorite doctrine of intervention does not fall within our purpose, pleasant as the task would be to us. Of one thing, however, we will say, we have no doubt at all, which is, that nations and individuals are bound by one and the same law of morality. What is right for the individual man is right for the nation, and what is wrong for the former is equally wrong for the latter. If we are justified in standing by and beholding a strong man cruelly beat and trample on a weak man, a child or a woman, without interfering either by act, or by a request that he desist, or even a simple expression of disapproval, because "it is no affair of ours" and "we are not assailed;" then it is right for America to look on, while Austria treads Hungary under foot for vindicating her rights, and Russia intervenes to aid her in her bloody wrong, without so much as uttering one word of disapprobation!

A QUEER OLD ROMANCE.

Among the antique works of early German literature there is a romance on the life of Alexander the Great, written by Lamprecht, who lived probably in the twelfth century. In this work we find some invention, but no consistency of plot. Some of its points are amusing. The extensive parts of the world still left undefined by geographic science, afforded, for the romancist, convenient theatres wherein to display the adventures of supernatural knights, fairies, and enchanters. Lamprecht could safely tell the wonders of remote India, where he prudently placed his hero, beyond the reach of contradiction. In this romance of Alexander, the hero gives, in a letter to his old tutor, Aristotle, an account of some prodigies which he has seen. It contains the following passage of beautiful fancy:—

INDIAN WOOD-NYMPHS.

"We entered here a shady wood,
Where trees of spreading foliage stood,
And twined their branches altogether,
As to shut out the sultry weather.
Below, cool fountains bubbled out,
And, winding playfully about,
Moltened the mossy roots, and then
Together flowed into a glen
Beside the pleasant wood; and here
Was spread a lake, as crystal clear.

Shining birds, with tuneful throats,
Cheered the forest with their notes;
And on the mossy turf there grew
Large rose-buds, beautiful to view—
Some as white as mountain snow;
Others had a ruddy glow.
We gazed with wonder there, beholding
Each its fragrant leaves unfolding;
For out of every flower-cup, there
Stepped a maiden rosy-fair;
Rosy as evening skies, and bright
In youth and joy, as morning light!

Among the forest-trees they played,
And danced together on the glade;
And when these fairy-damels sung
Within the wood their carols rang
More tunefully than any bird,
Or instrument, we ever heard;
And lulled by their melodious strain,
We all forgot our toil and pain:
Our life was like a pleasant stream,
Or like a sweet, enchanting dream;
We longed for ever there to stay;
Oh, that such joys should pass away!

Our fairest buds, who rose from flowers
Faded with the fading bowers;
Buds that were so bright in May,
Died when summer passed away;
And, like their bloom that once was bright,
Our fairies faded from our sight;
'Mid withered leaves the breezes sighed,
The crystal fountains all were dried;
The merry birds were dead or banished,
And all our forest pleasures vanished."

This romance does not conclude without a *moral*. Alexander having conquered all the nations on earth, is represented as arriving with his army at the gates of Paradise, which he intends to take by storm! But an angel appears, and tells the hero that Heaven cannot be won in such a way; and exhorts him to go back into his own country, and there to practise humility and other virtues. The romance is here more favorable to the victor's character than history has been. Alexander returns to Macedonia, where he rules his people with justice and clemency for twelve years, and then dies. And of all his dominions, says the poet, there remained for him at last—

"Seven feet of earth, and not a span
More than for a common man!"

COL. WILLIAM H. MAURICE has been appointed *aide-de-camp* by Gov. Bigler; and thus is double-distilled in the honor, having received the same distinction from Gov. Johnston. Some achieve greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them, Shakspeare says. The Colonel falls under both of these, and what is more, deserves, and richly deserves, all the benefits derived therefrom. He is a whig, Gov. Bigler is a democrat; hence, the honors of the fresh Colonelcy indicate a sense of appreciation on the part of our chief magistrate, independent of political considerations.

CARDINAL ROCO; OR, THE MALEDICTION.

CHAPTER I.

One evening in 184—, while at Rome, during Passion Week, I received a letter from the Saxon ambassador, containing a card of admission to the chapel of ——. Out of courtesy to the old gentleman, more than curiosity, I was induced to attend the sacred performance. I arrived at the chapel in sufficient time to afford me an opportunity of examining the faces of all about me. Among them I perceived a number of strangers, at that time residents of Rome. Near me stood two French Marquises and Lord P——, with both of whom I was intimately acquainted. My presence in the chapel seemed to afford them considerable amusement, as they well knew my aversion to a performance such as we were about to witness. Lord P—— intimated that it was merely for the sake of the fine girl whom I was escorting, and pointed to a young lady standing near me, at the same time asking me her name. I assured him that I knew nothing of her. He seemed inclined to doubt. I turned to observe my neighbor. Her figure was fine, and she was apparently not a Roman. A black veil entirely concealed her face, yet did not suffice to hide one of the fairest necks I ever beheld. In secret, I already thanked the old diplomatist for his politeness, and flattered myself with the prospect of an interesting acquaintance.

I was on the point of speaking to her when the melancholy music began. The lady seemed so wrapt up in thought and attention that I scarcely ventured to address her. Displeased, I leaned back against one of the pillars, forgetting the world, the Pope, and execrating the music, the monotonous sound of which was to me almost insupportable.

At last, as it continued, it gradually made an impression upon me. My stony heart melted under the influence of its tones; melancholy recollections of my earlier years passed like shadows over my mind; and I involuntarily was moved to tears. Ashamed I looked around to see if I was observed, but all were on their knees, and weeping bitterly. Eleven torches were extinguished, and once more the deep, heart-piercing tones, sounded through the chapel; but this time gentler and still more impressively. At last, the twelfth torch was gone; and as the solemn tones of the chant slowly died away, it was evident that a fervent spirit of devotion possessed the whole assembly. The service ended; every one sought the gates; and I, with the rest, started to leave the place. I perceived my beautiful lady still upon her knees; so taking courage I addressed her, saying,

"Signora, we are the last in the chapel, and the gates will soon be closed."

No answer.

I now ventured to take a hand which hung by her side. It was cold and lifeless. She lay fainting! I found myself in a strange situation; the night was already far advanced, and the only thing visible was the monk whose duty it was to close the chapel. I called to him for assistance; and we together succeeded in reviving my fair incognita, who on drawing her veil aside, I discovered to be inexpressibly lovely.

She looked for a moment about her, and then fixing her large blue eyes on me, said, not in Italian, but in the most full sounding German:—

"You here, my dear Otto?"

What were my feelings of astonishment to hear myself thus familiarly addressed! How could she know my name? But she on her part seemed to wonder at my silence.

"You are not in good spirits, dear Otto," she repeated, "but come, let us go; it must be late;" and so saying she gently pressed my hand.

What could I think? Deceit in her seemed almost impossible; neither did her appearance betray any resemblance to a low person. She certainly might have mistaken me, but, then, how did she know my name? I endeavored to act the part of a favored lover, and walked with her out of the place of worship.

On leaving the gate my embarrassment was renewed, for I knew not what direction to take, and in order not to betray myself, I turned, without saying a single word, to the left.

"My dear Otto, how absent you seem to-night. This way will lead, you know well, to ———."

Oh, how I loved to hear her voice!—how beautiful it sounded from her lips! She certainly is a German, thought I. Yes, I see it by her appearance, and by her language; but as without answering her I moved to the left, she broke into tears, and sobbing turned towards me. I summoned up courage and imprinted a kiss, which she considered as a reconciliation.

"Are you angry with me, my dear Otto? Did my attendance at the chapel displease you? Oh! I wish I had never entered its portals! I had hoped to have obtained comfort and consolation in the service, but found neither. How solitary I should be in the world without you, my dear Otto."

My situation was bordering almost on despair. The most beautiful and lovely woman on my arm, and not daring to tell her how deeply she excited me.

As my silence still seemed to vex her, I murmured,

"How could I be angry with you?"

She immediately looked up joyfully and exclaimed,

"Do you really love me? Yes, you speak as if you did, and your looks confirm it. Come and see me early to-morrow morning, and pray do not let me wait for you all day."

By this time we had reached her house, and as she rang the bell, she said,

"Now, my dear Otto, I should willingly remain a little longer with you, but that I fear I have left the old lady waiting alone too long already."

So saying she pressed a kiss on my lip, and entered the house.

I took the number of the house; the street I did not recognize; but at the corner I observed a fountain with a Madonna, which would assist me as a guide to find it again.

Hurrying quickly home I found no rest in sleep, for the figure of the lovely girl haunted me all night long.

In the morning, Lord P——, accompanied by another friend, visited me, and after some preliminary conversation taxed me with having escorted home the lady whose acquaintance I had so positively denied.

I related to them my adventure, yet they seemed almost to discredit my statement, declaring I had been seen before, with this very same lady. It now became clear to me that some demon had assumed my person, for the girl herself persisted in having seen me before; and I grew weary and anxious to discover my prototype, as well as the lady herself. For several days I hung about her dwelling, but was unable to obtain a second glance of her.

Business called me for a short time to Naples. Agreeable as this journey would have been at any other time, it was now quite the reverse. With a heart beating full of anxiety for the heart that had thus chained me, I left Rome, hurried through my affairs at Naples, and returned long before I should have done, had not my mysterious adventure haunted me continually.

It was now the Carnival season, and I was in hopes I would discover the object so dear to me at some public place. I visited the festivals in expectation of discovering the idol of my soul's fancy, but I was doomed to disappointment, which caused me to shun all amusements. I endeavored to drive from me a subject which occupied my whole thoughts, and in this manner passed several days.

A letter received from D—— caused me to call on my friend the ambassador. After some conversation, he inquired how I had amused myself at the Corso. I replied that I had not been there, which surprised him exceedingly as he was quite sure of having seen me there with a lady on my arm; and that I had returned his salute. He was silent, and not less astonished than myself,

after I mentioned that I had not left my room for three days; but the thought that it was my adored one accompanied by my evil genius, made a stronger impression on my mind than it ever did before.

A very brilliant masked parade, attended by all the belles of Rome, was to take place the next day, and I resolved to be a spectator. Gentle reader, at any other time I would have been an attentive observer of all that passed around me, but as you well know that the inducement of my mingling amongst the lookers on, was only in search of one object, I cannot, therefore, satisfy your longing if you expect me to give you any description of the festival which I was about to witness.

Having arrived in good time, I obtained a very advantageous position for observing the approaching procession. Let me only remark, *en passant*, as the procession passed, a shout of applause arose from the assembled multitude, for it was indeed a glorious sight. The evening approached, and the people ascended the stage to gain a view of the feats of horsemanship about to be performed.

I stood alone, casting my eyes in all directions in expectation of discovering the gem of my heart. Suddenly I was roused from my reverie by a tap on the shoulder, and a voice like that of the nightingale when she breathes out her soul in song, whispered in my ear,

"Why so solitary?"

I looked around. A charming mask in the costume of a Tyrolese stood behind me; the beautiful blue eyes pierced through the mask, and the voice left no doubt on my mind but that it was the lady of my search. Presently I offered her my hand, which she pressed ardently, saying:—

"Otto, dear, I have been looking for you the whole evening."

I proposed that we should ascend into the gallery. She was very willing, and taking my arm, we made our way through the mass of people, where on finding a retired spot we seated ourselves.

Carnival, horsemanship, and the belles of Rome were all lost on me. She removed her mask, and heaven itself seemed to open before me. She fixed her large full eyes upon me for a moment, and then taking off her glove playfully stroked the hair from my forehead with the softest and most delicate little hand I ever saw, exclaiming:—

"Now you look as you did that evening in the chapel—the meeting which you so obstinately deny! Only confess it to your Laura that it was you."

I was about to reply when the signal was given that the horses were starting. She wished to see it, and arising, leaned over the gallery. In turning round, I perceived a friend of mine, and whilst her attention was

directed for a moment upon the performance, I withdrew to speak to him. In returning to the place, I began to reproach myself for indulging my idle fancy in trifling with an innocent girl, and whilst I was thus moralizing and reflecting whether I should continue or abandon the adventure, I beheld to my astonishment, my place, which I had for a few moments vacated, was occupied by another, apparently in deep and earnest conversation with my unknown friend: I crept behind in a position not to be observed by them, yet near enough to be a listener to the conversation.

"How can you so bitterly joke with me as you do," said Laura; "asking me how I came here, when you yourself brought me—nay, only left me for a moment, as you said?"

"I brought you here? Why it was but this moment that I entered this place, and now chance brought me to your side. It is you who are joking with me."

With a weeping voice she again repeated her former words, adding, with a sweet smile; "You are like an English sky, one moment all bright, and the next all clouds."

The gentleman was evidently vexed, and rising, ejaculated:—

"Madame, I am not in the humor to be trifled with, and if my company is a burden to you, I retire!"

He was about moving away, but I could no longer endure to see her tormented, so I stepped forward to unravel the mystery, when I was startled on beholding in the person before me, my own image reflected as in a mirror. The similarity of our dress might be attributed to the fact that we were both attired in the fashion of the day. The two lovers, if I may so call them, seemed not less surprised. The lady blushed, perhaps in remembrance of kisses indiscriminately vouchsafed, for it might have struck her at once that it was not her Otto attended her from the chapel, neither did he bring her to that place.

The gentleman, his face turning towards me, addressed me in broken French, and in an exceedingly harsh tone of voice, saying:

"Sir, how came you to play such an unmanly game with this lady?"

Without fear of her sparkling eyes, and with the politest air possible, I turned to the lady and begged her forgiveness for having indulged in a joke, of which she herself had been the direct cause.

"She has been the cause of it!" exclaimed he, while his features became almost convulsed with rage; "I see I have been duped by the woman in whom I so much confided."

Saying these words he trembled with passion, and was about to depart. As for Laura, I had never seen any living being so

beautiful as she appeared at that moment. She clung to him with affection and devotion beaming in every feature; taking hold of his hand, protesting her innocence in words that might have turned the hardest heart, and called upon me to witness her blameless error. For the first time I chided myself for my conduct.

I was melted under the beams of her beauty. There is an inexpressible charm in the picture of a girl who silently and devotedly cherishes the pangs of disappointed love—there is something holy in it. But in the pain of inward love, the tremor of anxiety, the tear in her large blue eye, the words in which she pleaded her cause, were worthy the blushes on her cheek. She was indeed a picture more earthly than the former, but of an enchanting power. How truly Byron has sung,

"It is thus a lion will turn and flee,
From a maid in the pride of her purity."

Her words fell coldly upon his heart. He seemed not to believe; there was a jealousy or passion he could not master. Pushing her rudely from him, he threatened never more to see her.

The lady seemed overpowered, and hiding her tears with her handkerchief, she fell back into her seat. I was moved with the liveliest sympathy. I felt myself almost insulted that a man should so basely maltreat a lady, and his beloved one too.

"Sir," said I, "if the word of a gentleman can calm you, I do assure, the fault, if any there be, rests entirely with me."

"The word of a gentleman," he replied, ironically; "so any fool can call himself."

After these words I no longer stood on ceremony, but giving him a well known sign, and presenting him with my address, I left the place without any further conversation.

Chapter II. in Number Three.

DIAMOND-POINT NOTINGS.

COVERED CARRIAGES were not known until the beginning of the sixteenth century, and then, they were only used by women of the first rank, the men considering it disgraceful to ride in them. This is a well-established fact; indeed we have record of princes and electors, excusing themselves from meetings of state, by informing the Emperor that their health would not permit them to ride on horseback. Covered carriages, Beckmann informs us, were for a long time forbidden to women. This was so much the case even to the middle of the 16th century, that, the wife of a certain duke, with great difficulty, obtained permission from him, to use a covered carriage in her journey to the baths, and then her female attendants were forbidden

the same indulgence. In 1474 the Emperor Frederick III. went to Frankfort in a close carriage. In the description of a splendid tournament held by the Elector of Brandenburg, Joachim, at Ruppin, in 1509, there are notices of a carriage, gilt all over, belonging to the Electress; of twelve other coaches ornamented with crimson, and of another of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, which was hung with red satin. At the coronation of the Emperor Maximalian, in 1562, the Elector of Cologne had twelve carriages. In 1594, the Margrave John Sigismund, did homage at Warsaw, on account of Prussia, with a train of thirty-six carriages, with six horses each. Kevenhillier, speaking of the marriage of Ferdinand II. with a Bavarian Princess, says, the bride rode with her sisters "in a splendid carriage studded with gold, her maids of honor in carriages hung with black satin," &c. When the consort of the Emperor Mathias, made her public entrée, on her marriage, she rode in a carriage covered with perfumed leather! Mary, Infanta of Spain, espoused to the Emperor Ferdinand III., rode in a glass carriage, which only held two persons. So much for coaches, and some facts touching their history.

COUNT LAVALETTE once dreamed a fearful dream. He thought he says:—"The clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke him. He heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but fell asleep immediately. In this sleep, says he, I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honore, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still. Nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry; the men and horses however all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin, and with bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets; their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air, and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery wagons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered." The Count had evidently eaten a hearty supper,

perhaps of *paté de foie gras*, a most night-mareish compound. Nearly any man may find himself swimming in horrors equally decided with those which affected the Count, by devouring a prodigiously rich dish just before retiring.

BELZONI, THE great Egyptian explorer, was born at Padua, and educated at Rome. He commenced his career in Portugal, whither he went in 1815. From thence he proceeded to Egypt; where winning the favor of the Pacha by his dancing and gymnastic feats, he obtained facilities for exploring the ruins of the land of the Pharaohs. He opened the pyramid of Gheza, as well as that of Cephrenes, and explored the catacombs of Thebes, especially that in the valley of Biban el Molook, supposed to be the Mausoleum of Psammis, in 400 B. C. Subsequently, he entered the temple of Ipsambal, near the second cataract of the Nile; discovered several temples near by, buried in ruins, made an expedition into the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, and finally was rewarded by obtaining the locality of the Emerald mines of Zubara; and the site of the city of Berenice, once the great Emporium of India and Europe. He died at Gato, on his way to Benin; and was buried there. Belzoni was the first to believe what has since proved true, viz.: that the Nile and Niger were different streams, and that the former emptied its waters into the Atlantic.

THE FAMOUS PARMESAN cheese, which is so much esteemed by good livers both in Europe and here, comes from the country between Cremona and Lodi, the richest part of the Milanese. The grass is cut four times a year as fodder for the cows, from whose milk the cheese is made. The cows, which are kept in the stall all the year long, are fed in the summer on two of these crops of grass, or cloves, which are cut green, and in the winter on the other two, made into hay. The milk of at least fifty of these cows is required for the manufacture of one cheese. Hence, as one farm rarely makes pasture for such a number, it is usual for the farmers of a district to club together. The milk of fifty, sixty, or even of a hundred cows is brought twice a day to the farm where the dairy is fixed. The person on whom devolves the task of making the cheese keeps an account of the milk received, and apportions the cheese according to the ownership thereof.

"TO-DAY" is the title of an excellent literary journal published in Boston,—Mr. Charles Hale the editor, and Redding & Co. the publishers,—which appeared last week in new type.

"SOLD" FOR A GRIDDLE-CAKE.

"I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone."
Henry IV.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."—Swift.

Many years ago I was an inveterate joker. For a hearty laugh I would incur the displeasure of half my friends, and more than half the time was in hot water, set a boiling by the wrath of some poor unfortunate who had been played upon. Like all of my species, I required the jest to be at another's expense to make it at all relishable. Whenever most potent "I" was "the observed of all observers," "the galled jade would wince," and never see the point that pricked. But jolly Momus, in spite of himself, would often set the trap for me with the same bait I had used for others. Yet, courteous reader, remember this was many, many years ago.—My wild oats have long since been sown, have sprouted and produced nothing but stubble. Yours too will be all chaff, unless, unlike your monitor, you sow with them a few pints of good grain to yield a harvest worth the reaping.

But sermonizing aside. My object is now to tell a joke of which I was the victim, and not to trouble you with a dose of advice which I won't take myself. All of us have a surplus share on hand that won't spoil by keeping, or, if not at present flush, can easily obtain by the mere asking, more than enough for home consumption.

In the summer of 18—, (guess the two remaining digits, if you be a woman, or, if a man, ask your sweetheart to guess for you,) I was travelling in the extreme South, partly on business and partly for pleasure. Happening to stop at the polished little town of —, I was fortunate enough to be invited to pass the time at the house of an old friend. Nothing could have been more acceptable, for I had endured long enough the vermin and suspicious fare of hotels, and was delighted to have the opportunity of eating and sleeping in confidence. It happened to be a kind of festival week in the place, and mine host, in common with his fellow freeholders, was keeping open house. There were already under his roof half a dozen young people, who, added to his own family, made a very delightful party. As for fun, we were never at a loss for that. It came in abundance, and the walls rung with many a merry peal. Carriages, horses, and servants were at our bidding, and you may depend upon it, were not permitted to rust for want of using. Nothing was lacking to gratify our tastes for eating and drinking. The table groaned with every thing delicious and tempting.—Such figs, peaches, pears, and melons never before provoked the appetite; and if not con-

tent to devour them in-doors, we had but to stroll into the gardens and pluck them from nature's own bountiful hand. Never was a party of young scape-graces given such entire liberty to do as their whims dictated, and we made the best use of our privileges.

One pleasant morning, all hands were unusually merry in anticipation of an expedition to take place during the day, and so full were we of our plans that the bell for breakfast rang more than once before we cared to obey its summons. If the reader has ever been a guest in a southern mansion, he (or she) can imagine the pleasant picture which excited our morning appetites when we reached the table. If not, there's no use in wasting words, and "that's an end on't." I took my usual place beside as bright a pair of eyes as ever set a bachelor's heart a sailing; their fair possessor being an intimate friend of the family, and taking upon herself to do part of the honors of the table. The coffee and good things were soon passing around, making the whole room fragrant with their odors, while I was doing my best to appear agreeable to my fair neighbor, being for once in my life as much engrossed with good company as with creature comforts. In due time, the whole variety prepared for our gratification was spread before us, and, among other luxuries, a spry looking juvenile darkey was "toteing" in from the kitchen, plate-loads of smoking hot batter-cakes, and handing them in turn to each guest. I took my share and paid no attention to what became of either the servant or the plate, but continued my *devours* and *devoirs*. The young Ganymede, it afterwards appeared, had exhausted his store with the exception of one cake, as he came in the neighborhood of his "missus," who, having served her guests, was ready to begin her meal, and took both plate and cake for her own use. In a moment, wishing some butter, she sent the servant with the plate to my companion, giving at the same time, I suppose, one of those expressive nods which, when company's about, so often pass between the family. I having finished my share of the cakes, was in the midst of some speech which probably I thought was exceedingly fair, and seeing the darkey again at my elbow with more cakes, naturally supposed he was carrying around "another turn." *Sans ceremonie*, with a cool "thank you," I helped myself to madam's solitary cake. The astonished nigger was totally overcome, rolled his eyes in astonishment, grinned mechanically, and bolted straightway for his mistress with the plate cakeless and butterless. She took it and said nothing, but a knowing glance between her and my companion showed me what I had done. The joke was ours and, for my safety, should have remained so; but for my life I could not contain myself, and

roared out right, as loud as a Jerseyman at the circus. Such behaviour attracted the attention of all, and I soon saw and repented my folly. The crisis was important. Without delay I screwed down the corners of my mouth, and tried to resemble an undertaker at a rich man's funeral. But I had only my trouble for my pains. The provoking creature on my right, in spite of entreaty, persuasion, promises and threats, would not be so cruel as to deprive the rest of a laugh,

even, at *my* cost, and the whole story was soon told with just such embellishments as only a woman can give to a jest. In a nonce, the coffee became execrable, the bread sour, the rolls cold, and the company bores. I vowed revenge, but never got it. During the rest of my visit, batter-cakes were always prepared for breakfast, but whenever handed to me, I invariably said, politely but *firmly*, "not any for *me*, I thank you."

UPS AND DOWNS.



THEY WHO GO UP WITH A SWELL, ARE APT TO COME DOWN WITH A CRASH.

"THE BEAUTIFUL BANDITTI," in the last number of the *Dollar Newspaper*, was written originally by Mr. Anson G. Chester for BIZARRE.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Chronicle* states, that religious toleration in Austria has been further illustrated by a ministerial edict forbidding the meetings of the Anabaptists in certain of the crown lands, that are not named. The measure, he adds, corresponds with those already mentioned, for the suppression of the Scriptures, and the late expulsion of the Scotch missionaries from Galicia and Hungary.—For some time past there has been in existence in France a religious sect under the direction of a man named Vintras, which not only entertains very peculiar doctrines, but pretends to possess the power of working miracles. The noted Rose Tamisier, who got up the pretended miracle of a bleeding picture in a village near Apt, was one of the initiated. The headquarters of the sect were at Tilly-sur-Seulles, near Caen. Their goings on have for a length of time been a nuisance and a scandal. A few days ago the Prefect of the Calvados caused all the members of the sect, of both sexes, assembled at Tilly, to be arrested, and their papers and things used in worship to be seized. Amongst the persons captured are three priests, under interdiction for misconduct, and two ladies, occupying a respectable position in society—the Countess d'A—, and the Marquise d'S.—A late letter from Rome, says—that a short time before, while the Pope was indulging in a drive beyond the city walls, a person in the garb of a priest observed the papal equipage, and was suddenly seized with an irresistible impulse to approach the person of his sovereign, which he did in so rapid and unceremonious a manner that Pio Nono was alarmed, and the noble guards considered it to be their duty to collar the intruder, and prevent his actually throwing himself at the feet of the Pope.—Irritated by this opposition, the priest insisted in a loud voice upon being allowed to carry out his intention, and proceeded to give utterance to most unorthodox assertions respecting the equality of priests and of the human race in general, winding up his diatribe by shouting at the top of his lungs to the reluctant ears of the retreating Pope, that he was sorry to see the vicar of Christ surrounded by such a herd of knaves and scoundrels. The intruder turned out to be a harmless fellow, somewhat excited by Orvieto wine.—The Whigs of Maryland will hold a State Convention at Baltimore on the 20th of May, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the National Convention.—The annual capacity of our various anthracite coal-fields, is estimated at the present time at 4,950,000 tons.—The Hungarian refugees who embraced Moslemism at Widen, and were sent

to Aleppo, having expressed a desire to lay aside their Islamism and proceed to the United States, have received permission to do so. Most of them have already left there, furnished each with a sufficient amount, by the Sultan, to cover their expenses, and protected by British passports.—A great railroad project is in agitation at New Orleans. The object is to unite that city with Jackson in the State of Mississippi, and then to extend the communication to Nashville, in Tennessee. A Company has been incorporated with a capital of \$3,000,000, divided into 120,000 shares at \$25 each.—Well nigh one million of dollars' worth of oil is consumed by the railroads of the United States annually.—An English lady at a soiree in Paris, lately, wore \$100,000 worth of precious stones, on her head and on her dress. Her attractions were certainly very weighty.—As a menagerie was lately passing through Edinburgh, along the road behind the castle, a tiger got out of its den and killed one of the horses which was drawing it, having seized the animal by the throat. The keepers recaptured the beast by throwing a mass of ropes over it.—A parcel of pineapples has been received by the Bosphorus steamer, from Sierra Leone, being the first importation into England from her African possessions.—The United States sloop of war *Saratoga* was at Whampoa on the 14th of December.—The United States sloop of war *Decatur*, Com. Green, was at San Juan on the 15th inst. Her officers and crew were all well.—At Cork, a man named Edward Swiney has murdered his child, a girl four years old, by tying a skein of black silk tightly round its throat as it lay in the cradle. The motive for the deed cannot be conjectured. He is in custody, and has confessed his guilt.—Louis Napoleon was a frequent guest of Lord Eglinton's, in Scotland, and entered the lists as one of the knights at the grand tournament at Eglinton Castle, which cost upwards of £40,000.—David Cowdin and Theodore O. Wakeman, propose to furnish the city of San Francisco with gas light of a superior quality to that in New York, at the rate of \$12 per foot, (?) the city furnishing the lamps and posts.—Hans Wilson of Steubenville, Ohio, who died on the 21st ult., in the 82d year of his age, bequeathed, in his will, to his only daughter, \$1000; to the widow of his only son, now the wife of Rev. Dr. Cox, of Piqua, \$300; the balance of his fortune, estimated at \$200,000, he divided in small sums to different churches in his town, and in large sums to foreign and domestic missionary societies.—A splendid bridge is to be erected on the river Vistula, near Stutgardt, in Prussia, to be the passage of the eastern railway. This mammoth bridge will be 2,500 feet long and 63 wide, and will cost nineteen millions of francs. Each arch

will be erected season after season, and furnished with an ice breaker. It will take six years to construct it.—Madame Biscaccianti had arrived safely at San Francisco on the 15th ult. Arrangements for her first concerts were being made at the last advices.

—Two Pittsburgh saddlers, named Holstein and Burchfield, have contracted with Kossuth to make 150 saddles, at twelve dollars each, the number to be increased to 5000.

—The new governor of Malta, a strict Presbyterian, has given offence to the military and inhabitants by neglecting the carnival, shutting the military up for three days, to prevent their participation in the fun, and shunning all balls and festivals.—James

White, student of Trinity College, has been fined £2, or to be imprisoned for one month, for throwing crackers into the pit of the Dublin Theatre.—A corpse has been burnt to cinders at a wake at Belfast, (Ireland.) The company got drunk, the candles ignited the bed clothes, and the living escaped as best they could.—John Sealy Townsend, a retired Master in Chancery, and one of the distinguished ornaments of the Irish bar in the days of its greatest brilliancy, died at his residence, Kilvara, near Dublin, on the 18th ultimo, at the advanced age of 87. He was the contemporary and competitor of Plunkett, Curran, Saurin, Bushe, Pennefather, &c.

—M. Joseph Drechsler, *Maitre de l'Eglise Metropolitaine* of St. Stephen, at Vienna, has just died at that capital, at the age of seventy years. Besides a great number of operettas, (in German termed *Singspiele*.) we are indebted to him for ten grand masses, a Requiem, two Te Deums, a "Methode for the Organ," a "Theory on Counterpoint," and a "Guide to Preludes."—Herr Rodolphe de Winterfeldt, counsellor of the superior court of justice at Berlin, and one of the most learned theoretical writers on music that Germany ever produced, has just died at Berlin, at the age of sixty-seven years. Amongst his numerous important works, he particularly distinguished himself in his "Recherches sur les Chorals de Martin Luther," and "Jean Gabrielli et son Siecle." The latter work contains a history of music during the eighteenth century.—M. Naduad, ex-representative in the National Assembly of France, is now working as a common mason in London.—

The Jewish Society in New Haven, Conn., is about to erect a house of worship at a cost of \$6000 or \$8000.—Dr. Junius Smith writes from Greenville, S. C., that he has received a fresh supply of tea-nuts from China, and expresses high satisfaction at the result of his experiments in the culture of tea in America.

—Abbas Pacha, the present Viceroy of Egypt, is a very liberal and enlightened personage. He has reduced his own revenue voluntarily, nearly three millions of dollars

per annum, by taking off the poll tax; he has expended \$350,000 on the carriage way across the Isthmus of Suez, he has improved the navigation of the Nile, and is now constructing a railway between Cairo and Alexandria.

—Mr. Henry Evans, of New Bedford, has invented a submarine telegraph wire rope, which possesses superior qualities. A copper, steel or iron wire, of any required size, is completely bedded in the centre of each strand of this rope, and one also in the heart, making five in all. The cavity is filled solid with yarns, then a thick coating of the same is put over the outside, making the rope perfectly round. The whole is covered with iron or copper rods.—The *Espana*, of Madrid, publishes the following singular coincidences as connected with the late attack on the Queen:—It was in the second year in the second half of the century, on the second day of the second month, at about two o'clock in the second half of the day, that Queen Isabella the second, at the age of twenty-two, after having presented her second daughter at the church, was struck by an assassin, who resided at Calle del Arco de Triunto, No. 2, on the second floor.—The democrats of Columbus, N. C., have nominated Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency.—The Union party in Morgan county, Georgia, refuse to send delegates to either the Baltimore or Philadelphia conventions.—The London *Times* says that an average of one person out of twenty of the inhabitants of that metropolis is every day destitute of food and employment, and every night without a place of shelter and repose. The aggregate in this condition is about 100,000.—The New Orleans papers state that the increased receipts at the Gulf are four hundred and fifteen thousand bales of cotton over last year, and that the total increase is five hundred and twenty-five thousand bales.

—Some interesting experiments were made lately at the Navy Yard, Washington, in presence of the President, Secretaries of the Navy and War, &c., as to the effect of shells upon iron and coal. The iron steamer *Water Witch* was moored out in the stream, her bunkers filled with coal, and several nine inch shells fired into her. It resulted in showing that iron vessels afford no resistance to shot, it going through the sides as if they were paper, leaving great ragged openings; and that the coal bunkers of large vessels are a protection from shot to the machinery which is placed between them; and that the explosion of shells will not set the coal on fire. The range was six hundred and fifty yards. Iron is wholly unsuited for war vessels—the fragments of the iron, where struck, alone being more dangerous than even the shot itself.

It has been decided in the Denmark House of Representatives that the electric telegraph, in continuation of the German lines, shall be

immediately extended from Elsinour, via Copenhagen, to Rendsberg.—There were 6,089 deaths in New Jersey last year, of which 2,015 were under five years old.—The ex-French representative, Sergeant Boichot, goes to Brazil, where he has an appointment as Colonel.—New York casts more than 1-8th of the electoral votes.—There are 13,000 Cherokee emigrants near Fort Smith, Arkansas, where they are to receive each the *per capita* of \$89 05 from the U. S. Superintendent.—A despatch, dated Zara, Turkey, March 14, states that a force of 1,700 men, had been marched into Lioni, where the Greeks and Catholics were disarmed, and all the clergy, with two principal men out of every canton, seized and imprisoned. A proclamation was issued, threatening with death all persons, except Turks, who should secrete arms.—In 1822 the value of the imports into the United Kingdom of Great Britain, calculated at the official rates of valuation, amounted to only £30,531,141, and in 1850 they reached to £100,460,433. In 1822 the exports from the United Kingdom were £53,470,099, and in 1850 they had reached to £197,309,876. There is also an increase in the value of the articles and produce of manufacture of the United Kingdom exported. In 1822 the real or declared value was £36,966,623, and in 1823, and in 1850 the value of such exports amounted to £71,367,885.—Senator Seward's late speech on European politics has been published at Washington in the German language, for distribution.—Twenty-three thousand six hundred of the inhabitants of Austria are employed in secretly watching the rest.—Letters from Dantais state that the supplies of amber brought to that port have been augmenting in a high ratio for a number of years. Last year a block was found weighing 16 lbs., and was sold for 3,000 thalers.—John Schaffer, who died a few days ago, in Montgomery Co., (N.Y.) aged sixty-two, is described as follows:—The deceased was the largest man we ever saw. The coffin was sufficiently large to contain five men of ordinary size—measuring in width three feet four inches in the clear, and three feet in height. Three men could have worked in it at the same time, with convenience. It required six men to take him from the bed on which he expired. This was done by raising a platform, removing the head-board of the bedstead, and taking him out. They could not get the coffin into the house; but by taking off the door-facing of an old vacated house that stood in the yard, they got it into that, and carried the corpse thither on three empty bags. A wagon and four horses stood prepared, and ten men placed the coffin and its contents upon it. In letting down the coffin into the grave, they had two lines doubled—one at each end, and

one large well rope in the middle; and seventeen met to let down this great sprinkle of mortality into its last home on earth. His weight was not known.—A new engine has been built at New York, which threatens a complete revolution in this kind of machinery. It has been patented by Ericsson, the inventor of the Ericsson propellor, works well, and uses only ninety pounds of coal per day. Boilers are dispensed with altogether—and there will be no danger of explosions, or any thing of that sort. This engine is intended for a large sea steamer, in course of construction at New York, and the whole will cost over a million of dollars. It can be applied to our boats, to printing machines, and to everything of the kind.—The contractor for removing the wreck of the United States steam-*frigate* Missouri, sunk in the bay of Gibraltar, reports that all the machinery has been removed except the shafts, which he intended to hoist early in the spring. Nothing is left of the woodwork but her keel and some of her floor timbers. There is now not less than eighteen feet of water over all portions of the wreck.—If the agricultural resources of California are for another year developed in the same ratio as during the past, she will be able to produce sufficient grain and bread-stuffs for her consumption; and as our situation and the absence of a market forbid the idea of exporting, necessity will compel our agriculturists to turn their attention to products that will admit of sale in other markets.—Salmon, it would appear, have almost deserted the Shannon, and in consequence have become very dear in the London markets.—There are fourteen churches of various denominations in San Francisco, or one to every 2,857 of the population. It can in justice claim to be the "City of Churches."—The Emperor of Russia has just conferred on Tamburini, the popular and talented vocalist, a mark of imperial favor, by presenting him with an honorary gold medal, set round with diamonds, bearing the inscription in the Russian language, "A mark of distinction." This medal is to be worn suspended from the neck, with the riband of the order of St. Andrew.—A man 60 years of age has been committed to jail at St. Louis, for threatening to kill a girl of 19, because she refused to marry him, after he had made her the little present of \$25,000.—The copy of the Bible used on the occasion of the admission of General Washington to the order of Masons was exhibited to the brethren assembled at a meeting of the Lodge of Virtue, lately held in the Albion Hotel, Manchester.—The production of iron in Great Britain is estimated at 2,000,000 of tons, and she consumes about 1,334,000 tons. This leaves 660,000 tons to be exported to all the rest of the world, her colonies included. The United States have

taken during the present fiscal year, 341,750 tons of this surplus, and the proportion of railway iron has been 171,938 tons. The duty on the latter may be estimated at about \$1,500,000. Our consumption is stated at 754,000 tons, and our manufacture at 414,000.—On opening a chest of tea recently purchased in New York of an importer, by a St Louis merchant, it was found to contain, instead of "Imperial," as marked, rice hulls, several lumps of clay, and one or two stones, weighing several pounds. It was marked "Oxnard, M. Curious, Yeeking, No. 29." Several other chests of the same lot, contained a very inferior quality of tea. The *Louisville Journal* notices a similar fraud, in a box of tea imported in the same ship and received at Louisville.—It is said that Mr. Stewart's sales, at his Marble building, in New York, during the year 1851, amounted to the enormous and almost incredible sum of twelve millions of dollars! One item, that of gloves, is put down at six hundred thousand dollars!—Mr. A. McGhee, of the Methodist Protestant Church, of Montgomery, Ala., has given a Bible House at that place, valued at \$15,000, to the American Bible Society. He gave some time ago \$10,000 worth of railroad stock, worth now more than par, to the M. P. Church, to aid in building the college at Robinson's Springs.—Tennessee is rapidly becoming one of the most flourishing manufacturing States of that section of the Union. Cotton mills have been established at Lebanon, Franklin, Huntsville, Shelbyville, Pulaski, and several other towns, and are furnishing large supplies of cotton goods.—By the sliding of a portion of a high embankment on the Rutland and Washington Railroad, near Poulteny, Vt., the entire train was carried down, and four out of thirty workmen in the cars were killed.—It is thought that two-thirds of the principal business portion of the burnt district in Chillicothe, Ohio, will be rebuilt during the present year.—There is annually brought into Key West about \$1,250,000 of wrecked property, which leaves behind some \$200,000 to be divided among captains, crews, wreckers, wharf owners, lawyers, auctioneers, ship-wrights, &c.—The inhabitants of Carson's Valley have applied, or are about to apply, to Congress for a new territorial Government over that region which lies between Utah and California. They propose the name of "Piots" for the new territory.—Business in Chili was gradually improving, though prices remained about the same. Baltimore Flour was selling at \$7 50. Freights—The demand for vessels had increased, both for Europe, the States and California. Freights to England were two pounds fifteen shillings.—The ship *Northern Light* had been despatched from San Francisco to bring up the wrecked

passengers of the ill-fated steamship *North America*.—The expedition of Gen. Flores, it is believed, will prove a total failure—though the greatest excitement still prevails at Guayaquil. In Peru, nothing is talked of but the Expedition.—The Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama is spoken of in the very highest terms.—Many persons at San Francisco, who had friends on board the ill-fated *North America*, cast away near Acapulco, sent remittances to them by the Tennessees, to enable them to make their way to San Francisco, or support themselves until they could be sent for.—The Tremont Temple, Boston, is now being rebuilt. The new edifice will cover a larger space than did the old one. The architecture will be of the latest and most approved style with a mastic front.—The following are samples of the prices in New York:—Beef, ten cents per pound; ham, 14 cents do.; butter, 30 cents do.; potatoes, 9 shillings per bushel; onions, 6 shillings, do.; turnips, 3 to 4 shillings do.; shad, 3 shillings a piece.—The Ottoman Empire is said to have a population of 35,500,000.—The three quickest trips ever run across the Atlantic, were made by the Arctic, Baltic, and Pacific, as follows:—Arctic, from New York to Liverpool, 9d. 17h. 30m.; Baltic, do., 9d. 19h. 25m.; Pacific, do., 9d. 19h. 35m. The next quickest trip was made by the Africa, from New York to Liverpool in ten days and two hours.—Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* says that the difference between Louis Napoleon and Kossuth is, that Louis Napoleon has lived for himself, Kossuth for his country and mankind. The life of the former is one long, shameful lie; that of the latter a beautiful and inspiring truth.—Signora Baccianti's concerts at San Francisco were to be given at the following rates of admission: Private boxes and stalls, \$5; dress circle and parquet, \$3; pit, \$2; gallery, \$1.—The population of Constantinople, including the suburbs, is 975,000 souls. Less than one-half of these are Mussulmans. The whole number of slaves is 47,000, of which number 42,000 are females. The greater part of the females are black, and perform the part of house servants.—It was reported at San Francisco, that a party of Frenchmen had gone to Sonora, for the purpose of revolutionizing the state. Doubtful.—Of the beautiful Angora wool there was exported from Turkey, last year, about 1,600,000 pounds.—The steamship *James Alger*, to run between Charleston and Liverpool is nearly completed.—In the mixed Mussulman, Greek and Catholic population of Bosnia, all being of the Slavonic race, the Government claims to have been successful during the last year, in spite of rebellion, in introducing all the reformed institutions of the Empire, and to have essentially broken down the feudal-

ism which has existed there for so many hundred years. Bosnia contains about 1,200,000 inhabitants. They are kindred, in almost every particular, with their neighbors, the Croatsians.

—Col. Fremont is making quite a stir in England.—We understand that a Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, has invited the commodore of the New York Yankee Club, or any gentleman in America, to compete with a vessel which he will construct, in a contest similar to that in which the America was successful last year, to come off at Cowes, in next August or September; the conditions can be referred to umpires chosen by the respective parties. Mr. Mare stakes £100 on the result. He will find customers, doubtless, among our yachtsmen.—Two pirate vessels have appeared in the Mediterranean, between the island of Samos and the coast of Asia, and two Austrian vessels, which happened to be in the port of Samos, and a Greek corvette, are in pursuit of them.—The Directors of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, are endeavoring to raise for that institution a permanent fund of \$150,000.—The Directors themselves have subscribed \$40,000, and have appointed Rev. J. S. Gallagher, as their agent to procure the remaining \$110,000.—Prince Canino Bonaparte, cousin of the President, has been refused admittance into the papal territory. This is not to be wondered at. He was President of the revolutionary Assembly, which decreed the banishment of the Pope from Rome.—The general impression is, that Louis Napoleon will declare himself Emperor on the first most suitable opportunity. He will not so far imitate his uncle as to take the crown out of the priest's hands, and place it on his own head with his own hands, but he will be graciously requested to accept the imperial dignity. This is the opinion of some of the most eminent statesmen in Europe.—The Duchess Ida, of Saxe-Weimar, mother of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and sister of the late Queen Dowager of England, died, very suddenly, at two P. M., on Saturday, the 3d inst., at Weimar.—The French journals do not publish the sittings of the new French Legislature. Louis Napoleon must have been somewhat astonished to find a full and correct account of the proceedings, with the speeches in full, in the London journals.—The Queen Dowager, Maria Sophia Frederika, of Denmark, *nee* Princess of Hesse Cassel, expired on the 22d ult., at the age of 84. She was the daughter of the late Charles Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and married, on the 31st of July, 1790, King Frederic VI., who died in December, 1839.—Professor de Gasparis, of the Royal Observatory at Naples, announces his discovery of another small planet on the evening of March 17. It is stated to be equal in brightness to a star of

between the 10th and 11th magnitude.—The official statement by the officers of the Suffolk Bank, shows the amount of defalcation of Brewer and Rand, (the late receiving teller and bookkeeper,) to be \$214,000. The surplus fund of the bank, to meet the deficiencies, is \$300,000. The bank will declare a dividend of five per cent. The amount taken by Brewer and Rand was mostly lost in stock speculations in New York.—The Russian newspapers contain official reports of great victories achieved by the imperial arms over the Caucasian tribes.—Prince Felix Lewis John Frederic Schwarzenburg died of apoplexy, at Vienna, on Monday, the 2d instant, in the 52d year of his age. He was born on the 2d of October, 1800, and was a nephew of the celebrated Prince Schwarzenberg, who, in 1813 and 1814, commanded the allied armies against Napoleon. A more unprincipled man, for the position he occupied, never lived.—The comparison of the journey of life to a transit across the desert, is very felicitously expressed in the following lines by Charles Wesley:

"Here in this body pent,
Absent from Heaven I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

—A late number of the *Westminster Review*, one of the "great quarterlies," speaks of the "State of Baltimore," and says, "each member of Congress represents 30,000 adult males!"—The entire loss by the late fire at Savannah, is stated by the *Georgian* at \$225,000, all of which is covered by insurance except \$50,000.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that during March last, between 3,100 and 3,200 persons—generally farmers—shipped at that point for California—mostly without any intention of returning.—The military commission of the Germanic Diet has granted the sum of 40,000 florins to Professors Schönbain, of Basle, and Böttger, of Frankfort, as a reward for their invention in gun cotton.—The life of a rich old bachelor, says one of 'em, is a splendid breakfast, a decent dinner, and a miserable supper.—Emilie de Girardin has re-appeared on the stage of journalism, in Paris, as conductor of *La Presse*.—Letters from Paris announce that the French government had granted fifty thousand francs for the erection of a monument to Marshal Ney.—Pierre Dupont, the song writer, called by some the Beranger of Socialism, has been arrested in Paris.—The *Paris Corsair* says that M. Turgot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had waited on the Pope's Nuncio, and expressed his regret at the conflict which had arisen respecting the Prince de Canino. He added, that he had sent off an attache of his Cabinet with a peremptory order to M. de Canino to return to Paris.—Generals Lamoriciere and Changarnier are

understood to have had a meeting at Aix-la-Chapelle with the Duc d'Aumale, (son of Louis Phillipe.) The circumstance has given great umbrage to the President.—The number of American vessels which arrived at St. Petersburg, in 1851, was sixty-three—tonnage 24,892. Seamen in American vessels, 663; foreign, 427.—According to present arrangements, the vessels of the Arctic searching expedition, under command of Capt. Sir E. Belcher, were to sail from the Thames on Thursday, the 15th ult. A supply of 20 pound canisters of gunpowder, to be exploded by galvanism, has been placed on board the vessels for the purpose of breaking up the ice, and forcing a passage for the steamers through Wellington Channel.—The Palace of the Convertoti, at the foot of the Vatican, is being fitted up for the training and instruction of such Protestant clergymen as may wish, on their conversion, to take orders in the Catholic Church.—A modern writer sensi-

bly remarks, that many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the propriety of female management, as to the knowledge and activity of the father.—The receipts of the American and Foreign Bible Society, during the past year, amounts to \$42,312.—A Street Sweeping Association is about to be formed in New York. The capital is \$100,000.—It is currently reported that two grand dukes of Russia—Michael and Nicholas—are about to visit the President of France.—Galvanic batteries are now manufactured in England and on the continent, with apparatus for heating a small piece of platinum wire to a white heat, and is then used as a knife in surgical operations.—Margaret Lorenz, who was implicated, at New York, with Otto Grunzig in the murder of his wife, for which he was, a few days since, executed, has been discharged from the complaint made against her, but remains in custody until provided for.



CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD, IN THE ALPS.

• The above is a very admirable view of the Monastery of St. Bernard, situated in the pass over the Great St. Bernard Mountain, at the height of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here the monks have been accustomed to entertain strangers for three days, without money and without price.

BOOK NOTICES.

ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY, BY C. W. WEBBER. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., 1852.

Mr. Webber has, for some time, been favorably known to our reading public. In his own chosen sphere, we are not aware of his having any living equal. The forest and prairie of the far South and South-west, with their human and animal inhabitants, have been handled by him with a vividness and life-likeness, which carry the reader a willing captive into and through every scene and adventure described. His "Shot in the Eye," is a tale pervaded by an intensity of interest, which absolutely enthral. His "Old Hicks, the Guide," and its "Sequel" are leavened with the same spirit, and, on the whole, maintain unimpaired the reputation won by the tale above named. His "Clairvoyance," or "the Reformers of the 19th Century," published serially in a paper of this city, though not without powerful passages, is, we think, far inferior to most of his other writings known to us. His main topic is objectionable, not to say disgusting. The woman, whose vile habits he professes to show up, is not the person to be introduced to the *decent* of either sex, as she can neither entertain nor profit them; and yet our author would hardly like to say he wrote for the *indecent*. In short, we regard this production, both in matter and style, as unworthy a writer of Mr. Webber's undeniable ability,—a fact we can explain only by the supposition of its having been *task-work*, extorted from the author, while in an ungenial, morbid mood, physical, mental, and emotional, and to suit the depraved taste of a peculiar class of readers.

However, in the book before us, "Richard is himself again" most emphatically. The woods and the wilds, with the savages, the backwoodsmen, the hunters, and the various races of animals large and small, that traverse or permanently inhabit them, are brought before us in our author's own superlative manner. The book commences with an admirable description of the author's initiation, in earliest boyhood, into the love of nature both inanimate and animate, and its frequent consequence, a fondness for field and forest sports; a necessary accompaniment of which was the habit of observing the peculiar characteristics of the manifold denizens of land, air and water. The volume is not a continuous narrative or sketch, but a collection of desultory sketches, having no other unity, than comes from their relation to a single theme. That theme is natural history. It is not often we encounter a book so fascinating as this. True it is, if put upon oath, we should find some fault with occasional

passages. These are not numerous or important enough, however, to require mention in so brief a notice as this.

We especially value this work for two reasons. First, as a token of improved notions, as to the claims which the body and its health and vigor have upon our attention. Foreigners, as well as our travelled countrymen, say, that the Americans are the least healthful people in the world. With all the intellectual and other advantages resulting from civilization, how deplorably inferior, on the average, are we in corporeal vigor, activity and endurance to the "untutored" savage! Why so? Admit as many other causes as you will, but the principal one is, that we do not cultivate—train—exercise the body, as we do the mind. But hydropathy, which is a recognition of the curative, genial power of water, air, sun-shine and exercise, indicates by its growing popularity, that we are taking the "back track" towards physical soundness. So does the cordial reception awarded to our author's volume, which deals with all those out-door scenes and sports, which endow with health all who engage therein, even without thought of such result.

Our other reason is, that the book breathes throughout a spirit, which, as if caught from the sunny fields, the murmuring streams, and the rustling, perfumed woods, calls up the memory of our young days, when the open air was better loved by us in all seasons, than the heated room,—when the piercing north wind, the driving snow-storm, and even the rainy deluge were a joy to us, as rousing into a more than ordinary intensity of action, our untamed, boisterous youthful energies. Such a book, if any thing can, will help to revive within us the manhood which civilization has done so much to frighten away.

How strange it is, that in an age and country, which has done and is doing so much for education, so little attention is paid to the development and training of the bodily powers! How far, in this respect, are we behind the ancients of even the 9th century before Christ! Those old Greeks were certainly not deficient in intellectual culture, since for 3000 years they have been the teachers of the European world, and even now we are, in many points, but mere copyists of them. But they gave not more care to the mind than to the body; and in the Olympic, the Isthmian, the Pythian and the Nemean games, as well as in their private, every-day gymnasia, they made physical culture a matter of national concern.—And what glorious specimens of manhood were the fruit of this integral discipline!—whole men and not half-men,—beings, whose robustness of mind was matched by a parallel robustness of frame! An Æschylus could write an immortal drama, and act it as well. But he was not a writer and actor merely.—

He could wield skilfully the baton of a military commander, or fight bravely and efficiently as a common soldier in the ranks. Or, if need be, he could hold, with a master's hand, the helm of government, or discharge either or any of the manifold duties of civic life.—And Æschylus was not an exception, but came under the general rule!

How long shall we persist in our constricted notions of what a complete man is, or a thorough education should be? Not forever, we do sincerely hope. We would fain, if we might, live to see the day, when every educational establishment, for either sex, shall be provided with the means for educating the body not less than the mind; and when the general habits of our people shall be of a more health-creating description.

We believe Mr. Webber's book will tend to give an impulse in this direction. We are glad, therefore, to learn, that it is to be continued, and we shall, probably, take another occasion to enlarge on the above topic. The present volume is an octavo of 610 pages.

FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS OF AN INVALID." New York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

We do not know when we have been more entertained than by the reading of this book. It came to us unheralded, from an anonymous source. We opened it, intending simply to glance at the contents, and if they were attractive, to lay the volume aside for future examination and notice. We had reckoned without our host. The first few sketches completely enchanted us, and we found ourselves spirited along from page to page, even to the end. The contents embrace short chapters, the subjects of which are generally suggested by the doings of the day in large cities. The thoughts are original, and they are expressed in equally original language. Sarcasm is a prominent feature of the book; sarcasm too of the rarest quality. It also abounds in wit and humor of the best quality. The follies of man and his *isms*, come in for ridicule, and that they get a full share, the reader may be assured. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of offering extracts from pages which have amused us so much. We are satisfied they will be acceptable to the reader; quite as much so as anything else which we could present. In a chapter on "New Year's Day," the author says:—

"Well, well, poor old 1851 is in his grave—his good and evil doings are at an end—his glories and his griefs are over—he's off, gone, swallowed up in the 'unrelenting Past.' Peace to his ashes. He was a great fellow in his way—he certainly did some wonderful things. That Crystal Palace of his, alone, ought to immortalise him. He completed many vast works, begun by his fathers—he planned many magnificent enterprises for his children. How he did fling about the Gold Dust, to be sure! What a mighty builder he was of Rail Roads, and Steamers, and

Telegraphs. Yes, he was an honor to his century, as that century itself will be an honor to all recorded time—the century of Earth. So will the future historian describe it, some two thousand years hence—the era, when more great exploits were achieved by sea and land, more elemental truths of all kinds discovered, more massive foundations laid of future greatness, than all its predecessors combined could boast of, from the first shining of the sun."

The dry, dull, and, at times, ridiculous proceedings of scientific, literary, and historical societies trumpeted through the columns of newspapers, are thus satirized in a chapter on the transactions of the "Whimsical Society." Mr. Quizzico, a member, in speaking to the question of "the Comparative Value of Literary and Military glory:"

"On the whole, Mr. President," said he, "I don't think either sort particularly worth regretting. What does this Fame amount to, after all? At its best and bravest, what signifies it? To be served up in tedious epics, and bombastic plays, and sleep-compelling histories; to be hawked about in ballads; to be stuck up in grogeries and barbers' shops, in frightful casts or fiery lithographs; to swing upon an alehouse sign; to be identified with some scraggy snake-haunted hill, or babbling brook; to give name to shabby towns, and disreputable streets, and unwholesome cakes, and stomach-deranging puddings; to have your features caricatured on snuff-boxes, and cheap crockery; to have omnibusses, locomotives, canal-boats, schooners, whalers, christened after you; to have your initials put in front of all the silly Joneses and Smiths and Johnsons and Thompsons, that foolish parents are perpetually introducing to the community; and, in after ages, perhaps, to have that same name of yours, a bone of contention for bilious, irritable antiquaries to squabble and lie about, as it may chance to turn up, in some worm-eaten manuscript, or on some rusty medal. Mr. President, is such a reward as this, worth having? Is it worth the loss of good sound sleep, of quiet, deliberate meals, of the passing pleasures and excitements of the hour? I think not, sir. I am not prepared to pay any such price for a thing so dubious, so shadowy, as this."

"Among other curious documents, Mystifree read the following; being, as he remarked, rather a free translation from a Greek MS. recently discovered by him while exploring the treasures of the famous Bibliotheca Jarvisiana. It seems to be a familiar letter from Eubulus of Athens to his friend Crito of Rhodes:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—

"The good bark Argo leaves for Rhodes to-morrow. I send you by her the two hundred jars of oil as per order, and at the price agreed on, i. e. 75 (seventy-five) drachmas as the jar. I could have let you had them for sixty, last year, but our olive crop is going to be a poor one this season. And, indeed, all our other crops, as you will infer from the rates in the annexed Price Current. The fact is, we Autochthones have been so busy, fighting battles, and talking politics, that both commerce and agriculture are in a bad way with us. In answer to your inquiries about the Mycenae and Megara Turnpike Company, I reply, that although the stock is now selling at a very low figure, it must come round again, before long. I have implicit faith, myself, both in the intrinsic merits of the enterprise, and in the prudence and energy of the present Board. I would also advise you to hold on, by all means, to your Sparta 5's, and your Arcadia 6's. There are no sounder stocks in all Greece.

"And now, having despatched business, (and be hanged to it), I will indulge in a little small-talk about miscellaneous matters. 'Tis just two years ago, yesterday, my dear fellow, since that glorious affair at Salamis. What a

day for Greece! We celebrated it in great style, I can tell you. Themistocles was in high feather. He gave a magnificent entertainment, on the occasion. All the wit and beauty of Athens were there. The absence of young Cimón, however, was a matter of general remark.—There is evidently a daily-increasing estrangement between the two. What a pity! Xerxes, they say, has never got over the chagrin and mortification of his terrible defeat, but has taken furiously to drinking, in consequence. How different a man was Mardonius! He would have given us a world of trouble, had he lived. There was more sense in his little finger, than in ten such fellows as this fop and debauchee of a king.

"The Elections came off last week. Themistocles' Ticket carried all before it. We got all our Archons, and, indeed, every office of any consequence. And this in spite of all the exertions of the Upper-Ten. Cimón took the stump, in opposition, and, they say, made some very clever speeches. I have no doubt of it; for though it is much the fashion to decry and ridicule him, in certain quarters, I believe there is a world of talent hid away under that queer and reserved exterior. If he lives, I've no doubt he'll cut a very distinguished figure yet, in Athenian Politics. He has come into possession of an immense property lately. That, possibly, may be the spoiling of him, but I think not. Aristicles was, of course, on both tickets. The idea of voting against that great and good man, would indeed be monstrous. And yet, he is the same Aristicles, whom we drove into exile, only three years ago, with that silly, cursed Ostracism of ours! Absurd practice! Standing monument of the fickleness and ingratitude of Republics! But it has not fared so hardly with him, as with most of our patriots, who have not been suffered to lay their bones even in their native soil; whose claims have only been recognised when the grave has swallowed them up forever! Themistocles, speaking the other day, on this same subject of the world's mal-treatment of its benefactors, expressed himself in his usual pointed way—'Yes,' said he, 'we throw stones at them, while they are alive, and raise stones to them, when they are gone.' He is fond of making such pungent, antithetical remarks.

"I hope it will not be long before you pay us another visit. You will be surprised at the changes in our city. Our noble wall is finished, and fine houses are going up in all quarters. As to the Piræus, you will hardly know it, so crowded is it with magnificent docks and warehouses. All this is owing to the untiring exertions of Themistocles, who is really wearing himself out in the service of the public. To show, by the way, that we Democrats are not always so ungrateful as above stated, I must mention, that appropriations have been already made for the erection of two colossal statues in honor of our great Leader. One is to be at the Piræus itself, and is to be decorated with appropriate naval ornaments. The other, a grand equestrian figure, is to grace the centre of the beautiful Theæne-Place.

"In the World of Art, there is nothing, save the above, of special interest. Our artists congregate, as usual, at the Café Greco, but complain of want of employment. We have many promising young sculptors, but there is a decided scarcity of pictorial talent. The only really clever piece of painting that I have seen for some time, is one by young Anaximenes, of Troezen; and that, upon a very hackneyed subject, Theseus and Ariadne. It is full of spirit and expression, however. I understand it has been purchased for your countryman, Timocreon, whose satirical verses upon Themistocles have been read here with a good deal of relish by certain persons.

"The great event in our Literary World, has been the decided success of *Æschylus's* maiden tragedy of Hector—it has drawn excellent houses for the last fortnight. It is, indeed, full of noble, stirring passages, and its author has shown conclusively, that he can handle the lyre as

effectually as the sword. That magnificent ode of Simonides, in honor of Marathon, is in all our mouths. The mothers chant it over their babes, and even the small boys sing it aloud in the streets. It is a glorious affair, and brings proud, joyful tears to the eyes of every true son of Greece. But I am approaching the end of my parchment, and must bring my prattle to a close.

"May I soon have the pleasure of grasping you by the hand. Meanwhile, Pallas bless and protect you.

Ever thine, EUSULUS."

Athens, this 5th of Pyanepsion,
and 3d year of 16th Olympiad. }

The following hit at Phalansterians is supremely rich:

"*Patchogue Phalanx*, July 18th, 1861.

"DEAR SIR:

"Having heard, through my esteemed friend and brother-phalansterian, Dobbins, that your mind has become deeply interested, of late, in the great subject of Association, I beg leave to tender you my unfeigned congratulations thereon, and also to send you a Prospectus, with explanatory plates, of our Grand Social Experiment, at Patchogue. It is, indeed, refreshing to see the leading intellects of our land, fairly awakening, at last, to the importance of this vast and vital topic. Candid reflection, we are sure, must result in a universal conviction of the necessity of a new order of things. A letter, Sir, is no place to go into arguments or details, upon a theme so complex and multiform. I shall therefore leave the accompanying documents to tell their own story. The appeal which they make to your own best interests, as a man, a citizen, and a stockholder, I consider irresistible. So much so, indeed, that I already look upon you, as one of us. No longer a deluded and defrauded *Civiltizee*, but a happy, harmonious inmate of our Social Edifice. Allow me again, then, in the great names of Industrial Attraction, and Passional Equilibrium, to congratulate you upon this delightful result.

"Should you, however, be disposed to hang back awhile; should some latent particles of doubt still linger in your mind, we stand ever ready, Sir, to shed light upon your reflections. We have it, Sir, in every variety; *viva voce* communications, journals, pamphlets, serials, octavos, quartos, folios. Any statement that I can make personally, or any book or document that I can send you, is entirely at your service. You have only to address a line (post-paid, of course,) to THOMAS JONES, Ascending Wing of Second Group of Tomato-Growers, Third Series, Patchogue Phalanx; and it will meet with prompt attention.

"Welcome, welcome to Patchogue!"

"To this document, the following reply was sent. It is Wiggins all over.

"SIR:

"Your *Æsop* is received. Sir, when the trees of the forest resolve themselves into squares and quincunxes;

"When the flowers of the field spring up in circles and parallelograms;

"When the mountains become pyramids, with sides as smooth as sugar-loaves;

"When the rivers forsake their wanderings, and make bee-lines for the ocean;

"When the potatoe-blossom is preferred to the passion-flower, and the dandelion to the moss-rose;

"When the hog is esteemed more fleet and comely than the horse, and the ground-hog than the gasselle;

"When Mother Geese is supplanted in our nurseries, by the *Mecanique Celeste*;

"When small boys prefer anchovies to cabbies, and small girls forsake sugar-plums for sardines;

"When hot root-beer is universally preferred to the iced Haidick;

"When Simms'-Hole becomes a fashionable watering-place;

"When the commerce of Perth-Amboy is a hundred-fold greater than that of Gotham;

"When Paris sends to Otaheite for cooks, and to Cochinchina for *corps-de-ballet*;

"When Mrs. Jenkins sees more charms in the little Stimpkinees, than in her own curled darlings and Mrs. Simpkins doth the like by the little Jenkinsees;

"When colossal statues of Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold are seen in every city of the land;

"When Blackmore and Pollok are read;

"When Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten;

"When the memory of Washington hath from the earth;

"When Christmas is neglected, and dear old Santa-Claus despised;

"Finally, when the words love, wife, children, home, fire-side, tears, smiles, kisses, are blotted alike, from the dictionaries and the hearts of men;

"Then, and early in the morning of that glorious day, may I, and Mrs. Wiggins, and all the little Wigginses, be seen, wending our way in the direction of the edifice of the Patebogue Phalanx. Meanwhile, I must insist upon the privilege of toasting my toes, at my own hearth, with my loved ones round me; of taking my own paper; of occupying my own pew; of having my own dinner served up from my own isolated kitchen; and of keeping the key of my own individual cellar.

"I am your obedient servant,

"Hueo B. Wiggins."

"Comment seems superfluous."

The following is in quite a different style. We extract it from a chapter on "Washington's Birth Day:"

"*Tomb, say you!* A beautiful condition is the Father of his Country's tomb in, to be sure! Why is it not in the custody of the Nation? Where are the groves and walks, that should surround it! the flowers and the fountains, that should render it attractive! the place of all others, in our land, to which Age should be invited to come, and muse upon the past; where Youth should drink in holy inspiration; where children should be taught their first lessons in patriotism. Why is it thus inaccessible, silent, crumbling to decay! And for more than half a century, has the hero been slumbering in this neglected spot! Shame, shame, shame upon us!

"Where are the monuments to Washington! One alone has ever reached its apex. Two others are struggling up, slowly and painfully, towards the heavens. There is a faint hope, that the designs of the artists will yet be realized in marble. All the rest are slumbering, ingloriously, at their very corner-stones. There was a general hurrah at the time, it is true. There were meetings, speeches, committees, subscription-lists. There were imposing ceremonies, and there was a great dinner eaten on the occasion; and there it ended. One fine morning funds, treasurers, enthusiasm, all walked off together, and have not been heard of since.

"Where are the statues of Washington! In all this broad, prosperous land, there are but three that are worthy of the name. And of these, only one, that is abroad, where it may be seen of men. A grand, a noble one, certainly: but where are the others! To think, that in this flourishing city of ours, rolling in wealth and luxury, where individuals have been known to give their thousand dollars for the ornaments of a supper-table, there should yet not be found a single statue, civil or military, in honor of the man, to whom all this prosperity is due; but for whose labors, New York would have been, to-day, an obscure colonial town! Is it not outrageous!

"The Life of Washington. Is it ever read? Does it sell

well! Are there not a hundred inquiries for Jack Sheppard, where there is one for it! Our youth can set up all night, following in the footsteps of the Wandering Jew, or listening to the poisonous eloquence of Eugene Aram; but they have no time to learn the events of our own Revolution. So with the Lives of the other Founders of the Republic, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, Wolcott; are they not all, notoriously bad speculations for their publishers! Is there any excuse for this indifference about our own history; this shameful neglect of our illustrious dead! Why have we no grand National Gallery, wherein their virtues and services are duly commemorated! Now, if you wish to scan the features of a distinguished soldier, or statesman of the Revolution, you have got to hunt him up at Barnum's; and your search will be rewarded, either with an atrocious piece of wax-work, or else a vile daub, stuck up against the ceiling, in a two dollar frame.

"It is no reply, to say, that we are a nation of workers; that we are busy laying the foundations of greatness, and that all these fine things must be left to posterity. Is it not so! We have time and means in abundance; all the resources of Art at our command. Has not Steam brought Europe alongside of us! Have we not free access to all her galleries and studios! Were Congress to send, to-morrow, a score of sculptors to Carrara, to put in marble, as many Revolutionary worthies, would it not be setting a most wise and noble example to the nation! But no, the right spirit is not in us. We decidedly prefer the labors of the pastry-cook, to those of the painter. We can squander fortunes upon the perishing fabrics of the confectioner, but cannot afford to have respectable transcripts, in plaster, even, of the master-pieces of antiquity."

That this work will sell is pretty certain. It is light in its character, but of a lightness which is full of valuable ingredient. It presents a mirror to the folly-makers of the day, where they may see their faces with great distinctness. The framing of the silvered glass is florid and fantastic, but its reflective power perfect.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. Philadelphia: A. HART.

This book exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements of the past year, in mechanics and the useful arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology, and botany, geology and geography, meteorology and astronomy. It is a reprint of an English publication, the author of which is Mr. John Timbs, a gentleman of acknowledged proficiency in science and art. No better every-day book could be had; and it is equally valuable to the professionalist, the merchant, the student, and the gentleman of elegant leisure. The publisher has brought it out in very pleasing style, as to paper, type and binding, as he does every thing he issues.

We extract the following from a paper in this work on Nicotine, a deadly poison obtained from tobacco, with which it will be recollected Count Boccarme murdered his brother-in-law last year in Belgium:

"According to this document, nicotine was discovered in 1809 by Vauquelin, and it is to be found in different kinds of *nicotiana* in various proportions. Havana tobacco contains 3 per cent., that of the Nord 6, Virginia nearly 7, and that of Lot 8. Smokers, by inhaling the fumes of

tobacco, introduce into their system a certain quantity (though small) of poisonous matter. Pure nicotine has the appearance of an oily, transparent liquid, of a pale yellow color, which, after exposure, turns to brown; it is very hot to the taste; and its acrid smell slightly resembles that of tobacco; but when volatilised by heat, it throws out characteristic vapors which are so oppressive, that breathing becomes difficult in a room where a drop of the liquid has been spilled. As a poisonous substance, nicotine possesses excessive power. In experiments made about ten years ago, in ten minutes, M. Orfila killed many dogs, on the tongues of which he had applied five drops of this alkali; with twelve drops, death ensued in two minutes."

"Some experiments made at Brussels have excited much interest, although the results were not always decisive. Two drops of pure nicotine, applied to the tongue of a cock, caused death almost instantaneously; a young rabbit fell in a very short time, after uttering a few cries; a small dog, to which nicotine mixed with ether had been administered, showed at first the same symptoms, followed by an abundant flow of saliva; a plentiful supply of vinegar was then given to the animal, which appeared to be regaining strength, but it soon afterwards expired. A drop and a half of pure nicotine applied to the eye of a much larger dog, produced giddiness, followed by a marked cauterisation of the cornea; in a few minutes the animal was again standing, and two or three drops of nicotine having been given to him, he turned round once or twice, and struggled long against death. A still larger dog, after having taken ten drops of pure nicotine, lived for upwards of ten minutes. A cat, to which several drops of nicotine were administered, had strength enough, after running round the room several times, to leap on to the window-sill and thence into the yard beneath, where it soon died. The smell of nicotine has great analogy to that of ammonia; in color it resembles Madeira."

WOODREVE MANOR; OR, SIX MONTHS IN TOWN. Philadelphia: A. HART.

This is a story from the pen of Anna Hanson Dorsey, as the title-page asserts, to suit the merits and the follies of the times. The author has experience as a novelist, and uses it to good advantage. Woodreve Manor will be read with pleasure by the lovers of fiction. The incidents are striking and the story as a whole is far above the average of modern romances. We live in an age when the every day doings of the world are charged with a strong spice of the marvellous; and our novel writers have but little more to do in presenting a book of real romance, than happily to work up these doings into the form of a story.

THE PRESS every where speaks in the best manner of BIZARRE. Indeed to publish the praises even of our last number, would require, probably, one-half of the 32 pages we print. We heartily thank the writers of these kind paragraphs; they have greatly refreshed our hearts, while they have inspired us with renewed energy in the prosecution of editorial labor. It is pleasant to labor, especially when one's labors are rewarded with praises and dollars; of the first, we acknowledge the receipt—the last, we trust are forthcoming.

"DON'T LET ON."



DIALOGUE.

(Scene—the Row.)

LEAKYTONGUE.—Don't let on.

CLOSEMOUTH.—Pshaw! it is all about town.

LEAKYTONGUE.—All about town? I had it from the fountain-head in confidence, at eight o'clock this morning; and I am sure I have only told it to a hundred or so.

CLOSEMOUTH.—Only a hundred or so! you might as well have put it in the BIZARRE at once.

WE GLEAN from good authority the following, which we fancy must be interesting to our lady readers, especially at this season:—

Charcoal for Flowers.—It is an ascertained fact, that powdered charcoal, placed around rose bushes and other flowers, has the effect of adding greatly to the richness of the flower.

Roses.—The twelve following everblooming hardy roses are recommended as best:—

Hybrid Perpetuals.—Madame Laffay, Giant of Battles, Baron Prevost, William Jesse, La Reine, Duchesse of Sutherland, Auverson. Bourbons.—Madame Despres, Bouquet de Flore, Souvenir de Malmaison, Pierre de St. Cyr, Mrs. Bosanquet.

The best hardy climbing roses, for "the most Northern States,"—Boursalt Elegans, Queen of Prairies, Baltimore Belle, Superba, Eva Corinne.

To the gentlemen deeming the subject also seasonable we present the following facts:—

Select Strawberries.—The best five for family use are—Large Early Scarlet, Burr's New Pine, Hovey's Seedling, Hudson and Crimson Cone.

Lawns.—Red top or blue grass, mixed with white clover, make the best lawns; three-fourths of either of the former, and one-fourth of the latter—sown three times as thick as usual, early in spring, on dry mellow ground, rolled perfectly smooth.

MUSIC AND THE ARTS.

THE GERMANIANS.

The success of this band in our city has been remarkable. Large and fashionable houses have nightly greeted them, and all has been as pleasant in the money-making way as could be wished. We have listened to their performances with unequivocal pleasure. Music as rendered by the Germanians, is, we think, emphatically of the legitimate stamp. The timing, toneing, every thing, is indeed, close upon perfection. The conductor—a very modest and accomplished gentleman—himself impresses you musically.—It is apparent in the easy action of the body, in the poetical wave of the *baton*, as he marks the time. So, too, each individual of the band seems to be crotchetically and quaverally inspired; double and treble dipped in a vat filled with liquid music. Jael is the star of the Germanians. His twinkle has nightly increased too, until it sends off a perfectly blinding light. The ladies are enraptured with him. He is well-looking; but it is his genius which infatuates them. Some talk about the fascinating boyish way he has of trotting down the stage and taking his seat at the piano; but bless you, it is the wonderful taste and skill of the artist which turn their brains. Others say he has a little foot, dresses exquisitely, adjusts with singularly tasteful effect his watch-chain and its charms; but good souls, 'tis his immensely graceful and facile execution which maddens with delight.

Jael is a good pianist, indeed a remarkable one; one of the best we have ever heard. The power which he throws into the *forte* passages, with those rapidly moving fingers of his, always admirably brings out the conception of the author, though at times it produces sad havoc among the wires. Three or four are snapped asunder of an evening.—We hope the Jael fever if it generates imitators—and it will do so—will not compass an indiscriminate severing of piano-wires. But farewell to Jael for the present. Such a Jael one may well regret to leave, though another Jael one may hurry from with rapid and delighted steps. A wide difference, however, between the great pianist and that other Jael,

"Famine's metropolis—the sink of shame—
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb!"

POWELL'S PICTURE OF DE SOTO.

The picture of the Burial of De Soto, by Powell, will soon be brought to this country. It was painted by order of Congress, and is to be placed in the vacant niche of the Rotunda in the Capitol at Washington. No chapter of American History has found so able a delineator. The opinions of artists, connoisseurs, amateurs, letter-writers, and

private individuals, all concur in pronouncing this one of the finest productions of this century, and worthy to be styled a national work. The artist has been years in executing his plans, and has succeeded in producing a work that will stand as the corner stone of his fame. In composition it is entitled to a place beside Trumbull's happiest efforts, while in tone and coloring it is equal to any work of modern art.

The contract of Mr. Powell gives him the right to exhibit his picture for one year prior to its being placed in the niche for which it is designed. This arrangement will afford his fellow citizens an opportunity of witnessing and appreciating a monument of native genius. Thousands who would never see it if it were carried immediately to Washington, will find delight in visiting it. Such exhibitions promote the reputation of an artist, and tend to cultivate the nation's taste.

WE SAW THE other day at BURTON & LANNING'S wareroom, Arch street above Sixth, exquisite things, in the way of landscape papers. We also examined medallion pieces, representing Falcon Chasing, and other sports of olden times. These works have all the appearance of oil paintings; indeed they were executed with the brush and by accomplished artists. Messrs. B. & L. imported them from France together with many other styles of wall papers, among which we noticed gold and velvet—real gold, not bronze, hangings of remarkable exactness. Their own factory in the northern part of the city, we learn with pleasure, now furnishes a large portion of Messrs. B. & L.'s stock, and the fact is one which we pride ourselves in announcing. We hope those of our readers who are renovating and refurnishing this spring, will give the gentlemen a call.

THE TESTIMONIAL, in honor of Miss Caroline Richings, at Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday week, was, in warmth, all her friends, and the numerous friends of her father, Mr. Peter Richings, could desire. We are most happy to note the fact. Miss R. is a charming young lady, well worthy of esteem, both in her domestic and professional walks. As for Mr. R., a long and somewhat familiar acquaintance with him in times long past, has taught us greatly to respect him, both in his private and public relations, and though we fall in with him, at present, but seldom, we cannot but entertain a warm interest in his welfare.

OUR OLD FRIEND, Mr. C. N. Robinson, has lately opened some very beautiful prints, to which we call the attention of the lovers of art. His advertisement will be found in our pages.

"DREAMS OF HOME," is the title of a new song, lately published in beautiful style by a house in Philadelphia. The words are by our young and clever friend, Mr. Thomas J. Diehl; the music by another young and clever friend, Mr. A. B. Durand. Both were written expressly for Madame Anna Thillon, whose handsome face graces the title-page, it having been done in stone from a magnificent daguerreotype of Messrs. McClees & Germon. We heard Madame T. sing this song at a late Philharmonic concert, where it was well received. It must command a ready sale, for the subject, the words, and the music are all excellent.

CONCERT OF PHILADELPHIA BAND.

WE ATTENDED the second annual concert of the Philadelphia Band, on Monday evening. The audience was large and the entertainment went off with spirit. Mr. Braham sang several songs superbly, among them, by request, the Death of Nelson. Miss Richings also favored the audience with the best qualities of her voice, and was warmly applauded. She opened in a romance of Sig. Perelli's which was not suited to her style; an indifferent production, indeed, altogether, considering the genius and taste of the composer; hence she made not so favorable an impression as she did in subsequent performances. A pupil of Mr. B. Carr Cross executed a Polka on the piano very prettily. If we mistake not, this clever lad received his earliest lessons on the piano from Professor James Bellak, and hence is largely indebted to him for the basis of his present excellence, as well as to the brilliant and universally popular Cross.

ARY SCHEFFER's picture of the Dead Christ, now the property of a gentleman of Providence, is exhibiting in Boston. *To-Day* says it is one of the very few pictures by Ary Scheffer in this country, and that it is now offered for sale for fifteen hundred dollars.

THE BUILDING of the new Boston Musical Hall, on the lot of land in the rear of Bumpstead Place, is rapidly progressing.

THE DUSSELDORF pictures are now exhibiting in Boston at the Athenæum.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

A LONDON MECHANIC has devised a new drawing-room spinning-wheel for ladies; its weight will not exceed two pounds, and it spins quickly a very fine thread; its movement is so smooth that a lady may work at it for hours without fatigue; and its machinery is so simple that one lesson of a few minutes

will enable any one to spin "to perfection." It folds into a very portable compass. These spinning-wheels will possibly soon be introduced into our country, and then crochet-work, and its kindred pastimes will, perhaps, be temporarily set aside. How funny will the hum of the spinning-wheel sound in our parlors! One will be, as it were, carried back by it to the primitive days of our republic, when nearly every matron and her daughters thought it no disgrace to toil and to spin. Fashion may well be eulogized, if she brings back to us once more the days of spinning-wheels. Ladies want something of this kind to occupy them between the hours devoted to receiving the beaux, and promenading Chestnut street.

NOTABILITIES, from our New York correspondent, did not arrive in time for the present number. His favors will be promptly attended to hereafter, but they must reach us at an earlier date.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, the 24th, was duly honored in Philadelphia, by a large number of English-born citizens, who dined together at Webb's Union Hotel. Joseph Sill, Esq., President of the Society, filled the chair and addressed the meeting with appropriate and feeling eloquence. He was supported by William C. Rudman, Esq., Vice President. Granville Penn, Esq., Dr. J. K. Mitchell, (from the St. Andrew's Society,) the Hon. Charles Gilpin, Mayor of the city, and others. The toasts and sentiments were very good. During the evening courtesies were interchanged by telegraph with the St. George's Society, of New York. A letter from Mr. Wm. Stait, our admirable agent, 48 south Third street, enclosing *five dollars* for the desolated families of the poor soldiers who sunk with the steamer "Birkenhead," near the Cape of Good Hope, was read and received with cheers. He expressed a hope that his mite would form the *nucleus* of a generous fund. The hint was responded to by many gentlemen who were present, and a liberal collection made on the spot. A word more relative to St. George. He was made a patron saint of Britain, by Edward III., at the battle of Callice in the year 1349, his name being there first invoked to aid her arms. Victory perching on the banners of the king, the succeeding year was emphasized in London by the formation of an Order of the Garter, dedicated to St. George, and his name since been the word of attack for English armies, as has the saint himself been considered the guardian of the nation. St. George was born in Cappadocia, of Christian parents, and was the son of a martyr to the gospel of our Saviour. He, early after his father's death, went to Palestine, and became

distinguished in the army of Dioclesian, the tyrant. When that prince commenced his persecution of Christians, he took up arms against him, and after being frequently put to the torture, was finally, on the 23d of April, 290, dragged through the streets of Lydia, and beheaded. It is stated that the surviving Christians buried his mutilated remains, the sepulchre containing which remained in tolerable preservation until 1180. His head was subsequently solemnly translated therefrom to the great church built in honor of him by Pope Zachary, who attended the ceremony, accompanied by the whole clergy, and most of the laity of Rome. From these feats sprang fabulous statements of the combat of St. George and the dragon, to save the daughter of a king from the monster's capacious jaws.

CALIGULA condemned bad writers either to be cast into the Rhone, or with their tongues to efface their works. The latter punishment would seem to have been the most agreeable, unless a man were accustomed to the hydropathic treatment. To write well, a good pen is most essential; then the ink must be pure, and flow freely; finally, the paper should be firm, and yet delicate in texture. All these may be obtained at the very popular and very accessible establishment of Col. WILLIAM H. MAURICE, Chesnut street above Third, the old stand of Messrs. Hogan & Thompson. Apropos of hydropathy: the gradually warming atmosphere tells us that summer will shortly be upon us. After it comes, hol for the *douches*, and the plunges of the delicious baths at Yellow Springs. We suspect John, the excellent German who superintends this branch of Mrs. Neef's admirable establishment, is already beginning to arrange his crash-towels. Ah, good man, we remember you, with a glow.

How THE IDEA got abroad that dreams should be taken by contraries, we cannot say, unless it be—which is probable—that there are quite as many facts to sustain it as the opposite. For our part, we have often dreamed that we were very rich, while *au contraire*, we have constantly felt in our sleep the keenest sense of poverty; yet we are rather poor, and for that matter, spite of dreams, are always like to be. There is this consolation, however—if it be a consolation to know that there are others as straitened for dollars as ourselves—there is a nice crowd of us needy gentlemen, especially among writers for the press. Multitudinous as we are, yet let us be cheerful. Those of us who are not a burden to our fellow men, and who can scratch along without a charity-staff, certainly have every reason to be happy. Above all things, let us not be jealous of those who

have amassed fortunes, nor of those who are now engaged in amassing them, for such a spirit is a very ugly one.

WILLIAM T. FRY, Arch street above Sixth, manufactures, as we have often said, in beautiful style, portable rosewood and mahogany writing desks, dressing cases, work, ink, crochet and cotton boxes, as well as travelling desks and dressing cases of leather. He also makes blotting cases, blotting pads, portfolios, music-folios, jewel cases, trinket boxes, travelling bottles, flasks, bankers' note cases, pocket books, porte-monnaies, money belts, cigar cases, card cases, backgammon and chess boards. He likewise keeps a splendid assortment of perfumery, soaps, shaving-creams, all kinds of toilet brushes, cutlery, as well as a general stock of elegant fancy goods. His handsome store is, indeed, filled with the finest and best qualities of stock, within the range above given, and he deserves well the handsome favor which is accorded to him.

MESSRS. TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS, jewelers, in New York, have just finished a magnificent silver punch-bowl, intended as a testimonial from a number of American citizens to the late chivalrous Captain Symonds, who was lost in the ill-fated Amazon. It is 16 inches in height, 17 in diameter, and weighs over two hundred ounces. The workmanship is remarkably beautiful. Capt. Symonds, it will be remembered, performed most valuable service in behalf of certain American citizens, at Chagres during riots which took place there in October last, and this bowl is an acknowledgment of that service on the part of those whose lives and property he was the means of saving.

WE ARE happy to learn that Mr. F. A. MOSCHISKEER, a German gentleman, who, for a few months past, has sojourned in our city, proposes to commence shortly, at the hall of the University, a series of lectures on German literature. Mr. M. is a polished scholar, speaking and writing our language with great ease and beauty.

THERE IS a weather-gauge in the line of our daily walks, and during the past month it was often consulted by us, so unpromising were the clouds, and so continually did the rain pour from them. April has always had the reputation of a big sniveller, and now there is added to her bad character a cold and cruel disposition. The ladies were completely housed during her recent air-takings, but as we write this—under a bright sun—the walks in Chestnut street, in front of BAILEY & Co.'s, are filled with them. Touching BAILEY & Co., it will be seen, they have

wisely availed themselves of BIZARRÉ to communicate with the public. Their store is unquestionably the most magnificent of any of its kind on the continent, and quite equal, we learn, to any in Europe.

THE FASHIONS.—While we happen to think of it, Mr. LEVY displays a beautiful advertisement in our pages. In other words, he figures, as he has a right to do, among the select few who grace us as advertisers; a select few not because it is difficult to get advertisers for BIZARRÉ, but because we only desire such. We have recently made frequent visits to the elegant, spacious, and fashion-honored *magazin* of LEVY. We have gone there, too, to see and to report all that we might do. The latest importations of the house embrace, in dress materials, exquisite fabrics of silks, barege, &c., the latter being furnished with flounces and *bandes*, printed after charming designs. *Organdie* dresses, extremely rich, are also among these late goods; as well mantillas, with lace applications for the present season. White muslin for the beautiful warm-breath'd summer, now rapidly hurrying onward, are also to be found in LEVY's stock.

THE HAT! Well, what of the hat? Has WARBURTON come out with another bulletin? Does he purpose to drop his prices still lower; or will he go on at the standard of four dollars. There will be no change; *prix fixe* is WARBURTON's motto; four dollars are little enough for a really good hat; and WARBURTON can make a good one. The day for dear hats has passed in Philadelphia; the era of low interests and low-priced hats is dawning. WARBURTON has produced the last change; while the first lies in a large influx of gold and small importations. We hope people will not go mad upon such good promise; that they will use, not abuse, the blessings vouchsafed them.

MESSRS. ROWE & Co. are now our agents in Providence; and are authorised to receive advertisements and subscriptions for us. Speaking of Providence, we once more acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. C. S. JONES, the clever editor of the *General Advertiser* for valuable services rendered in our behalf.

CONRAD MEYER is the author of several improvements in piano-building, some of which having been patented, he enjoys the exclusive right of using. It would have been better for his fortunes, had he secured patents for all the emanations of his genius. He did not, however, and hence builders in Boston and elsewhere derive as much benefit as he does from a portion of the fruits of his genius.

Well MEYER has a huge heart; and we suspect takes as much pleasure in helping along his brother artists as any other man living. Hence his genius frequently throws off scintillations, from the light of which they help themselves, on the road to fortune.

THE EXCELLENT MANNER in which the "City of Pittsburgh" was taken upon the ways of the new Dry Dock at our Navy Yard, speaks volumes in favor of that enterprise, and of the admirable management of Mr. J. T. Dean, under whose direction the work was accomplished.

WE CAN, at times, scarcely get through the crowd who block up the entrance to our office, drawn there by Roor's beautiful Daguerrian specimens. The whole doorway is filled; indeed, it is not unfrequently the case that the passage-way, door-way, and walk in front are entirely occupied. And not alone, do the people congregate without the gallery and operating rooms of Roor. On sunny days—such as those we enjoy at this writing—they are to be found within them. Old, middle-aged, and a glorious proportion of gay and blooming ladies, await there their turn at the Sun's paint brush. Roor is indeed a favored man, and we know he is also a grateful one.

WILLIAM M. McCCLURE, Market street below Eighth, has an immense stock of tools and building materials; indeed, he at present devotes himself almost exclusively to this branch of the hardware business, and commands a large share of the custom in that way.

THE POET SAYS:—

"Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And ran to meet what he would most avoid!"

This is Milton's idea, and it is a very good one. We should not look ahead for sorrows. They come upon us in a world like this with the revolution of time's wheel. Sickness, however, begets a troubled mind, and a troubled mind is prone to look on the dark side of life. At this particular season the bile is disturbed, and there is an inclination to general derangement of the system. There are remedies for these, and they will be found to be noticed at times in these columns. The best of these, we would now state, is the Hoodland Bitters, sold by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 120 Arch street, and his agents.

ANSON G. CHESTER, Esq., late of Philadelphia, and a gentleman of decided talents, has been associated with the editorial management of the *Buffalo Express*.

BAILEY & CO.,

LATE

BAILEY & KITCHEN,

136 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Silver Ware of every Description.

FINE JEWELLERY.

IMPORTERS,

BY THE REGULAR STEAMERS FROM EUROPE, OF THE
FINEST WATCHES, JEWELLERY,

CHOICE FANCY GOODS,

CLOCKS, CANDELABRAS, BRONZES,

PLATED WARE,

TEA SETS, WAITERS, FINE TABLE CUTLERY.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ORDERS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers

OF

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

134 CHESTNUT STREET,

NEXT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

RECEIVE, BY EVERY STEAMER FROM EUROPE, ADDITIONS
TO THEIR IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF ALL THE
VARIOUS ARTICLES OF

DRESS MATERIALS,

SHAWLS & MANTILLAS,

REAL LACE GOODS,

HOUSE FURNISHING LINENS,

Curtain Materials,

LACE & MUSLIN CURTAINS.

IMPORTED FLANNELS.

HOSIERY OF THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE.

White Goods of all Descriptions.

NOTINGS OF BUSINESS.

MR. ZERMAN, druggist, at Ninth and Catharine streets, in this city, has sent us a bottle of his ANTI-SCORBUTIC TOOTH-WASH, which is certainly an admirable article. It cleanses the breath of all offensiveness, imparts whiteness to the teeth and a healthy action to the gums. Its popularity is a strong evidence of its virtues, however; its sale as we understand having increased constantly and rapidly from the time of its introduction. Mr. Z. solicits orders from the country trade, which he assures us he will supply on the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM T. FRY's neat store, 227 Arch street, contains a splendid assortment of fancy and toilet goods, some of which are of the most costly description. They consist of desks, dressing cases, work boxes, cabinets, jewel cases, folios in papier mache, fancy goods, leather, &c., in fact every thing that is *recherché* and beautiful. Mr. F. is the manufacturer of a great part of this stock, and was so in London for some ten or twelve years, he is therefore fully competent to give entire satisfaction in the goods he makes. We would recommend our city and country readers to call at his place; they will be fully repaid for their trouble. We can safely assert that goods of the same quality and style have not been before found in our city.

WILLIAM M. McCURE & BROTHER are constantly receiving orders for building materials, keeping, as they do, one of the best stocks of the same to be found in the city. Their store, it will be remembered, is in Market street, below Eighth. Orders from the country are promptly answered.

A WORD IN our present number of Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, sold by their sole proprietor in America, our esteemed friend, Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 120 Arch street, and his agents. We do not suppose there can be a more unpleasant affliction than dyspepsia. We are certain, indeed, so far as we have witnessed its operation, nothing could be more all-pervading in its influence on the system. Body and mind are a prey to its workings. Now these Bitters act upon the causes of dyspepsia, removing them as easily in most cases, as Schuylkill water removes dirt, when properly applied with the proper amount of scrubbing powers. Their action is quiet yet thorough. You take them as you would a tonic before dinner; indeed we think in Germany they are to be found in every public house, and are taken as we take wine-bitters, as a simple stomach corrector. Dr. JACKSON sends these Bitters to all parts of the country. At the west and south they

are particularly in demand, however. Orders sent to him, he assures us will be promptly answered, either by himself or the agent nearest to the point from whence the order comes.

CHATEAU LARIVEAUX, is an excellent claret which SNIDER, Walnut below Fourth, sells at a very moderate price. He has other clarets of fine quality, which are offered by him at no less reasonable rates. The season for light wines is now approaching. Gentlemen who are leaving for their country-seats, or the watering-places, should give Snider an order. Nothing like being sure of a good sound wine, and paying for it at a fair price. Philadelphians who visit Newport the present year, where the Maine Law is to be in force, can have their *medicine chests* put up by Snider!

WILLIAM H. MAURICE, 108 Chestnut street, is getting to be about the only stationer now known in Philadelphia. What else could be the result, he advertising liberally as he does? His brethren of the trade are content to trust to signs, and other cheap means, while he is constantly availing himself, not only of these, but of the columns of every prominent paper in the city and surrounding country. MAURICE has one of the best stocks to be found far or near. He sells it, too, at small profit, bestowing on you with your bargain the pleasantest words and the sunniest smiles.

WE HAVE seen the new summer WARBURTON. Pray who has not, that has walked down Chestnut street within the past week? It is a charming conceit; graceful, light, and of soft and delicate texture. Hats are in the main like oranges or peanuts, all alike. Not so with the new summer style of WARBURTON; it is as distinctive as Jayne's grotesque pile of granite, or the profiles of the little *Arctics*. We admire it; and if it is not the admiration every where, with people of taste, we shall be greatly mistaken. They do say these are easy times in the way of money, and we suspect common rumor is not far out of the way. Let no one summon us though as evidence on this point; for as we are a newspaper editor, money is as tight with us now as it was twelve months since. However, easy or tight, times are of no account in buying what is a necessity, the hat—unless from the fact that WARBURTON sells his superb summer castors for FOUR DOLLARS!

THE ATTENTION of amateurs and connoisseurs is called to the exhibition of DOUGHTY'S great picture of "The Flight into Egypt," which with "Titian's Sleeping Venus," (from the collection of Joseph Bonaparte,) are to be seen at the rooms of Mr. G. BRISROW, No. 100 Chestnut street, and will well repay a visit.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU?"—*Farquhar.*

Church's Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

NEW SERIES. }
PART 6. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE Cts. }



THE OLD LEMONADE MAN,

—
AN *habitus* OF THE BOULEVARDS, IN PARIS, IS MOST ACCURATELY REPRESENTED IN THE ABOVE
ENGRAVING.

THE MISSION OF INFANCY.



Among the many circumstances, which give importance and interest to home, perhaps the most important and interesting is, that it is the natal spot and the shelter of infancy. For the infant is not more a precious boon to mankind, than a stupendous yet beautiful mystery in itself. Its original introduction into the world and the incidents pertaining to it long afterward would—but for their familiarity—be to us as *singular* as they are attractive. Engrossed as we are by life's pursuits, cares and enjoyments, nor able to recall the time, when we are not thus engrossed, or did not exist even as now, how strange—on serious consideration—appears the fact, that, ever and anon, a being organized in germ like ourselves, at a specific day and hour begins to exist and enters on the same field of life already occupied by ourselves! Did we fully appreciate it, how momentous would seem the event thus hourly and momentarily occurring, that they, who but yesterday existed not at all, to-day commence an existence of which there is absolutely no end! An awful fact, and yet how slightly are we impressed by it!

Still further. The new-existent comes not—(according to the unmeaning phrase,)—from “void nothingness.” No. He comes forth from God. The infinite, invisible spirit, the Creator, Sustainer and Ruler of the boundless universe, bears witness to His existence and agency in other ways besides the works of His material creation. Daily, hourly, He sends into our world His human messengers to testify of Him. These messengers are infants. Innocent, pure, simple, loving, they come stamped with the signet of heaven.—And sublime and beautiful indeed is the

wordless message they bring from the spirit-world.

Thus, they proclaim creative powers.—Every infant is a new original product of the self same creative energy whereby planets and suns began to be. A higher product even, inasmuch as spirit belongs to a nobler order of existence than material things. How grand, then, the events—how unsearchable the mysteries, dignifying the humblest human abodes and encompassing man's daily paths!

But, most especially, does the infant bring a message from the Creator of His illimitable, ever-during love. Is it not so? What token of God's true regard would parents elect in preference to this, if unrestricted choice were granted to them? That tiny miniature of Being, wherein the mere rudiments of humanity are just beginning to stir, what is there on the big globe, or even within the power of imagination to picture, for which the fond parent would barter it away? You might heap the treasures of worlds into the scale, and yet in the parental estimate, that light, diminutive baby-shape would instantly downweigh them all.

And what prodigal, over-brimming love does that little one awake in the parents' hearts! How suddenly, too, as well as strangely and mysteriously, does this come to pass! For it is an unknown being, a total stranger, that works these results. Yesterday he had never even been seen either by parents or by others. He did not in fact exist! To-day he makes his appearance, and instantaneously the hearts of the parents gush forth towards him with love unutterable and without measure!

At once, too, that tiny creature becomes the central figure of the total household. All

its members vie with each other in lavishing marks of tenderness and regard, in heaping cares and caresses on the as yet scarce conscious little new-comer. Every thing belonging to him becomes an object of attraction and interest. Who can glance at the cradle, the little robe, the diminutive slipper, or any one of the toys and playthings of the petted darling, without a pleasant thrill passing over him?

O, who can estimate the amount of pleasure, and even of moral benefit, flowing from the presence in the house of this young angel from God! And what an exquisitely beautiful ordination it is, that this little one's very helplessness, and very need of unintermitted tendance and care and aid, is constituted one chief reason why we so love him; why we so delight in providing for him abundantly all he requires; and why we never weary in languishing upon him cares, caresses and love-tokens of every kind!

Yes. The infant is for us a perpetual discipline of all our better selves. We will not permit ourselves to be hard, malignant, self-

centred, and self-indulgent in his presence. He absolutely constrains us for the time to forget ourselves, to lose all thought of malice and vengeance, of ambition and forbidden gratification, and to think and to care only for his innocent, gleeful self!

Nothing recks he the while of what is going forward in the world without, of the fuming and fretting, the disorder, tumult and uproar; of men's hot, eager chases after the various bubbles cast up on the surface of life's effervescent, seething tide: of successes and disappointments; of struggles, joys and griefs, all bearing relation to the trivialities of the passing hour; things which to-day are or seem to be, and to-morrow shall vanish into the void, everlasting silence. To him, all these things are nought. Within the narrow compass of his home he laughs and frolics the hours away; eats, drinks, and sleeps when nature requires; gives and receives tokens of affection after his own baby fashion; and so in the midst of the turbulent, restless, noisy world, his days flow by.

Most beautiful, moreover, it is to witness



how much of individuality and independence of life belongs to this little, helpless, flexible, impulsive creature. Malleable and impressionable, as a very lump of wax; yielding and fluent, as water's self, yet you behold him live on, day after day, his own peculiar, distinctly defined, baby self; unmodified and unaffected by all or any of those worldly things, which restrain, direct and mould the strong hardy man, as does the potter's hand the moist clay! In the poet's phrase,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

and therefore it is that over the young babe an evil, discordant world has not yet acquired a modifying power.

And what a priceless boon for the man whose field of action is that world; who amid its jars and discordances and confusing scenes is constrained daily to toil and struggle and endure;—what a boon to possess for his home the dwelling that holds an infant, and to re-

tire for refreshment and repose to the place where this innocent, gladsome, sunshine presence is! How do the dark shadows which the world has cast upon his spirit, flee from the light of his infant's smile! How do the harsh, bewildering noises, which the world had left lingering in his ear, become hushed, when he hears the musical prattle, or even the inarticulate, gurgling murmurs of that blessed little one! In literal verity, the home where abides an infant is a charmed ring, and only through our own fault can the spirits of turbulence and selfishness and vice, that so vex the vast human wilderness without, break in and ravage here also.

There is a profound and inspiring truth in that passage of the ancient prophet, (Isa. xi. —6,) where he says, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

THE WRECKED HUSBANDS.*

PETER AND JOHN.

Peter was a Fleming who had the bad habit of beating his wife. He beat her so much and so well, that the commissary of police interfered, informing him that he would be arrested at the next cuff. Village existence had no longer any charms for Peter; no tie bound him to his native land; country for Peter was where one has a wife who can be beaten. He recollected that he possessed a friend beyond seas who had gone to brew beer in the new world. "Faith," soliloquized Peter, "I shall go join him." So he beat his wife for the last time, and not being able to beat her any more, *he beat the country.*†

About the same time John lived in Auvergne, in the neighborhood of Issoire. Now John allowed himself to be beaten by his wife, thus rendering himself an object of constant derision to his fellow-villagers. One day having been beaten more severely than common, they trotted him through the streets mounted on a donkey, with his face to the tail, which he held like a halter. This affront dealt his pride a more sensible blow than did any of those which Mrs. John showered on his back.

In his despair, he bethought himself of one of his cousins, who had lately gone to America to trade in furs, a venture which through much time and patience had succeeded well.

John promised himself to seek this well-to-do relation at the first opportunity, with whom he might live at three thousand miles from his spouse, and what was better in a country where the donkey is comparatively unknown.

The occasion soon presented itself. Mrs. John had bought that morning a broom on trial, and to test its quality she used the shoulders of her husband in the market place; he realized his project of escape, and his sudden departure struck madam with stupor. It was the only way in which poor John had ever struck his wife.

Thus it appears why, on the 1st of March, 183-, Peter and John met at Havre, and embarked together on the ship Minotaur.

AT SEA.

Peter and John soon became attached on shipboard; they felt themselves drawn together by a common sympathy. They resembled each other in no respect. One was tall, the other short, one fat the other lean, one beats his wife, the other was beaten by his wife; but they had one thing in common in the knowledge that both were made miserable by their wives. Tyrant or victim the wife had caused their sorrows. Besides in the long hours of con-

test in which thirty-two greasy cards supplied them with recreation the game of matrimony was severely proscribed; the queen of diamonds and ace of hearts often received the invectives of John, whose wife was fair; while Peter, whose wife was a brunette, belabored with his nail the queens of spades and clubs.

In other respects they were in excellent health, and ate freely of the salted meat of the ship; the former the fat which he thought delicious, and the latter the lean which he preferred.

One morning the weather grew stormy.

I could have given you a magnificent description of a tempest; but as it has not been my lot to see and to study this sublime horror, I should be obliged in order to paint it to borrow my neighbor's palette; even if I did not take the already expected picture; but such a proceeding is repugnant to me, and would besides be idleness. I come in a straight course to the result, and inform you that after many hours of tacking, and notwithstanding the incontestable skill of her captain, the Minotaur foundered in sight of a rocky island, which could not be approached near enough to land her crew. The vessel was lost, hull and cargo, and a quarter of an hour after the shipwreck nothing remained of this floating city, but two or three planks passed to and fro by the waves, on one of which were Peter and John.

The storm surprised them reading together the frightful history of shipwrecked persons dying of hunger. Confiding in the serenity of the sky, they jested—unfortunates! on this horrible subject. Learning from its pages that a half dozen poor wretches left on an uncultivated and deserted island had been reduced to the strait of eating one another, and of drawing lots who should first furnish the elements for this atrocious cookery. "Hol Ho!" cried Peter, in his rustic dialect, "what abominable eating: I should have been very unhappy if I had had to eat of a man with only skin on his bones like you, John; I could never bear lean." "And for myself," answered John, "I would have eaten earth rather than have tasted a fat fellow like you, Peter—fat does not agree with me." They were jesting thus when the storm came on, and it has been seen that it did not jest.

And as if Providence had wished to change into a sinister prediction the reading which afforded them unsuitable amusement, the two friends, exhausting all their energies in supporting, aiding, and protecting one another, reached the island which alone could save them from the waves. But alas! when their eyes roaming over the whole extent of their place of refuge, met nothing but some tufts of wild grass in the fissures of a naked rock; they found with despair that they had only changed their place of burial.

* Translated from the French for Bizarre.

† Idiom—Ang. "eat dirt."

THE DESERT ISLAND.

The place of safety where Peter and John landed was a sad and horrible asylum. At the sight of the saddening sterility the story of the men that had been devoured was recalled to their minds, and a cold shudder ran down every limb. They both there on the little islet which was their world, a burning sun overhead, an arid soil beneath them, and the sea, the deep sea surrounding them on all sides. In the face of this utter misery the idea of invoking the Saviour, God, should have occurred to them.

Alas! I say it to the shame of humanity, their first action was to rave and blaspheme, Peter swore by all the fiends below, and John by his wife.

A rapid inspection of the island brought more religious thoughts. It is true they found neither fruits nor vegetables; but they found inappreciable treasure! A little hole filled with water fit to drink, for it even was savory, besides the grass which grew between the clefts in the rock was not very unpleasant to the taste; finally, in a little cove they met with a quantity of shell-fish, which were very bad but were still provided with nutritive principles. Apparently, putting accidents out of the question, there was certainly enough to sustain them for fifteen days. What a vast field of hope for poor wretches that a passing ship might save in five minutes! The sea is great, it is true, but Providence is great also.

Not to let a single chance be lost, their first care was to put up a signal of distress on the highest point of the islet. Wood was in plenty, but linen, linen; they had not even an handkerchief, for theirs had remained on the table where they were reading. It was necessary to take some stuff from their wardrobe—the wisdom of nations in a memorable dictum has opened a resource for the afflicted:

“Quand on a tout perche, Quand on n’a plus despoir,” etc.

A handkerchief was not their most urgent need, and they made with the first hemstitch of the second verse the desired signal.

Then they busied themselves with providing sustenance.

“John,” said Peter, “a thought has just struck me, you are predisposed to thinness, and I to fat. It is prudent to oppose by hygiene these two tendencies, whose excesses may produce disease, for here we have neither doctor nor medicines. It is my opinion that we should regulate our diet with that view. You that are too thin eat shell fish and get fatter.” “True, Peter,” replied his friend, “I was about to propose the same thing for yourself: now you are too fat, eat grass and get a shade thinner; thus we both, the fat one

becoming thin and the thin one fat, shall arrive without disease or indisposition to a happy medium and interlarded state.”—“Agreed.”

They shook hands, and for the first time since the shipwreck a smile of contentment brightened their countenances.

Dating from this day both watched with solicitous attention the execution of the programme. When John, tiring of shell-fish, thought he would like to taste some grass, Peter would oppose it: “unhappy man,” he would say, “do you wish to become thin after beginning to fatten.” And if Peter in turn, tired of verdure, wished to browse upon a little shell-fish, “stop,” John would say, “you are getting thin, and must not compromise this result by an imprudent step.”

In short, each was a guardian angel to the other; watching him closely, smiling at his well-being, alarmed at the slightest symptoms of sickness, and doing what was never done by either sick nurse or hospital attendant.

If society—I understand by that the faculty of communication—is precious, it is so above all between two men whom fate has separated from their fellow creatures; and, nevertheless, I believe that continual isolation would be even preferable to the necessity of having an eternal companion. Living much with one’s neighbor is excellent; but it is greatly so when compared with living some hours by oneself.

Who would not rather be Robinson Crusoe perpetually alone on his desert island, than Ritto Christina with the indissoluble bond of flesh?

In their long hours of idleness Peter and John could easily satisfy the double necessity of human nature: they conversed as before in French, besides which each had for his private use, for his particular reflections, for his *aside*, a special idiom which the other did not understand, the *patois* of his province; John that of Auvergnon, and Peter that of Flanders.

This *aside* language was so convenient that the two friends rarely separated, and for fear of accidents kept each other in sight. So each, whether to amuse himself, or to obey the other instinct which urges mankind to leave on less perishable monuments the traces of his fugitive existence, had taken a stone on which he every day amused himself engraving by means of a hard and pointed pebble some letters which he alone could decypher; it was the individual aspiration of this association so profoundly united by misfortune; the particular *I* of this duality.

THE DELIVERANCE.

The two shipwrecked ones had lived thus for nearly three weeks, and there now remained only five or six tufts of grass among

the rocks, and four or five dozen shell fish in the cove. They viewed with terror this destitution, and felt the approach of famine, and the nearer the crisis approached the more they lavished upon each other tender and fraternal cares as if the imminence of a frightful death bed had even heightened the bonds of friendship, which was first knotted by a sympathy of position, and afterwards drawn together by a common danger.

Their haggard eyes were both on the sea, the immense and desert sea, which was their executioner, and returned despairing on themselves, poor victims.

"Now," sorrowfully exclaimed John, "if I had my donkey, the so-much hated donkey, we could salt it, and it would sustain us for a month." The other limited himself to a simple *Alas!* But there was something so fierce in the sigh, that John translated it thus, "*Ah!* if I had my wife she would be even better than the donkey." But John was mistaken; Peter could not have formed this anthropophagy; he had never found his wife good enough for eating!

At last a shout of joy escaped from their panting breasts; a sail was in sight! The ship appeared to be approaching them, and was not long in coming in sight of the southern shore, and a boat was lowered to bring the two friends on board.

There, while they satisfied their hunger, the captain of the *Bienfaisant*—the vessel's name—told that being drawn out of his course by a storm, he had perceived their signal, and had made sail in that direction, ignorant that he had a discovery to make or an unfortunate to rescue.

For he was a philanthropist, that captain of the *Bienfaisant*. He had several guns on board, in hopes of meeting with some of those infamous vessels which are engaged in the slave trade. At this part of our narrative he was returning from the American coast, where he had exchanged for the most precious kinds of furs some barrels which had killed the unhappy savages like flies.

In the two years that he had plied his trade he had already consumed six hundred large tuns of brandy and four tribes of Indians.

This worthy was deeply touched by the recital of his new guests' sufferings, but when he learned the affectionate attentions with which they reciprocally surrounded each other, the forgetfulness of self in the care for the companion, that ever wakeful solicitude of one for the other's wants, and the sacrifice of their health mutually for a friend, in a word, all the zeal and the tenderness that had signalized the life of our shipwrecked acquaintances in their miserable place of refuge, the captain's emotion knew no bounds, and an abundant flow of tears left his eyes. He begged Peter and John to employ the

leisure which the passage would afford them in writing their adventures in the greatest detail, promising to describe the case himself, and also to transmit their report to the committee of the French Academy charged with awarding the prize Monthyon.*

The good captain attached so much importance to the work, which they had written in a middling style, that he even fairly beat to death a cabin boy, who, having taken this precious quire of paper to clean his brasses, was well nigh playing a scurvy trick with his superior's philanthropy—the cabin-boy's body was thrown overboard, and the manuscript carefully placed in a drawer.

VIRTUE'S REWARD.

The committee of the Institute was struck, as had been the captain, by the character of the communication. They interested themselves in a misfortune which bore about it so little vulgarity, and proposed to recompense the act, much doubtless for its merit, but also a little for its singularity. The reporter of the case urged it particularly on this account; he was an academician of the most humane kind, and besides he was glad to see an action crowned which would brighten the color and style of his report, and turn the document from the old track of hackneyed virtues.

This immortal man then laid stress in irreproachable language upon the heroic efforts of the two passengers, in saving each other from the shipwreck, and depriving himself of the food which he preferred for the other's sake, devotion of the stomach being more difficult than that of the heart!

There was nothing, even to the events previous to this, that the skilful commentator did not find means to use in the glorification of our heroes. "Peter, a man naturally violent, of which he had the misfortune to give some proofs to his wife, had the rare courage to exile himself rather than remain in danger of striking a beloved companion. While John, a good and simple character, allowed himself to be beaten by his wife, and he preferred quitting his hearth and his country to avenging himself by a correction of such humiliating brutalities." All this finally was worth a crown and some bank notes of a thousand francs to the two friends, and according to approved custom he made a numerous and select audience shed tears. Peter and John felt their eyes full, and to wipe them used the signal of distress that they had brought from the island as a monument of so glorious a virtue.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF SILENCE.

On the very morning of the solemn day

* A prize awarded to the most philanthropic individual by the French Academy, in pursuance of the wishes of M. Monthyon, who left a sum, whose interest is to be annually employed for the purpose.

when the French Academy was to crown virtue, in the persons of Peter and John, a committee of the Academy on inscriptions and belles-lettres was assembled around two blocks, on which hieroglyphic characters were traced. The captain of the Fouda, a government frigate, having landed for water on an island situated in a distant latitude, and entirely deserted, had perceived by chance two stones, on which long inscriptions were graven.

This work of man, in a corner of the world lost, uncultivated, unknown to geographers, and which appeared never to have been inhabited, surprised the officer, who had taken the stones, to submit them to the academic lights. The section upon inscriptions and belles lettres had appointed a committee for their examination, and it performed its office with much zeal and many blue spectacles.

The characters were roughly cut, but brought into the forms of the French alphabet, which they most resembled.

The committee was far from finding itself unanimous, when it tried to determine the languages to which these two inscriptions belonged.

A *savant* said that each of these inscriptions was in a special language, and that the meeting of these two languages on the same island proved that it had been the battle ground of two great nations.

Another *savant* pronounced the first inscription to be a corruption of the primitive Egyptian; and that the second was much like a Greek idiom; from which he concluded that America had been known to the first great civilizations of antiquity, the Egyptian and the Grecian.

A third leaned towards the Syriac and American; a fourth gave a supposition in favor of the Chinese and the Tartar; and the fifth for I know not what. In short, the breakfast hour approaching, the question was taken, and among the five members there were five different opinions. They then separated, without having come to any conclusion; and adjourned until the next day.

When the members of the Academy had gone, the porter's children took possession of the court where this interesting meeting was held, and their parents looked at them playing.

The father was a native of Douae and his wife of Clermont; they both knew how to read, which is something remarkable for porters, and especially so for those of the Academy.

They contemplated with religious respect the un-decylphered blocks. "This must be very difficult," said they, "since such great *savants* have not even been able to spell them."

"Stop Husband," said the wife, "it seems to me that I can read this."

"I, wife," said he, "can understand this." And both began to translate them, he from Douae the first—the Clermontese the second.

First Block.

I have done well in contributing as much as possible to John's health. Two can get better over a difficulty than one, and besides who knows what may happen.

The narrations of persons shipwrecked who were obliged to eat their companions, haunts my memory notwithstanding all my efforts.

If I was obliged to eat poor John, how it would distress me, he is so thin.

Fortunately I have made him consent to a *regime* which will fatten him; the few resources that this desert afforded us are nearly exhausted.

John perceptibly fattens.

This morning John was sick, but I have cured him.

The deuce! If he should be sick the poor fellow would become as dry as a stick again.

* * * In two days we shall have finished everything eatable on the island. Yesterday I ate my last blade of grass, to-day I am hungry, I have nothing to put between my teeth.

John profits by my care, he is really nearly fat.

Second Block.

We have not died in the sea, but shall still live on land. I must have perished, but notwithstanding, I applaud myself for having helped to save Peter. We help each other.

I dream involuntarily of the unfortunates, of whose shipwreck the book tells. They were in want of everything, and found themselves forced to eat each other. If there had only been one, the poor devil would have died of hunger.

Pray heaven that hunger may not trouble me too much. Having to eat, this Peter would trouble me. He is so very fat.

It is true with this *regime* our fellow Peter cannot fail to become thin.

We have scarcely victuals enough left for three days on this desolate island, and that is all. Peter gets a little thinner.

This confounded Peter sleeps too long. It may fatten him. I shall awake every morning at break of day to make him walk about.

I have eaten my last shell fish to-day; my stomach cries famine. May Heaven come to my aid! or I do not know what will happen. Peter is neither too fat nor too thin; he is sufficiently interlarded.

This accomplished, the porter and his wife ran to tell the committee. They began by

turning them out of doors for having permitted themselves to translate inscriptions declared untranslatable by science, and afterwards acknowledged the exactness of the translation.

The astonished *savants* laid it before the literary men, who had just been crowning the two laureats for having loved each other like brothers. They had loved each other truly, as we when hungry love veal and green peas. It was not entirely a friend or a brother that each had seen in the other, but a larder.

The literary men were astonished in turn, and it was decided to say nothing about it, and not to retrace their steps. Academies should never allow themselves to be wrong; if they were not infallible they would be more often mistaken.

CONCLUSION.

Notwithstanding John and Peter, who were quietly eating in Paris their *prix Mon-thon*, widowers as they now were,—for a stroke of luck never comes alone,—had been informed of the incident of the inscriptions, (it is supposed by their compatriots, the porter and his wife,) they immediately conceived the greatest fear for one another, and went instantly to lodge at the two extremities of Paris.

If a famine ever threatens France, it is probable they will take their departure one on the Bristol channel to the Baltic, and the other on the Mediterranean for the Indies, so as to place between them the immensity of continents and seas.

NEW ENGLAND.

New England, father-land!
I knew not, till the mandate came to part,
How fast and strong the band
That to thy homes and hearth-stones linked
my heart.

Land of the high-souled brave!
Bright on my memory rise the noble train,
That dared an untracked wave
To find, in barbarous wilds, a free domain.

Land of far-spreading light!
Knowledge is thine, and Learning's numerous
Halls,

Whose quickening effluence bright
On crowded town and scattered village falls.

Land of impartial laws!
Whose blessings e'en as God's own gifts do
fall;

Favoring alike the cause
Of weak, strong, poor and rich—protecting
all.

Religion's chosen land!
No spot unwarmed by her blest altar-fires,—

And lo! on every hand
From vale and hill shoot her sky-tip'd spires.

Land of my dawning life!
Thine were my happier, brighter years—ere
woke

Sin, sorrow, care and strife—
The world's austere, inevitable yoke.

Though now thou hast no home
For him, whose birth and nurture were of
thee;

Though, doomed afar to roam,
In a strange soil, I plant my sheltering tree;

Yet do I not repine;
Though severing mountains rise and waters
roll,

My heart, my heart is thine,
And still I bear a true New England soul.

Dear birth-clime, fare thee well!
May thine own virtues, a bright guardian
band,

As now, so always dwell
Within thy bounds to bless thy glorious land.

Glad benedictions lie
On thy trim towns, clear streams and moun-
tains bold,

And a benignant sky
Bend o'er and clasp thee in a loving fold!
D. H. B.

BIZZARRIE.

CLICK-CLACK! CLICK-CLACK! With spec-
tacle glasses of owl-like amplitude and cir-
cularity, the miller's man sits on the nether
stone, chip-chipping out of its hardness small
angularities. Intent on his work he heeds
not the rattle and rumble of the other sets
which rub and jar away—converting maize
into meal and wheat into flour. White
burthened cobwebs festoon the beams, and
unpalpable farinaceous particles float in the
atmosphere. The place as tested by black
satin or broadcloth is dirty and dusty—yet
is it clean. Clean, as our dear grandmother
was wont to say, without the consciousness
of straining at a paradox, clean dirt! Noisy
it is—but quiet. The works rattle on, the
workman picks away at the stone—drowsi-
ness comes over you, and you drop into the
miller's midnight chair for a doze—indiffer-
ent to the mill-o-type, even more correct than
a daguerreotype, which the back of your coat
will carry away, from the back of the miller's
seat.

Click-clack! Click-clack! From 12 A. 15 M.
on Monday till 11 A. 45 M. on Saturday night,
never tiring or stopping partially to have its
asperities aggravated by the man in the owl-
glasses, the old mill rattles on, monotonous
and diligent. Hither go baked corn meal,

(kiln dried they call it) flour, rye and middlings for man and beast in the two hemispheres. The kernels are poured by bushels and bushels into a hole in the floor, and eye of man sees them not again, till they come powdering out, meal, flour, or bran, as the case may be. The invisible digestive apparatus of the mill—subterranean and elevating ducts—the bolting and dusting apparatus, mechanical imitations of our human mechanical organizations, do their work steadily. The lungs, liver, and other viscera, moved by the pellucid and not sanguine vital fluid of the mill, do their duty—the actual work being noiseless, or nearly so—while impertinent little accidents, abnormal conditions, and consequential flies, like music in the mail-coach, keep up their din and rattle and buzz—click-clack!

So goes the world. Who makes the noise? Except the few who sharpen up the nether mill-stones, and keep an edge on social progress by speech or otherwise—some by crime, some by violence, and the fewer by virtue and right reason, rightly exercised—all minding their own eyes, however—the efficient portion of the human race are for the most part quiet and silent, doing their work with diligence. The mill-proprietor studies famines in Ireland, and short crops every where, cons the quotations and interprets the cabala of corn market reports. The mill man looks merely to his fall and tackle for hoisting—his dams and gates and hoppers, packers, scales and barrel hoops. He cares not for the product of the sales so there come flour for his own bread, and hominy to his boiled fitch, and a punctual relief when his hours are up. He drones quietly on—but where would the mill proprietor be without him, pray? To what end would he read the newspapers? Truly to little, except for the drone and buzz, the clappity click-clack index of something more busy.

So goes the world, as we said before.—Statesmen and statisticians, great operators and capitalists, monarchs republican (who are most absolute) and jure divines (who are most ridiculous) think they are doing wonders when they—study the markets! Fiddle-dee-dee! All the real doing that is done in the world is hid under the universal monotonous click-clack! click-clack! Bizarre is content to dream on through it all—now working out his small part of the problem, now sleeping or resting when his is the off hour. So still goes the mill—click-clack! and success to it! We all have more or less the mill-o-type on our backs. We all breathe the fine dust of controversies, and other rubs and adhesions. And when we look up, if we look not *above* the clouds, we find them frizzed and festooned with the off-fly-ria, and colored with the effluvia of the big mundane

mill. We must look higher, if we would see more; we must listen to loftier utterances, if we would escape the time-coeval—not everlasting, though hitherto continual, and for some time yet to be continued—click-clack! click-clack!

THE MODERN POLLIES known under the names of meamerism, phreno-magnetism, and the whole tribe of phenomena, consequences and deductions enhanced in “spiritual rappings,” or grouped therewith, are most gloriously anatomised and exposed in the May number of Harper’s Magazine. We rejoice that so sensible and acute a paper is widely circulated through the length and breadth of the land; for to any mind not wilfully perverse, weakly obtuse, or wickedly obstinate, its reasonings are unanswerable. The assurance of these pseudo-psychologists is as wonderful, as the stupidity of their disciples is unfathomable; and the impudent falsehood of their present great light, the Poughkeepsie seer, exceeds all the boldness of Mahomet and all the impiety of Joseph Smith. We speak from knowledge—having read “The Great Harmonia,” and needing no other evidence of the utter depravity of the writer, and his complete indifference to all precepts in morality and sanctions in religion which make truth imperative and a lie odious and dangerous.

And yet, wonderful as it may seem, successive volumes of the nonsense find publishers, and buyers of course, for publishers would not embark their capital in the production of books unbought and unread. The avidity with which some minds grasp at these fictions is an illustration of the remarkable credulity which is so great a constituent of popular infidelity. Men turn with indifference from the wonders of Revelation, or regard them with practical unbelief, while they receive with avidity the mere say-so of Mormon or “Biologist,” and are satisfied with the *proof* contained in the unsupported assertion of a lying romancer. “What a piece of work is man!”

SPRING SEEMS to come sooner to the city than to the country. The sheltered trees and grass put forth earlier leaves and greenness. But this is a forced precocity, the reflection of heat and light from warm walls. It lacks the luxuriance and hardihood of the open growth, where the wind has free play with its cold bath, and frost can continue his late monitions—cold, but kindly. If the too forward development of vegetation is sometimes ruined quite, “the greatest good of the greatest number” reconciles the farmer to that fair and unrestricted play of the elements which brings forward the green phalanx of

vegetation, a little late but hardy and vigorous.

It is a bizarre conceit—but when we see the green pretensions to man and womanhood put forward by some of our city children, we cannot help wishing that Jack Frost could reach and moderate the too forward vigor of their growth. Children have become obsolete. We see them no more. The little pert humanities which disgust one with his race, and pipe by words in childish treble, mocking common sense with their juvenile annoyance, and common decency with their vanity, should be turned out on the Gramscian Hills—where Cobbett says young Norval's father must have *fed* his sheep—since the hills aforesaid would not do it. They need to rough it a little in pure and actual childhood, with childish hopes, fears, affections, impulses, instead of caricaturing humanity by strutting about like boys with men's hats on. There is less of this in the country than in the city—though “rural felicity” is fast becoming citified, flesh fishified, under the influence of steam and rail. Never mind! There are Rocky Mountains which rails may not traverse, and beyond them the last gleams of common sense may linger when you and I are dead, reader.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOMAD.

EDWARD EVERETT.

It cannot be expected that, in the page or two to which we are of necessity here restricted, we can give any adequate account of a man who has filled so large a space in the public estimation on both sides the Atlantic. But, perhaps the little we have room to say may be of some interest to such of our readers as, by their location, have been cut off from a knowledge of this gentleman's history.

Mr. Everett may not be the greatest man we have amongst us, but I believe all who know him will testify that he is decidedly one of the most accomplished men, and, in numerous respects, one of the most remarkable of our countrymen. No American has done so many different things admirably well as he. I know not any other who so well merits the title of our “admirable Crichton.” Almost from cradlehood he was conspicuous for talent and scholarship. At twelve he entered Cambridge University, and from first to last, was, by common consent, the leading scholar of his class. At nineteen, he was ordained the pastor of what bore the reputation of the principal church in Boston, and at once became one of the most popular pulpit orators in that city, so renowned for its culture. At twenty-two, I think, he was

elected professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, and sent to Europe for some years of preparative study. After his return he performed, for several years, the duties of this office, and was alike distinguished for his ability as a lecturer, and as one of the University Governors. His lecture room was thronged not merely by his official hearers, but by rapt listeners from the city. Meanwhile, he not unfrequently delivered courses of lectures to crowded assemblages in Boston. Finally, he was elected member of the Representative Chamber in Congress, and there acquitted himself admirably. After serving some years at Washington, he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts, and in that office, too, he bore himself ably and most creditably for several years. He was then sent Minister to the Court of St. James, and in that eminent post he enacted his part with great éclat both to himself and to his country. On his return from England he was made President of his mother University—a position he was universally thought to be, of all men, the best fitted to occupy with usefulness and honor. Contrary to general expectation, he resigned the Presidency after a few years; for what reasons I am not apprised.

Even from this bald outline, it might naturally be inferred that the abilities and accomplishments of Mr. Everett must be various and extraordinary to qualify him for executing eminently well so many different functions. It would also be inferred that he must have performed, in such a diversified life, a vast amount of labor. But even his labors in all these capacities do not give one a complete idea of what he has done. For he was editor, for many years, of the North American Review, and is reported to have written, the while, little, if any, less than two-thirds of its articles. Certainly he was the chief instrument in raising it to that high reputation it enjoyed at one time on both sides the Atlantic. He has, moreover, delivered orations, lectures, speeches, &c., without end, and in none of these capacities did I ever hear of him as acquitting himself even indifferently.

He is an admirable classical scholar; acquainted with many of the modern languages and their literature; and, in short, would seem to have looked into, if not positively mastered, a large portion of the subjects of human knowledge. And to complete the catalogue of his accomplishments, he is among the most eloquent of living orators. Without the stormful, overwhelming power possessed by some, he nevertheless charms and enchains, thrills, melts and persuades. His beauty and unerring appropriateness of thought and imagery, his opulence and aptness of allusion and illustration, with his uniform elegance of diction, are set off by the

most mellow and silvery of voices and the gracefulest of gestures and movement, and hours go by like moments as you listen.

Mr. Everett is rather slender in person, and scarce rises to the medium height. His head is finely shaped and developed, and covered with reddish brown hair inclining to the crisp. His forehead is expansive both in breadth and height; his eyes are large, full-opened, prominent and black; his features are regular, and his complexion colorless, though not unhealthful-looking.

To complete this inadequate sketch, I would say, his manners are gentlemanly, though often reserved, and rather cold in seeming. His habits, according to general reputation, have always been pure, and in every relation of life he has borne himself admirably.

KENILWORTH CASTLE IN 1851.

QUEEN BESS, in her days of glory, with a throng of courtiers and a retinue of warriors, revelled in the halls of Kenilworth. Then and there England's chivalry assembled, and the ducal palace outshone in splendor even the royal. Pen and page bent alike the knee to queenly presence, and ingenuity was taxed to contribute to the gratification of the sovereign. Haughty noble, imperious dame and witching maid mingled in the festival; and banners waved above the ramparts' bold, while soldiers marched, with watchful eye, and guarded well the brave old battlements within whose keeping dwelt proud England's queen. The splendid sward around the castle walls was pressed by peer and peasant—the groves were sought by pensive maid and loving youth, and earthly happiness knew no alloy at Kenilworth three hundred years ago! But ah! how changed is that stern castle now! Inexorable time has ruined all, save the turf around

"Which the rude swain turns with his share
And treads upon."

The walls are jagged and torn—turret and tower—donjon-keep and banquet hall have felt the force of years, and over all is thrown the veil of desolation. Where of yore the prancing war-horse neighed and pawed impatiently the court-yard sod, now browse the silent kine, while rooks lazily wheel above the tenantless abode of duke and duchess, earl and king.

But still the stern old pile looms gloriously to heaven, even in its ruin. Proud palace! it looks kingly in its decay, and withered be the hand that dares level its walls. No soldiers guards its portals—no banners float from its battlements. No warrior treads its courts, but it is defended. The ivy, old ruin-loving

vine, clings closely to its walls, and decks them with perennial green. Rich festoons of the emerald leaves hang clustering on the towers, and wave in the fitful breeze. Tourists from climes afar ramble among its ruins, and the echo of their steps is the only answer to their tread. And yet these protect it. The ivy hugs it for its hoary age—the tourist loving it for its history—its sieges—its fallen greatness. To-day it stands a monument of crushed power—the power of the few over the many—the vassaling noble over the boorish brutal serf. Well may republicans from this western world seek out its walls to gaze upon its ruin. They go there to behold what England was of yore, and tell of her children now who press forward to the Pacific with the starry banner of the free—the flag of the *many* who respect the rights of the few.

I stood within its walls, a pilgrim from the forest soil of freedom, the rain fell into the unprotected halls, where rout and revel once were held; clouds darkened the landscape, and the chattering rooks filled the air with discord. The thunder storm hurried through the openings in the walls and towers—and shook the branches of the trees within the court yard, and then passed on.

The sun threw her rays upon the old ruin, lit up the landscape, and made all nature gay. I wandered around the walls, into the halls—the keep—the towers, and through frowning gateways, but not alone. With me was a stranger; he came as I did, to see the fallen castle, and look upon its glories—we never met before. He was from one of the far southern States—I from Pennsylvania—and we the only visitors that day to Kenilworth.

FREE-PENCILLINGS.

A pretty face! The human mind has its thoughts about it just as a lord has his hounds about him, and those thoughts are continually wandering. Our mind gets upon the scent of the game, and away go the thoughts after it. Thus it is with us; we suggest the idea of a pretty face and violet eyes, and our thoughts commence the chase, follow them to their origin, and here we are talking about a pretty face.

We certainly love a pretty face. It has charms for us which awaken all sensibility, which feast the eye with pleasure and the soul with dreams of its loveliness. It causes the poet to take up the enchanted rod of the muses, and call forth worlds of light and love and music. It sends the enthusiast mad, and the bachelor jealous.

But these things are not every day occurrences. They are like

"Angels' visits, few and far between."

Much, however, as we love the pretty face, the snow-white neck, and the whole paraphernalia of teeth, eyes, hands and feet, still we delight to see all these perfections centred in one good object. We delight to see a young beauty bending, like a child of the roses, over a sick father's couch, administering the comfort of a woman—a comfort which none else can administer; anticipating all his wants and longings, and, by these means, softening the asperity of disease, and cheering the melancholy of his heart.

That is an angel's task. Even Pity herself, the meek-eyed virgin, Pity, would stand back and gaze in speechless admiration on such a scene!

Daughters should love their parents, and all good daughters do. If they are beautiful, their beauty is increased ten-fold by their love. And then when they grow up to women, they must be modest and retiring, not bold and forward. They may smile, if they please, upon a lover who will tell them they have sweet, dreaming eyes, beautiful hair, crimson cheeks, or a pale, thoughtful brow; but be sure not to swallow his flattery. If he declare his love, try him; if it be pure, do not hide your heart from him, but show it him; and then, if you agree, marry.

To continue our thoughts upon the usefulness and beauty of woman, let us consider what a dreary world this would be without her! What would be the smile of the morning without her smile? the blushing redness of the rose, without the blushing loveliness of her cheek? the music of the birds and the flowers without the music of her voice? Nothing; and it is our solemn assurance, that both birds and flowers would be too gallant to live if woman "was not." For where should the nightingale then pour forth her strains of love? in what heart would they live? where would they find an echo?

For whom should the flowers then flourish? why should the lily clothe itself in its whiteness, or the rose remain in its beauty? The charm of their existence would be gone; their day dreams would vanish; their hopes blighted, for what bosom should they then breathe on?

Without woman, our own, our glorious woman—without the softness of her nature, and the witchery of her tongue, to interpose between the ferocious passions of man, earth would be more desolate than a waste or howling wilderness, and the habitations of men would be their bane and their curse.

WE WILL describe to thee, dear reader, a visit which we made to Trenton Falls in the year 1838. *Écoutez donc!* We had travelled nearly, if not quite, one hundred miles since morning; yet on account of the admirable

improvements of the day by the introduction of railroads, were not so much fatigued but that we could take a look at the Falls before dusk, which was still an hour or more distant. So off we trudged almost breathless with expectation, each one more eager than the other to get the first sight of so noted a natural curiosity. Descending the long line of steps from the summit of the rock-bound embankment which overhangs the Falls, we reached the last step, and finally the flat rock from which the first thrill of delight seizes one. We beheld before us a stream of matchless purity, transparent as the crystals that are found in its rocks, coursing rapidly by our feet, while on either side of us rose to an immense altitude in peculiar grandeur impenetrable rocks, crowned by trees and shrubs, in their richest, greenest vestments. Our only exclamations were, "*beautiful! beautiful!*" for as yet our emotions had not partaken of the awful, the sublime.

Away we went along the flat surface of the rocks to where the first cataract opens to the view, and were more and more enraptured—nay, overwhelmed by conflicting impulses, as we wended our way further onward, now along the brink of precipices to overlook which were to cause the brain to whirl—then over flat, smooth rocks, up natural stairways, over chasms, till we reached that peculiarly melancholy spot, the scene of an unhappy accident, which had occurred there but a brief time before. We allude to the precipice from which the interesting daughter of Mr. Thorne was precipitated, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to recount. This spot was a truly dangerous one formerly, but is now rendered the contrary by the suspension of chains, by which one may pass with the most entire safety. As we lingered near the scene of an accident of so peculiarly disagreeable a character, we were not a little dashed with melancholy; nor do we imagine the spot will ever be visited without awakening in the bosom of the traveller painful emotions.

After having remained at the Falls as long as we deemed prudent, (the dusk of the evening having already arrived,) we proceeded back to the hotel, where we found all things most scrupulously well ordered for our accommodation and comfort. It would be deemed shocking bad taste, in the present paper, to speak particularly of suppers; otherwise, we might descant upon the one which awaited us at the hotel, on our return; so we shall leave the superb hot rolls, broiled chickens, sweet cakes, and delicious snow-white honey-comb which graced the table on the evening in question, for others, more matter-of-fact, to immortalize.

On the morrow, after having taken another look at the Falls, in company with one who

was not only more alive to their peculiar beauties, but likewise more capable of describing them, we breakfasted, and started off for Utica and Albany, which latter place we reached at about eight o'clock in the evening.

POETRY! what a glorious subject for the ladies! what a delightful theme for editorial dissertation! A very world of fanciful visions to romantic minds. It is felt alike by the chimney sweeper and the scholar; it is the oracular Delphos of philosophers as well as lovers, and it is the voice divine of all love-sick souls, from the gay courtier of the palace to the scullion in the kitchen. Who has not felt its kingly power or its queenly tenderness? Whose eyes has it not caused to smile or to weep? Whose heart has it not awakened to pity, or broken in despair? Where is the surly old bachelor who, when caught in the enchantment of a woman's smile, has not poured forth his half-sugar, half-vinegar aspirations in a poetical effusion to his fair inamorata, and in whose keeping is the heart that is insensible to its soft whisperings, to its tender appealings, to its reproachful love-ingenuities, or to its oaths of fidelity? Is there a being on earth that can stand the solemnness of poetical invocations unmoved; or can listen to the delightful flatteries of an adoring lover with the blank apolleness of frigid indifference? If there be such creatures, we will vow, whatever their gender may be, that they are not made of the same materials as mortals ought to be made of.

That the love of poetry, however, is stronger in some souls than in others we can easily demonstrate. The lovely boarding-school miss, for instance, who, hearing a fine passage of Milton, of Byron or of Pope, read aloud with all the energy of inspiration, and pronounces it "*pretty, very pretty*," is decidedly a creature of poetical sensibility, whilst she who cannot hear the murmuring of the rivulet or listen to the speechless eloquence of nature without being stirred to the very soul by unutterable, and overwhelming feelings—who cannot read the burning thoughts of the lofty language of Shakespeare without a tear or a sigh—is to be classed decidedly with those stern and prosy beings whom no one delighteth to honor.

The poets themselves tell us that a man must be born a poet, and not made—*poeta nascitur non fit*. We have no objection whatever to allow the truth of this unidiomatical assertion, but there are other circumstances which tend materially to form the taste, the power, and the judgment of a poet. We will suppose, by way of illustration, that a man of fine poetical genius is shut out from the face of nature, in some miserable garret, or has never passed during his life beyond the boun-

daries of his own town; what would the actual beauty of his imaginary world be to the fine pictures and the vivid pencillings of the nature-worshipping, the country-born poet? In the writings of the former we should undoubtedly discover some delightful things, but they would be confused and unfinished—they might astound the imagination with their boldness, but they would not be true, because they would be unnatural. We love the country and the country people; there is in our opinion much less credit due to a poet born in the country. The very air which he breathes, the lovely scenery which lays stretched around him in all the variety of beautiful hills and vales, waters and meadows, are all of them full of inspiration. The sunny flowers which spring up beneath his feet, the sweet warbling of the pretty birds as they hide themselves in the green hedges, or fly from twig to twig, call away his thoughts from the sordid pleasures of worldly occupation and fill his soul with the sweetest sensations of pleasure, and the purest delights of feeling. A countryman is a poet made by nature. He is born and cradled in poetry; the inspiring mantle is flung over him in spite of himself; he cannot help the wild gushings of his own feelings, for all his ideas and sensations are formed from an association with the romantic, the visionary, and the beautiful of creation.

It must not however be understood by these remarks that we disavow the claims of city rhymers—very far from it; we merely wish to show that natural genius without kindred associations cannot be so happy in its delineation as it would be if it had the advantages of extensive observation. We remember to have heard a friend, an artist and a student, say, that he could conceive of things equally as fine in a city attic and give equally as much life and energy to them as he could if he were surrounded with all the gorgeous imagery of created beauty. We of course being devoted admirers of Dame Nature's handiworks, assaulted his incipient remark; but it was of no use whatever, he was persuaded of the fact from experience; as for inspiration, it was to him the most chimerical nonsense imaginable.

We notice this singular opinion as a remarkable specimen of the eccentricity of genius. Our friend had a soul, we can assure our readers, of no ordinary dimensions. He displayed life and animation in his pictures which a master's pencil could only produce—he was at once a poet, a painter, and a musician, and yet he disavowed that nature had any effect upon his imagination. We do not pretend to analyze the mind of our friend, and show that he was wrong in his opinion, or what circumstances they were which caused him to believe the truth of his decla-

ration, but we are sure the charms of nature must be felt by every soul of sensibility and feeling; and a poet who could take up a position like the one alluded to, either does not know the state of his own mind, or he deceives himself as to its susceptibility of inspiration.

What is it that makes all country poets so popular but the exactness of their picturesque descriptions, the natural utterance of feelings and thoughts which flow from a soul inspired by the gushing eloquence of flowers and words, of rivers and streams, of hills, dales, and of valleys?

What was it that enshrined Burns in the hearts of his countrymen but that natural language of the heart, which is unadorned by the flimsy decorations of a pampered and distorted fancy—that “sweet and simple but not less sublime and pathetic morality,” which is engendered by the loveliness of creation and garnered in the bosom of the poet.

Wordsworth and Clare were likewise men of natural feelings and glowing imaginations. Clare was born in the affluence of poverty and poetry—he could neither read nor write—but he was an attentive observer of nature, and she, seeing how Clare watched her operations, dubbed him poet in spite of himself.

The poetry of Wordsworth and Clare is however of a particular class and character. It is simple, expressive and tender; but it has none of the wild and enthusiastic loftiness of Byron about it—it wins our affections and our admiration, but it has not the wizard-like power of calling up the slumbering passions of the soul and subjecting them to the will of the poet—it delights more in the natural than the artificial; it is in fact alone in its style and peculiarities.

Thus then we perceive it is not only necessary for a man to be born a poet, but he must cultivate his mind and be *quam familiariter* with nature, in order to bring the poetry out of him; for a poet's fame depends very much upon circumstances. He may occasionally write pretty things, such as sonnets and love songs, but this fugitive trash is not sufficient to establish a reputation of literary honor. It is true there are exceptions to this rule, yet we think there are few men who willingly father the offspring of their first begetting, or who do not denounce them as abominations and abortions.

It is an anomaly of the human mind too glaring to admit of acceptance, that a man has sufficient resources in himself without the aid of nature to make him a great poet. The finest specimens of English as well as oriental poetry, are replete with images that have risen in the imagination either from a recollection of some beautiful natural scenery or from the actual inspiration of its presence. Thus Byron wrote his Childe Harold from

the delightful reminiscences of a delightful tour, and Shakspeare, Pope and Gray wrote most of their finest poetry while sitting beside some lonely tree or reposing on the green banks of some dreaming rivulet.

NOT MANY years ago we were persuaded to chew opium, and during the wildly intoxicating effects thereof, had the following vision, which, it should be added, we wrote out while still under the influence of the maddening drug:—

Twilight veiled the beautiful face of the evening. The charm of its purple shade was melting over the green hills and lucid waters, and love came smiling forth on the silver wings of music. The queen star had risen from her day-slumbers, and sat enthroned like a visionary bride in the blue ether.—Light was beaming from her bright eyes, and her pale countenance was irradiated with the glory of immortality. Her shining hair was unbraided, and the streaming ringlets fell over her white shoulders like the spell of an enchantment.

Silence lay breathless in the cool meadows, overcome by the rapturous kisses of the mid-day sun; and her sister, Echo, trembled lest her voice should awake her as she re-uttered the melody of the complaining nightingale.

Anon, and the power of twilight ceased.—The goddess moon of the starry train walked the spangled heaven in the pride of her divinity. A moment, and the lustre of her loveliness was darkened by the embraces of a cloud: it passed, and there she sat with the queen star at her right hand, her brow beaming with thought, and her spirit stars smiling around her.

The goddess of the starry train then called forth night, the witch of thought. She came, and the slumbering world acknowledged her power.

There was a sweet valley reposing between the mountains of the west, and as the goddess moon drove on in her silvery car, followed by her fairy train, the hidden mysteries of its loveliness were exposed to their wondering eyes. A deep blue lake lay stretched on the bosom of the vale, in the breathless silence of slumber; and in the magical power of its beauty it mirrored the pale faces of the mute gazers above. The goddess moon was lost in the contemplation of her own loveliness, and the queen star looked through the azure light of her own fair looks and wondered. But say what form is that which comes over the mountains, wrapped in the glory of a sun-set? A rainbow of unearthly splendor is around his head. His eyes are smiling with a lustrous softness; the silver of the dew-drop is there; the blue of the violet is there; the darkness of night is there; and yet they are so mingled in the

music of color, that they seem not what they are. His wings are like wings of sunbeams, and his limbs are covered with downy gold. Who is this beautiful wanderer? He hovers over the lake, and looks as though he were watching the spiritual visions of that dreaming creature. Hark! he speaks. That voice is not of earth, there is no human melody in it: it is like the echo of the strange rushing of the sea when it swells round the rocks or dashes on the shore; it is mellowed into unnatural sweetness.

The spirit speaks again; do you not hear how the tones of his voice steal over the ears of silence without breaking her slumbers?—Again he speaks; hark! 'tis to the lake.

"Thou hast dwelt long in the depths of thy deep waters, O, beautiful spirit. Thou hast wanted with the blue tresses of thy sister nymphs, till thine eyes have grown languishing with passion, and thy dreams are of nothing but love and offspring. Awake, sweet sleeper; let thy brain no longer madden with insufferable burning; let thy heart faint no longer, and thy beauties be no more wasted in dalliance with thy sisters. Come forth, O, beautiful spirit! and I will love thee whilst the queen star shines. Thou shalt dwell with me in the ambrosial bowers of paradise; thou shalt bathe with me in the odorous rivers which roll their waters over the beds of sapphire; thou shalt be the bride of the angel Eria."

The voice hath ceased; the angel is still hovering over the calm nakedness of the lovely lake. Silence seems now to be sleeping in an immortality of slumber. All is

"So bright, so calm, so still,"

that the breath of the night-wind makes the creation tremble.

Echo is listening on tip-toe for the answer of the beautiful spirit of the lake. But see—"Pale midnight is startled on her starry throne"

by the uprushing of the sleeping spirit.—Look at the fairy creature as she stands upon the lake, with her lily arms outstretched, and her soul-beaming eyes fixed in all their visionary brightness upon the majesty and loveliness of the angel Eria. Can you imagine of such an "essence of the purer elements" impersonated in the form of a spirit? Look at her azure hair, tinged with gold and silver; at her pearly teeth, locked in the agony of love; at her sweet voluptuous charms:—yet these things do not enslave the passions. The soul is only enraptured into a delirium of admiration at the extraordinary beautifulness of the mysterious creatures of the world's invisible.

But the spirit speaks, after that long gaze of anguish. "I have been in a sweet sleep, and the pure waters of the lake have cooled

my limbs with their gentle embraces. My sleep was troubled with dreams of other worlds, such as those thou comest from, and of other creatures, such as thou art. I have wept pearls when I thought of love, and I have loved, but the love of my soul was only the love of my dreams. My nymphs have cheered me with their sweet voices when I was sad, and wiped away the tears as they fell down my cheek of lucid light. Their rosy fingers have awoke the music of the rainbow shells at my bidding, but I was not happy. Thou hast called me, and I have come."

So saying, she lifted up her arms of snow again, and the angel Eria flew to her pale bosom, which beat quick music.

The angel and the spirit of the lake departed into paradise, but the sister nymphs of the spirit came and wept in song because their beloved was gone.

They formed a circle on the blue lake, and the likeness of the goddess moon of the starry train sat in the midst of them. To her they poured out their voices in song for the loss of their beloved.

JERUSALEM.

Mr. Curtis, in his "Howadji," tells of his approach to Jerusalem, thus:—

"As I paced more slowly along the hills, the words of the psalm suddenly rang through my mind, like a sublime organ peal through a hushed cathedral. 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the Great King—'

"Through the stupendous vista of rocky mountain sides, I should behold the joy of the whole earth lifted upon a lofty hill, flashing with the massive splendor of towers, and domes, and battlements, darkened by the solemn sadness of cypresses, and graceful with palms. The delicate outlines of hanging gardens, of marble terraces and balconies, and airy pavilions, should cluster within. Triumphant bursts of music, 'with trumpets, also, and shawms,' and the chime of bells harmonious with the soft acclaim of friendly voices, should breathe and pulse from the magnificent metropolis, and preach, more winningly than John, in the wilderness of Judea.

"In the Summer of that Syrian noon, this was the spectacle I thought to see, the majesty of its associations manifested in the city.

"And as I knew it nearer, I walked more slowly dreaming that dream. The camels of Wind and Shower passed us, returning from Jerusalem. Our caravan overtook me, and I went forward with the Pacha and the Commander.

"The high land unrolled itself more broadly. The breezy morning died into silent noon. In the imminent certainty, the eagerness of expectation was passed. Golden Sleeve preceded us a little distance, and we followed silently. Suddenly he stopped, and without turning or speaking, pointed with his finger toward the North.

"We reached his side and looked. There was a low line of wall, a minaret, a black dome, a few flat roofs, and in the midst a group of dark, slender cypresses, and olives, and palms.

"There lay Jerusalem dead in the white noon. The desolation of the wilderness moaned at her gates. There was no suburb of trees or houses. She lay upon a high hill

in the midst of hills barren as those we had passed. There were no sights or sounds of life. The light was colorless, the air was still. Nature had swooned around the dead city. There was no sound in the air, but a wailing in my heart—'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, and killest those that are sent unto thee!'"

It is stated that fifteen thousand cows are kept in London, confined in cellars and sheds in various parts of the town.

The *National Intelligencer* officially announces the satisfactory completion of the contract of Wills & Gowan, to raise the wreck of the steam frigate Missouri from Gibraltar Bay.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.—IN TABLEUX.

TIMOTHY SEESMALL is the son of a Jersey farmer, who dies leaving Mr. Timothy two thousand dollars. With such a *fortune*, he resolves to visit Philadelphia and live like a gentleman. He goes to the most expensive

tailors, wears the richest jewelry, and even gets up a waggon and pair. Timothy hears there is to be a fancy ball and attends. He is delighted with the music of the



BAND.

Timothy goes in the character of *Romeo*; who represents *Queen Victoria*; is much too falls deeply in love with a young woman | attentive to please the lady's lover, a South-

wark shoemaker, who is dressed in the tog- | presses his dissatisfaction to Timothy by a
gery of a cavalry officer. The shoemaker ex- | few words and a



KNOWING WINK.

The fast young man does not regard the | serenade her after she returns home, and gets
warning of the shoemaker, continues his at- | well ducked by her indignant lover for his
tentions to the mock queen; attempts to | impudence. He does not like the



COLD BATH.

and resolves to challenge the shoemaker.— With this determination he asks the advice of a friend



OVER A PIPE.

A challenge is sent to the Southwark shoemaker, who avails himself of the law, and hands the fast young man over to the tender mercies of



A MOYAMENSING HOTEL KEEPER.

This does not cure the fast young man. He comes forth from prison again to renew

his life of dissipation, to spend all his patrimony, and to be "put to it" for



A LEVY DINNER.

BOOK NOTICES.

MADLINE, A TALE OF AUVERGNE, &c., by JULIA KAVANAGH. D. APPLETON & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.

We had often seen the works of this lady spoken of with praise in our magazines and newspapers, but had never chanced to fall in with any before the one above named, which we have just read. And now we must express our wonder at the inadequacy of all the criticisms we have seen—at the insufficiency of all the eulogies which this newcomer before the public has received. Madeline we regard as a product of rare genius. For what, save such a genius, can, out of the very humblest existing elements of actual every day life, construct a narrative that shall enchain and bear rapidly on, from title page to "finis," a reader sated and *blasé* with thirty years' revelling in the luxuries of ancient and modern literature? We know not a more infallible evidence of the "vision and the faculty divine."

The central figure of the tale is Madeline, the daughter of a schoolmaster among the Mountains of Auvergne. They are a poor, ignorant people among whom he dwells; the very humblest among the great mass of French peasantry, who themselves stand at a low point on the scale of European populations and his own attainments rise not above read.

ing, writing and figures. These attainments he imparts to Madeline, and when she first appears before us, being some 19 or 20 years old, her whole life's reading had been simply her prayer book and an abridgment of Sacred History. Her father is dead, and she is left without kindred in the world. Though agreeable in face and figure, she has no pronounced or brilliant beauty; is without accomplishment, without intellectual attractions. How, then, with this girl and a group of her sons, to whom even she is, as the sun to the planets, and the every-day life of poverty surrounding them, can a fascinating tale be wrought out? If the reader can answer this question, he can tell what genius is. The secret of Madeline's power is clear and hopeful, while simple religious faith is engrafted on a nature, whose moral elements were originally of fine, genial quality, and tuned to harmonious issues. Her sympathies are alike quick and universal, while she is courageous, persistent and of indomitable energy. The tale commences with the desertion of her lover, whose hand had been placed in hers by her father—also his benefactor—on his death bed. Her conduct on this occasion, her kindly release of the false ingrate, and her continued friendship to him and his wife, are told with a beautiful simplicity; but it is impossible to give extracts. Left thus without immediate personal interests, her attention becomes especially drawn to the condition of the surrounding needy and suffering, and she begins laboring for their relief. One after another of the infirm, the sick, the idiotic, she receives into the humble dwelling inherited from her father, ministers to their need, and supports them by her industry. But her house becomes filled, and the thought is suggested to her of founding a hospital. The measures by which she raises the considerable sum required for this; the stolidity, the prejudice, the self-conceit she is compelled to meet; her triumph over all these, and the manner of it, afford occasion for much exquisite narration, and much vividly truthful characterization of men, as they appear in the uncultivated, slightly developed state. She accomplishes her purpose, and dies, ripened by these numerous and difficult "labors of love," for the skies.

Such is a simple skeleton of this charming tale, which breathes alike the inspiration of genius and of genuine piety and humanity. We can most heartily commend it to the regards of our readers.

THE DAYS OF BRUCE, by GRACE AGUILAR, in Two Vols. D. APPLETON & Co., 200 Broadway, N. Y. 1852.

The biography of Grace Aguilar is full of pathetic beauty. Of vivid genius and peculiarly sensitive temperament,—both these at-

tributes intensified to the highest degree by that pulmonary delicacy which made her whole brief life little else than one continuous process of dying. She was, at the same time, a "Daughter of Israel," bearing her own, and more than her own, portion of the common burden of that race. What that burden is, our reader need not be told, who considers what is the feeling of the high-souled Jew, when contrasting the ancient *grandeurs* of his "chosen people" with the unutterable woes and humiliations of the 2000 years last by-gone; and who also considers that, at the present hour, this people is, in most countries, branded with some stigma and disability, and, in many, subjected not infrequently to atrocious persecution and outrage; while, everywhere, in their still looking forward to a coming Messiah, they are enduring the "sickness of hope deferred." In a keenly susceptible child of genius, like our authoress, these national feelings must have been immeasurably heightened. To us, her name always calls up the image of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*, although the contrarieties are many between the two.

But Grace Aguilar did not waste life in self-tormenting by brooding over what was irreparable. She believed in a mission having been assigned her, and for its accomplishment she labored faithfully to the end.

She wrote for her own race, and she wrote for mankind at large. Her defence of the Jewish faith, and her championship of her long oppressed people, are frank and enthusiastic, and are regarded universally, we believe, as able performances. Her books, which have no special bearings, consist of several novels of domestic life. While there is nothing in their tone to indicate that they come from any other than a Christian, they undeniably possess great power, while they breathe the finest spirit.

The "Days of Bruce" is of a different order from any others we have seen. It deals with the historical and romantic, and therefore appeals to sources other than pertain to most of her other works. That it is a very interesting book is undeniable; and if issued by a new writer, would create a considerable reputation. But, as Grace Aguilar's, we think it not equal to those previously published. We suspect it to be one of her earliest written works, left unpublished by herself for cause. Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," and Scott's "Lord of the Isles," and various other books touching on Bruce's times, are plainly to be traced in this work, and we can scarce escape thinking there is here some plagiarism. Besides her description of the "Battle of Bannockburn" is an utter and woful failure! Why did she attempt such a description? How should a delicate girl be able to picture a furious fight

between men? She should have left that as understood.

Let not the reader understand us as pronouncing this an uninteresting book. It is far otherwise, for we have been greatly fascinated by it. We speak comparatively with her other writings. The gifted authoress, alas! is deceased, while scarce passed her girlhood. But she wrought faithfully and well while her day lasted. Peace to her ashes!

WAVERLY NOVELS, Abbotsford Edition, Part 2d. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia.

"It is a sight good for weak eyes" to look on the numbers of this beautiful reprint of the last English edition of Scott's Novels, with the author's latest corrections, notes, &c. &c. It comes out in two parts per month, each part containing one entire novel of such a size, that two bound together make one volume, of precisely the bulk one likes for familiar perusal. The paper is very good, and the type clear and quite large enough to protect the reader's eyes from all straining; and each part or novel is put at the very moderate price of 50 cents. So we may have the entire series of these world-renowned works, as completely well got up as the wealthiest man need have, for simply twelve dollars! Such facts show that the wonders of our wondrous age are not confined to one or a few departments of life and effort, but are appearing in all. Such publishers as these, so far as the community are concerned, richly merit the title of benefactors, even though their impelling motive may be their own interest. For few at the present day will deny that the Waverly Novels were and are a benefaction to the world, and their author a bestower of good on his race. Their treasures of valuable historical knowledge—not merely of that general description contained in professed histories, but of that minute and often more interesting kind, which such histories do not comprise; and better still, their treasures of healthy, manful sentiment and thought, and their disclosures of human nature, as it essentially is in all spheres of life, fully justify the application to them of this ennobling title. These are immortal books, and thanks, with a large, profitable sale, to those who bring them within reach of the great masses of mankind!

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE, by CHARLES LAMB. THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia.

Few persons, in our time, are slow to admit that Shakspeare's dramas are an almost fathomless treasure, not only of the profoundest wisdom and the most radiant beauty, but of goodness also; inculcating indirectly, as

they do, all noblest, healthiest thoughts, and all sweetest, gentlest and most humane sentiments and feelings. All, too, who know Charles Lamb through his writings, know him to have been a man not merely of peculiar and striking genius, but of a nature genial and gracious well nigh beyond parallel. Putting these two items of knowledge together, one may somewhat judge before perusal what sort of a book Lamb would make out of Shakspeare. He was an ardent admirer of the poet, and his criticisms upon him have few peers or seconds. His aim in these Tales was to prepare young persons for the time when these dramas might properly be put into their hands. He has accordingly selected twenty of the finest plays, and has given the story developed therein, using, so far as possible, the very words of the poet, with all their exquisite beauty, their matchless imagery, and their noble wisdom. And where his purpose constrained him to use his own diction, all readers of Lamb know that a diction more fascinating is not often to be found. The result is a volume of charming tales, merely as tales. And when you add the gems of wisdom and beauty, strewn all through them, from the minds of Shakspeare and Lamb, it is not to be wondered at that the book has gone through five English editions, and is a favorite with all who know it. The public should be grateful to our publishers for the very neat, handsome style in which they have reprinted an old favorite, and should take care they lose not by it!

THE SOLAR SYSTEM, by J. RUSSELL HIND. New York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 10 Park Place. 1852.

This is the opening volume of "Putnam's Popular Science," another of those excellent and cheap serials which, with our leading publishers, are so rapidly becoming the "order of the day." In about 200 duodecimo pages, it furnishes quite an ample account of whatever is known, up to the present hour, of the sun and planets, primary and secondary, of our solar system. We have read no work for a long time on this fascinating subject—in fact, we do not recollect at this time ever reading any which pleased us so thoroughly as this. While the author is evidently at home in every item of what both ancient and modern astronomers have said on his theme; his language and general style of treatment are so simple and lucid, that all may comprehend. Perhaps, however, we should in strictness make one slight qualification of this statement, viz: that the author occasionally employs astronomical terms, taken directly from the Greek and Latin languages, which must be unintelligible to all who have not been classically educated, or else previous-

ly familiar with astronomic phraseology; and does this without anywhere explaining the significance of these terms. We think the book would be improved either by adopting other corresponding terms, or by appending a glossary explanatory of the same. With this single exception, however,—if it merits being so considered—we can and we do pronounce the work an admirable popular account of this sublimest of sciences.

APPLETON'S POPULAR LIBRARY OF THE BEST AUTHORS. New York: D. APPLETON & Co.

We have received all the volumes thus far published of this collection, and acknowledge the fact with much pleasure. A better series we have never seen, both as to the material of which it is composed as well as its entire getting up. The publishers propose in this library, as they say in the words of a great author, to "quicken the intelligence of youth, delight age, decorate prosperity, shelter and solace us in adversity, bring enjoyment at home, befriend us out of doors, pass the night with us, travel with us, go into the country with us."

Among the authors who figure in the volumes are Thackray, the late Robert Southey, John Forster, Wilson (Christopher North), Walter Savage Landor, writers for the London *Times*, the leading Quarterly Reviews, Leigh Hunt, the late William Hazlett, the Smiths, Sir Francis Head, James Montgomery, and others.

The present age is fruitful of excellent publications for the people, and if they do not profit by it we shall be surprised.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

The Swedish Bible Society has held its annual meeting in Stockholm in the presence of the royal family. During the year it has distributed or sold 59,962 copies of the Bible or the New Testament, of which 41,136 were at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has spent not less than 280,694 Rd. Bko., or about £24,000, in Sweden. The result of this immense outlay of capital, as regards morality and religious liberty, must be sought under a highly magnifying microscope. The whole country is a striking example of the power of Protestantism.—A letter from from Kiel (Duchy of Holstein), mentions the death in that town of the celebrated Dr. Pfaff, Senior Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal University, in his 79th year. His attention had been specially devoted to the study of chemistry and electricity, on which subjects he

has published several works.—Kossuth while at Auburn stopped with Gov. Seward.—Hon. Daniel Baldwin, of Montpelier, Vt., had a daughter who became very deaf at three years of age, and remained so until eighteen. She was then cured by the combined juice of onion and tobacco. The tobacco was placed within the onion, which was then roasted, and the juice was dropped into the ear.—Major John Burns died recently at Whitefield, N. H., aged ninety-seven years. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and felled the first tree and built the first log-house in Whitefield, forty-eight years ago.—The Paris *Moniteur* contains a report addressed to the President of the Republic from the Minister of the Interior, giving the result of the census for France, ordered in 1851, and which has just been completed. In 1801 the population was 27,349,000; 1806, 29,107,425; 1821, 30,461,875; 1831, 32,659,223; 1836, 33,540,910; 1841, 34,240,178; 1846, 35,400,486; and in 1851, 35,781,821. The report is followed by a decree ordering the above census for 1851 to be considered as the official one for five years from 1st January, 1852.—The French Geographical Society has bestowed one of its annual prizes upon E. G. Squier, the United States Charge to Nicaragua, in reward for his archaeological discoveries, particularly those made in the last named country. Another American—an adopted citizen—has also received a similar compliment.—William Wright, aged nine years, son of Jeremiah C. Wright, of Cambridge, Md., died lately from the bite of a black snake. He was bitten about nine days previous to his death.—The Cologne Gazette states that the betrothment of the Emperor of Austria and the Princess Sidonia of Saxony will shortly take place, and be closely succeeded by their marriage.—Cape Palmas, the Maryland colony, the southern boundary of Liberia, a paper says, "is living on the charity of its patrons, and will die with it. It is badly chosen, badly managed, and will come to naught." We do not believe this. At least, Bishop Paine represents things differently.—A new gold dollar is to be issued from the mint. It will be about the size of a ninepence, with a hole in the centre. The present gold dollar is too small for convenience.—The *Abendzeitung*, of New York, says the Germans in the United States amount to five millions of persons, or one-fifth of the total population. It states that nine-tenths of the grown portion of the German population of the United States belong to the Democratic party.—Accounts from Australia received in England state that the number arriving at Port Philip averaged one thousand per day, and it was feared that the authorities would be unable to maintain

order. The success of the diggers continues to be good. One ship lately sailed from London with 400 passengers, bound to these mines.—The anticipated insurrection in New Mexico was done away with by judicious movements on the part of the civil and military authorities, and all was quiet. Indian troubles in and near the Territory continued to occur. The mail party fell in with a number of Indians, but they were not very troublesome.—Late advices from Yucatan announce that a detachment of the army had penetrated the Indian country to the banks of the Rio Hondo, which river divides the English possessions of Balize Honduras from Yucatan, where they fell in with and captured, after a short fight, an English schooner laden with arms and munitions of war intended for the Indians. Five or six Indian leaders were captured and immediately shot, and the vessel burnt.—The Chamber of Deputies, of Mexico, had adopted a proposition granting the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Col. Sloo, of New York, and his associates. The vote upon the grant was—yeas 60, nays 20.—Emigration in general seems to be increasing. Hundreds of respectable families are leaving Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and even the mountain districts of Tyrol and Styria are sending out great numbers. Such emigration from Austria was never seen before. From other parts of Germany it seems to be greater. On one day, (the 15th ult.) 6,000 emigrants left the single port of Bremen.—A correspondent says:—I have received a letter from the manager of the Panorama of the Mississippi river, painted by Smith, of Philadelphia, informing me that this affair has been doing a good business in Spain, where it has been exhibited for the last four months. This huge painting was about leaving Madrid for Cadiz, and it was expected that good fortune would follow the proprietor.—Georgy's work on the Hungarian revolution is so strictly prohibited in Vienna that some of the first men in the empire have applied for it to the Governor of the city in vain. It was evidently the intention of government that the work should disappear without leaving any trace behind it. The principal reason why the book is so strictly prohibited is, that the author roundly asserts that the Hungarians were on legal ground up to "the declaration of independence" at Debrecsin on the 14th of April, 1849. It is said that Gorgey does not attempt to conceal the fact of his having completely broken with the "Pragmatic Sanction Tearers" from that time. The government has issued telegraphic despatches to the governors of the provinces, with instructions to prevent the sale or distribution of the memoirs.—The N. Y. Board of Aldermen have adopted ordinances

creating \$500,000 additional stocks of which \$150,000 are to be called the "Croton Water Stock," \$150,000 of Public Building Stock, No. 3, and \$200,000 N. Y. City 5 per cents. for docks and slips.—At the Convention of the Congregational Ministers, held at Boston on the 26th inst., the Committee on Tobacco, appointed last year, made a report. They stated that the annual export of tobacco amounts to \$9,219,251, and the imports in the article of cigars, to \$2,520,812, and the annual cost of cigars in the United States, is \$20,000,000.—Five deaths resulted from the explosion on board the steamer Eastern State, the other day in New York.—A letter from Copenhagen, of the 27th ult., states that a Crystal Palace is to be erected there on the site of the open riding school of Christiansborg. It is to cover a space of 4,800 square yards, and is destined to serve for the exhibition of the fine arts and of industry of the three Scandinavian kingdoms.—Accounts from Dobridge, in Turkey, state that, owing to the fall of snow of the 22d, 23d and 24th of March, 250,000 head of cattle that were on the plains, perished.—The citizens of Nantucket, by a vote of 542 to 128, have accepted the act recently passed by the Legislature, authorizing them to subscribe \$50,000 to the Cape Cod Branch Railroad.—The annual oration before the literary societies of the New York University, at the coming Commencement Exercises of that Institution, will be delivered by Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn, and the poem by E. Delafield Smith, Esq., of New York.—The Ettersburg, Va., *Express* chronicles the election of Judge Wm. Daniel to the Court of Appeals, and the re-election of Judge John W. Nash, as Judge of the Circuit Court.—The Journal of the Puy de Dome, says that Cavaignac has purchased a homestead near Raudan, where he intends to take up his residence.—Accounts have been received from the scientific mission sent by the French government to explore Assyria and Babylonia. M. Frenel, and the other persons sent out, arrived at Aleppo at the commencement of January, and M. Oppert copied in that town a Palmyrian inscription, and took a number of copies of stones engraved with oriental inscriptions. The members of the mission arrived at Diarbekir on February 13, and at Mosul on March 4, and M. Oppert and M. Thomas immediately proceeded to take copies of the best sculptures at the Palace of Koyoundjek. On March 17, the mission set out for Bagdad, whence it was to proceed to institute its researches into Babylonia. M. Victor Place, Consul of France, arrived at Mossul on January 12, and immediately caused new excavations to be undertaken in the neighborhood of Khorsabad. A newly opened cutting led into a vast vaulted corri-

dor, and other cuttings led to the discovery of several articles in metal, ivory, and precious stones. M. Place also had excavations undertaken at Karakosch and Karamles. At the date of March 12, he was urging on the works with ardor, in various directions.—The frequent representations of the foreign ministers at the court of Naples, relative to the treatment of political prisoners, have at length produced some trifling amelioration of their unhappy condition. The heavy chains—those used only for the worst class of murderers, and which have hitherto hung about the ex-Cabinet Minister Poerio—have been removed, and substituted by the lighter irons of ordinary criminals. The same boon is extended to others of that group of condemned to which Baron Poerio belongs.—The rebellious outbreaks in the provinces of the Celestial Empire still continue. The course of events would seem to indicate an approaching revolution, and overthrow of the present dynasty.—The English Derby Ministry, on the 17th ult., carried, by a division of 127 to 110, the principle of conscription for the militia. The London Times, of the 18th, says:—"A triumph of this doubtful character, combined with a vast amount of ill-feeling out of doors, and with the possibility of actual resistance to the ballot, should it ever be put in force, can only be regarded as worse than a defeat; for a defeat would at least have removed the bone of contention."—Great misery exists at present amongst the population engaged in making lace in the mountains of Bohemia; they descend in bands to the lowlands, to demand charity, and many of them die by the roadside or at the doors of farm-houses.—Count Colloredo Woldeese is to return to London as Austrian Minister at the Court of St. James.—The projected reform of the constitution of Spain is still talked of in Madrid, but nothing certain was known upon the subject.—Dr. Dyett, of Tortola, has been to Ponce to purchase from slavery a man of about thirty-five years of age a native of Antigua, who had been kidnapped by some persons at St. Thomas when yet a child. Having been clearly identified the Governor of Antigua authorized the purchase; and he has been taken back to Antigua.—The Austrian government is represented as being engaged in a grand scheme of military and literary education for all the subjects of the empire, so that all the male population may learn German, and become amalgamated as one nation; as England, Scotland and Wales from Great Britain, and Burgundy, Champagne, Alsace, &c., in France. Military seminaries are to be established through the empire, in which youths are to be educated, so that non-commissioned officers, and even the soldiers of the line, may all be educated and taught the German language. Even despo-

tic governments cannot stand still in the present day. Events compel them to move forward.—Mr. Meagher, (pronounced Marher) the Irish patriot, who has just arrived in New York, is about twenty-nine years of age, very corpulent, and his exposure to a southern sun gives him a dark, swarthy appearance. Mrs. Meagher was unable to accompany him in his flight. Mr. Meagher has abundant means to enable him to live comfortably. His father is estimated to be worth £700,000, and there are but three children—one the distinguished exile who has just reached our shores, another who is a captain in the Pope's Guard at Rome, and the third a barrister in the city of Dublin.—The father is a member of the British Parliament, and is also Chairman of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company.—Gen. Lamoriciere had addressed a letter to the Minister of War, couched in very strong language, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the President of the republic. Gens. Leflo and Bedeau had also refused to take the oath. The letter of the first named excited more attention than Changarnier's.—The resignation of members of the Council General continued.—The annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held at Exeter Hall, London, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. The meeting was numerous and influentially attended. The report stated that "the entire receipts of the year ending March 31, 1852, amount to £108,449 0s. 10d., being an increase of £5,118 18s. 2d. on those of last year. The receipts applicable to the general purposes of the society have amounted to £56,683 8s. 1d., including £34,100 19s. free contributions from auxiliary societies. The amount received for Bibles and Testaments is £51,765 12s. 9d. The issues of the society for the year are as follows:—From the depot at home, 805,181; from depots abroad, 349,461—total, 1,154,642; being an increase of 17,025 over those of last year. The total issues of the society now amount to 25,402,309 copies. The expenditure during the past year has amounted to £103,930 9s. 10d. The society is under engagements to the extent of £52,341 2s. 7d."—The present scale of literary activity in Sweden may be judged of by the following list:—Number of works published in 1850—Theological, 182; belles-lettres, 156; politico-economical, 156; judicial, 123; miscellaneous, 103; historical, 80; economics and technology, 55; instruction, 45; philological, 40; medical, 38; mathematical, 31; physical, 22; geographical, 18; military, 5; fine arts, 3; philosophy, 3—total 1,060 works. The greatest mass have been works of a religious class, and the next greatest a flood of romances and novels—original and translated.—A Womans' Rights' Convention organ-

ized at Massillon, Ohio, on the 27th, Frances D. Gage, President, and Mesdames Little, Severence, Irish and Johnson, Vice Presidents. Mrs. Gage delivered an address on taking the chair; resolutions were adopted, and speeches made by Mrs. Severence, of Cleveland, Mrs. Frohock, Mrs. Griffin, of Litchfield, and Mrs. Irish, of New Lisbon.

—Wm. S. Brown, charged with obtaining money from the Government, under false pretences, has been discharged from custody at Washington.—A few days ago, as some workmen were making repairs in the parish church, Crowle, England, they found in the organ a nest of redbreasts nearly fledged.—The circumstance may be considered somewhat singular when it is known that the organ is used every Sunday for divine service.

—Of the large German Dictionary of the brothers Jacob and William Grimm, which has been so long in preparation—and of which the first part is to appear towards the end of May—it is announced that 7,000 copies had been subscribed for up to the 20th of April. A result unparelled in the German book-trade.—It is now stated that Louis Napoleon is about to marry a daughter of Don Pedro by his second marriage. If this alliance should take place, Louis Napoleon would be brother-in-law to the Prince de Joinville, his most inveterate enemy, the mother of the intended bride being a daughter of Beauharnais. Doubtful.—Accounts from Port-au-Prince state that the Emperor Solouque, a day or two previous to his coronation, distributed crosses of honor of the order of Faustin. The English and French Consuls received them, but the American did not. Good for the American.—The Democrats have nominated FRANKLIN PIERCE, of New Hampshire, for the Presidency, and WILLIAM R. KING, of Alabama, for the Vice-Presidency; both excellent irreproachable men.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—We hope that the managers of the Academy will be able, after its close, to give an order to some good American artist for a large picture, or series of pictures, to illustrate some subject connected historically with our own country. We are satisfied that a great mistake has been committed by the Academy in purchasing so many works by foreign artists, as has been done for years past; nor do we believe the Institution will recover the position it once held, until it remembers that so far as Art is concerned, America is the whole world to us, and that as Americans we do not want the productions of any of the "rest of mankind."

We design in this paper to notice particularly the five pictures of the late Thomas Cole, illustrating the "Course of Empire," and which, no doubt, as a series, are the best productions of his pencil. It must be borne in mind by the spectator that the same landscape is embodied in all the pictures.

The first, called the "Savage State," we think, although a very grand painting, altogether overworked so far as the landscape is concerned—in fact, unnaturally so; the accessories are rather forced, and there is too great an appearance of effect to be really effective to the spectator.

The second, called the "Arcadian or Pastoral State," is perhaps as satisfactory as could be wished, although there is an evident weakness about it, as though the artist was afraid of detracting from the strength of material required to fill out the remaining pictures of the series if he gave full scope to his desires in this. The child making a rude drawing, and the old man a mathematical figure, are particularly fine.

The third, called the "Consummation of Empire," although containing more evident labor than either of the others, is the least effective in the series; and for no other reason than that the work being too bold shows to the spectator more than the artist intended to be shown; it is a collection of buildings very hard in appearance, without order or arrangement. The accessories are very badly worked up, and the artist should not permitted to have left his studio.

The fourth, called "Destruction," although containing in fact quite as much work as the one immediately preceding it, is much better managed, and is therefore much more effective. The foreground is not so hard, and the breaking bridge is capitally executed; the tempest is beautifully wrought, and the effect grand, and the burning palaces and falling dwellings appear very natural.

The fifth, called "Desolation," is, to our mind, the very best managed of any of the series. The appearance of the column in the foreground, being all that remains of a once noble pile, is truly grand; whilst the collection of ruins in the background, to the left, is so excellently drawn as to leave nothing to wish for. The rocky promontory to the right is again resuming the appearance of nature which characterised it in the first and second pictures, and which it had partially lost in the others, and the bright moonlight softly stealing over the calm waters is beautiful indeed. The heron that has built her nest on the top of the long column in the foreground, is the only apparent inhabitant of the scene, where many thousands are supposed by the action of the preceding picture to have had their dwelling place. We have returned to this picture again and again, and

after repeated examinations of it, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is the best work of Cole, that the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts may pride itself upon having the best landscape ever painted by an American artist; for we do not believe that this work has ever been equalled. We do, however, believe, that with proper encouragement, we have many native artists who would not only equal but in all probability excel Cole.

The great picture of "The Deliverance of Lyden," will be fully noticed in our next issue.

THE sale of the TOWNE estate paintings took place in this city on the 1st instant. The following were the principal works sold, with the prices:—John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots \$1,200—original cost \$1,000; Landing of the Northmen, \$1,000; Lady Jane Grey in the Tower, \$525; the Palmer's Return, \$340; Landscape, \$370; Oliver Cromwell and his Daughter, \$490; Landscape, \$215. The rest were disposed of at prices ranging from \$100 down to \$10. The whole amount of the sale is \$6,823. The principal purchaser was O. Roberts, Esq., President of the North River Bank, N.Y., his successful bids amounting to \$2,600. These paintings now form a part of the Exhibition at the Academy of Arts, and will remain until the close of the same.

A CITY PAPER lately informs its lady readers that the summer dresses now worn abroad, are chiefly composed of cambric muslin for morning dresses and jaconets for walking dresses. Many of these are printed in separate dresses, each having a pattern expressly for the front trimming. Organdies for dinner or evening dress, are made with flounces printed in suitable designs. The ladies might have known all this last winter, by reading BIZARRE, for in noticing LEVY's goods for spring fashions it spoke of the new styles aforesaid.

OUR NEW YORK correspondent desires us to acknowledge for him the receipt of the June number of *Graham*, an admirable issue. It came to him from Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport, Graham's agents in Gotham. By the way, while we think of it, let us add that the said correspondent is to be found at No. 40 Cortlandt Street, up stairs.

THE AZTEC children are now to be seen at MASONIC HALL, in Chestnut Street. Greater curiosities, we are bold in declaring, were never brought to Philadelphia. They evidently belong to a distinct race, and that race, as would clearly appear, a pigmy one. Figures sketched in Stevens' *Travels in Central America*, and copied from *bas reliefs*

found in that country, present profiles strikingly like those of these little Aztecs. They should be seen by all lovers of the curious.

M. A. ROOR is decidedly the great Daguerrian artist of this continent; and we doubt if he is surpassed by any operator abroad. It is certain his pictures command the highest favor in London, Paris and Vienna. He has recently taken several pictures which have been finished off in colors. One of these, a child of five or six years, is truly a delightful effort. It should be repeated in connection with Roor, that he alone uses the famous Crayon Vignette process in this city, having the exclusive right therefor. His galleries are at 140 Chestnut Street.

"CLARET AND OLIVES," a work lately published by Putnam, in his Semi-Monthly Library, gives one a most lively and glowing picture of the wine-growing district of France. It is pronounced, too, a faithful description by those who ought to know something of the subject; our friend, JACOB SNIDER, JR., Walnut street below Fourth, for instance. MR. SNIDER has been all over the ground of this delightful book, and his wines come from the best vineyards of the same. We thought of him, and his exquisite champagnes and clarets, as we glided through its pages.

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This Dictionary is composed from the French Dictionaries of the French Academy, Laveaux, Boiste, &c.; From the English Dictionaries of Webster, Johnson, Richardson, &c.; and from the Dictionaries and Works of Science, Literature and Art of Brande, McCulloch, Ure, &c.; containing a great number of Words not to be found in other Dictionaries, with the definition of all Technical, Scientific, and abstract terms; and comprehending

1. All the words in general use, comprising those that have sprung out of Modern Discoveries and improvements:

2. All the terms used in the Navy, the Sciences, the Arts, the Manufactures and Trade:

3. The different acceptations of the Words in their natural order:

4. Examples of acceptations the most in use to elucidate the exact meaning of the Words;

5. The modification to which they are subject by the addition of Adjectives, Adverbs, &c.;

7. The government of those prepositions which differ in both languages;

8. The notation of every word whose pronunciation is irregular;

9. Grammatical observations on words presenting some difficulties;

The whole preceded by a complete treatise on pronunciation, and a table of all irregular verbs; and followed by two Vocabularies of Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Names, which differ in the two Languages, or whose pronunciation presents some difficulty.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In my long practice as a professor of languages, I have often felt the want of a comprehensive and complete French and English Dictionary, that would give a correct definition of the words in their various acceptations, with a good system of pronunciation. I waited in the hope that some lexicographer would take the trouble of going through so arduous a labor, but in vain. The most modern lexicographers that deserve any notice are Fleming and Tibbins, Surenne, and Spiers.

The first two have published an immense work in two large volumes, which seems to

have been got up for the purpose of making a bulky, rather than an accurate and suitable one. It contains a great mass of useful matters badly arranged, intermingled with a considerable number of barbarous and useless words, which never were or could be uttered by any French lips. The definitions are often false and erroneous; and as to the pronunciation, which is marked with English characters, it is a complete failure.

Surenne is generally correct in his system of pronunciation, which is a great deal too long for the use of foreigners; but many of his words lack definitions, and he is very perplexing in his numerous and useless remarks on the conflicting opinions of all the French orthoepists; besides, the numberless typographical errors that have crept into the editions which have been published in this country render it very objectionable.

Spiers is accurate in the definitions which he gives; but he unfortunately left a great number of words undefined, surmising that the learner could find their definitions elsewhere. His work, besides, is so replete with different figures and signs, that they are sufficient to wear out the patience of the most intrepid student. As to the pronunciation, he gives no rule whatever for the modification which the vowels undergo when they change their positions in the words, or in the construction of sentences.

In pointing out the different merits and fault of these lexicographers, who have their own peculiar worth, it will easily be supposed that I have tried to imitate them in that which is valuable, and endeavored to supply what is wanting, or correct what I deem defective in their performances.

Order, clearness and precision, indispensable in a work of the kind, have been my principal object. The best authorities were consulted and put under contribution, and nothing was spared to make it fully adequate to the purpose for which it is intended.

Those words that are familiar and perfectly understood have been rendered by their respective equivalents into English, and *vice versa*; but clear and concise definitions have been given to all those that relate to sciences

or the arts, or express some abstract ideas. For this part of the present work I am mostly indebted to Brande, Urs and Webster.

As to the pronunciation, I have availed myself of the most respectable French authorities, as well as of my own personal observations for many years in Paris, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the stage, where the purest and most harmonious language can be heard. And here, I would refer the reader to my short treatise on the subject, in which I trust he will find every difficulty, that he may have met with, satisfactorily reduced to a right standard.

This result of long and numerous investigations I give to the public, in the hope that it will be acceptable and useful to those that are desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French, now so generally spoken on this vast continent, which through the wonders of modern navigation is so easily connected with the old world. But in presenting it, whatever its fate may be in this, my adopted country, I can say as the late lamented Z. Taylor, "I have endeavored faithfully to perform my duty."

The Publishers invite attention to the following recommendations:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 10th, 1852.

Messrs. C. G. Henderson & Co.—Gentlemen: In returning my thanks for the copy of Collot's French and English Dictionary, it is due to myself to say, that the delay which has occurred in acknowledging its receipt has only been occasioned by a determination to make a careful scrutiny of its contents.

In vain have I endeavored to detect an error, or omission. In vain have I supposed that words but seldom used and very little known in the list of *technicals*, would be found wanting—they are all there.

The plan of the whole is excellent, and Professor Collot, may congratulate himself in having produced a truly standard work; the best Dictionary of the French and English and English and French Languages; the *Standard Dictionary of the Nineteenth Century*. Very Respectfully,

Your obe^{nt}. servant,

HUGH McMurtrie.

Philadelphia High School.

PHILAD^A, May 6th, 1852.

Gentlemen—I am indebted to you for a copy of Collot's French and English Dictionary. It is a beautiful volume, evidently got up with great care, and good judgment. It

comprises in a very convenient form every thing that can reasonably be expected in a Dictionary of the French language, designed for common use.

The vocabulary is copious—the definitions brief and precise, yet full enough for ordinary purposes. The explanations of a large number of idiomatic expressions, embracing those most difficult, and the tables of irregular and defective verbs at the beginning of the volume, are well adapted to remove the difficulties, which usually impede a learner's progress. Upon the whole, I regard the work as very valuable, and well deserving extensive patronage.

I am with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

JOEL JONES.

Ex-President Girard College, and late Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

MAY 21, 1852.

Gentlemen: I have had occasion to examine somewhat fully, your Collot's French Dictionary, and it has been attended with increasing satisfaction.

It is a worthy contribution to this Encyclopædia and Dictionary-making age.—It exhibits the critical skill, accuracy and ability, which so strongly characterize the labors of Liddell & Scott, Freund (Andrews), Adler and our own Webster; making it the best published.

I remain yours, &c.

F. KNIGHTON.

Author of Knighton's Grammar, &c.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. 1st Mai, 1852.

MONSIEUR:—L'examen que j' ai fait de votre travail, quoique rapide, m'a permis de saisir les avantages pratiques particuliers qui distinguent votre dictionnaire.

Le court et lucide traité de prononciation française me paraît établir la correspondance des sons dans les deux langues d'une manière supérieure à aucun essai qui ait été fait jusqu'ici dans ce genre, et qui trahit votre longue habitude de l'un et de l'autre idiome. Les vocabulaires spéciaux de noms historiques et géographiques, et le grand nombre de mots techniques répandus dans le corps de l'ouvrage sont des additions qui seront certainement bien venues dans un temps où les ouvrages de science autant que ceux de littérature sont dans toutes les mains. Je ne doute donc pas que votre travail ne rende de vrais services, et n'obtienne tout le succès qu'il mérite.

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OUR FRIEND **DEPUTY**, of Eighth street, a few doors above Zane, has opened this year the handsomest goods he ever imported. This is not only our own opinion but the opinion of lady-shoppers of taste, embracing mothers and daughters of our first families. Those of our readers who are off for the watering-places should obtain their fit-outs at **DEPUTY'S**, by all means. No store in his line can surpass him in fine goods, and reasonable prices.

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THE **INQUIRER** says the Maine Law will be in operation, both in Rhode Island and Massachusetts the present summer; but that surely will not keep visitors away from Newport, and Nahant, and Gloucester, as well as other well-known summer resorts in both States. Newport certainly, if all we hear be true, promises to have its regular complement of visitors. Refined summer flitters

certainly cannot be frightened away from such a glorious place as Newport, because of the interdiction of bar-rooms! At to the expediency or in expediency of stringest temperance laws, we say nothing; indeed, we have nothing in particular to add to what we have said on any point in this paragraph, except to advise all who are bound for the watering-places to get their supply of toilet articles of **WM. T. FRY**, 227 Arch street. He has everything in this way, including beautiful writing desks, dressing cases, jewel-boxes, portfolios, chess and backgammon boards, &c., &c., &c. **FRY** manufactures all these goods, **BIZARRE** would add, himself; and is one of the pleasantest men in the world to deal with. His beautifully arranged store well attracts a vast number of customers to its counters, especially at this season when people are getting ready for the summer resorts.

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SIR DAVID WILKIE.



Sir David Wilkie, distinguished as a painter, was born near Cupar, in Fifeshire, 1785, and was the son of a minister in the Scotch Church. He went to London in 1805, and soon attracted notice by his "Village Politicians," "Blind Fiddler," "Rent Day," &c. These established his reputation, and in 1811, he was made a Royal Academician; from which period he regularly produced, and as regularly sold at increasing prices, his most celebrated paintings. Among the number may be mentioned "Distraint for Rent," "The Penny Wedding," "Blind Man's Buff," "The Village Festival," "The Reading of the Will," and "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo." About the year 1825, Wilkie lost a considerable sum of money, which affected his health. Indeed serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of his mental as well as physical faculties. He was advised to make a tour of the continent, which he did, remaining away for two or three years. Notwithstanding the advice of physicians that he should not pursue his profession while abroad, he undertook three pictures both in Italy and Spain, which on his return astonished his admirers by a total change in the style of his execution, the choice of his subjects and the principles of his *chiara-oscuro*. This new style had its admirers, but by no means so large a number as the earlier one.

Wilkie died off Gibraltar on the 1st of June, 1841. A marble figure—of which the engraving accompanying is a good representation—was erected on the stand in the inner hall of the London National Gallery, by his friends.

The engraving is done in the best style of the Messrs. Devereux, who are justly considered among the first artists of the country, and who have furnished BIZARRE all the beautiful cuts with which it has been embellished.

HOME-REVERSES.

The family may well be called a world in miniature. For there are few passions and interests occupying the big world, which have not a sphere also within the home. At one time all things here go smoothly. Selfishness, the great disturber, sleeps; neither anger nor moodiness intrudes; and the hearts of all keep glad holiday together. Again, all things go wrongly; one's temper is ruffled by some cause, real or fancied; another is uncomfortable, petulant or depressed, he cannot tell why; in a word, one or many of the dark brood of evil feelings breathe poison through the atmosphere of the place. Such variations as these in the domestic climate must be looked for in the common course of events.

But sometimes changes come fitted to move the feelings more deeply, and these we must expect no less certainly than the other. This, the dark and stormy season of home, calls for great watchfulness and effort, lest the fairest and most valuable of the domestic growths be blighted thereby. Reverses—sickness—and death at home,—these deserve to be considered well. We shall, in the present article, confine ourselves to the first of these three topics.

In these modern days, and perhaps oftener in this country than in any other, reverses in business are of frequent occurrence. Quite often such reverses are sudden and total. One week ago you were opulent, as both yourself and others fully believed. Your dwelling and your general way of life were characterized not only by abundance, but by luxury, refinement and taste. To-day, you are, in commercial phrase, a "ruined man." Neither dwelling nor equipage, neither the embellishments nor even the necessities of living, are, in absolute strictness, at your present command. And where, at this crisis, are the "troops of friends," that, by word or manner, professed themselves so devoted, so unalterably true? Save the few always "faithful found," most likely they have vanished. Creatures of passage as they were, their instincts have bidden them take wing from the chill clime of adversity to where the season still shines warm.

Such a time tries a man sorely in various ways. It will be very remarkable if, being no more than man, he has not some pride of vocation, and this pride is somewhat wounded, to say the least, by what has occurred. We do not undertake to explain why, nor do we mean to utter a general reproach against our human nature, when we say what is undeniably the fact, that to fail in an enterprise, or to be overthrown at last in a prosperous career, produces a feeling towards us on the world's part, for which contempt is, perhaps,

too strong a word, but which to the sensitive sufferer often seems very like it. He is apt to fancy, that society looks askance at him; and he is quite sure, that the various goings-on of the community have much less reference to him, than to this or that one in the full tide of present success, or than to himself in former days. Certain it is, that success cloaks what else would to all eyes be naked shame; and the world will not only tolerate, but often even advocate in him who has it what, in him, who has it not would provoke universal clamor. And, worse yet, misfortune is too apt to make one liable to suspicion and depreciating remark, if not positive calumny. It was quite the way of the world, that Job's three friends should infer from the many extraordinary calamities, which had befallen him, that he must have been after some sort, though to them unknown, exceedingly guilty in the sight of Heaven. And notwithstanding the pungent lesson on rash judgment read by the sequel of the patriarch's history; and notwithstanding that more than once the same lesson was reiterated by Christ himself, the world is by no means yet cured of this tendency.

Who, for example, has not heard the question put, and perhaps even put it himself, on witnessing a series of unusual calamities falling upon a family, "for what enormous guilt, either in the present or in some past generation, is this family now suffering expiation?" And when did those, who have failed in business, especially when concerned extensively, ever escape censure wholly and of every complexion? Losers must be more than we expect of men, if they are not excited and vexed by the event, and vexation makes men unjust in feeling, thought and speech. The too numerous class of envious and gossiping idlers find, in the same occurrence, something more than usually stimulating to their several tastes, and their surmises and suggestions, it is needless to say, are not of the kindly and favorable sort. Of all these the unfortunate in question is aware; and to bear himself man-like and calm in their despite, is not possible without much and painful struggle, however little his reverses may be chargeable to his own faults.

To all this add the changes that must take place in the order of his home. If an honest man, he cannot tolerate to live precisely as before the cutting off of the resources, that fed his living. A thousand things, which use had made little less than absolute necessities, must at once and rigorously be given up. Himself, wife and children must adopt a course, wherein self-denial in numberless forms is a master-principle. What society may think, or how demean itself towards them, they must steel themselves to heed not at all. Even embarrassment in pecuniary

matters and frequent difficulty in procuring the means indispensable to subsistence, may be added to all their other troubles.

Here, then, are circumstances, which must put the characters of the home-circle to a severe test; and either show the home now to be, or help make it to be, of a very positively good, or evil quality. Under the force of this novel stimulus individual traits start up into such prominence, that every member of the family may do not a little towards relieving or aggravating the domestic condition.

Thus, if the father gives way to the pressure, lets go heart and hope, and suffers the forces, that should be cast into the effort at retrieval, to fret away both themselves and him; if he carries to his home, and persists in keeping while there, a morose, sour, self-absorbed spirit,—a temper proof against the sympathy of a faithful wife, the affectionate interest of his older, and the innocent caresses and prattle of his younger children,—then God's pity on him and the household, whereof he was constituted head! The years will roll on, for Time stops not for any complexion of mortal events; but how dreary, the while, will that home be! In what an atmosphere of chill and blight will those childish natures unfold! And who shall say, that their young life may not be thus imbued with a sadness, too deep for all their mortal years after to wash out!

And if the mother be one, whose self-concentration not even the strong affections of marriage and maternity have sufficed to break up,—if, in these trying times, she will still be thinking of how much she has lost and how much she must miss, instead of how she may minister to the household,—if she will complain of hardship and privation and scanty means, though these are without remedy,—if, thinking more of herself, than of those to whom she is bound so closely, and less of her duties than of her pains and pleasures, and more of desirable things taken away, than of blessings remaining yet, she falls into the habit of despondency, repining and moody fretfulness;—then wo, a tenfold wo, must rest on that home! It is no longer the green spot with its fountain in the parched desert,—no mere the haven, where repose may be sought from the turbulent sea. It is pervaded by an element, which not only ruffles and disquiets, but ministers provocatives to the evil tendencies of every spirit therein. And what a school for the hearts of children!—a school, where rebellion against the dispensations of Providence is a lesson daily taught by maternal lips and maternal example,—a school, where folly and sin are paid for by the very price, and that so large, bestowed of Heaven for the purchase of wisdom! And how bitter, how intolerable a thing for the husband, that, worn and out-

wearied and torn hither and thither by the toils and embarrassments and anxieties of affairs abroad, he must seek a home (if he seek it at all) where every irritation and perturbation and discouragement must be tenfold aggravated, instead of being soothed and relieved! And is it greatly to be wondered at,—however much to be deplored and condemned,—that he should sometimes fly to the haunts of festivity and dissipation, in the hope of forgetting, for the time, the agonising ills, which it seems to him impossible either to cure or endure!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOMAD.

Mrs D. L. DIX.

This lady, according to our rather servile custom of referring every thing American to a European standard, has often been called the "American Mrs. Fry," and, like the latter, has become known to the public, not by her writings, but by her deeds. Her course has been a very singular one; exhibiting not only strong native biases of her own, but illustrating with unusual distinctness the tendency of our age towards philanthropic effort and achievement. She has been, for many years, a severe sufferer from pulmonary affections and general ill health, and is far from being completely well even now. For a considerable period she taught a young ladies' school in Boston, which she was finally compelled to relinquish by the state of her health. She had, however, accumulated a competence, a large portion of which was invested in the Commonwealth Bank of Boston, and lost by its failure. A few years after surrendering her school, although still a frail invalid, her combined benevolence and activity of temperament would not allow her to remain idle in a world so full of misery and sorrow as this. So, after casting about, she selected for herself the work of endeavoring to better the condition of pauper lunatics throughout the country,—that most wretched class of creatures, who are generally found lodged in alms-houses, prisons and jails, not to mention even worse places than either of these. In the prosecution of this enterprise she has travelled alone many thousands of miles by stage-coach, steamer, rail-car, and all other modes of conveyance; has visited, probably, more than half the States in our confederacy, besides the British provinces; has petitioned numbers of the State Legislatures in behalf of the wretched objects of her interest, and in many cases has succeeded in securing ample public provision for them. Her last petition, I think, was to Congress for a liberal donative of the public lands for the same purpose, and the impression has been, that this petition would be granted the pre-

sent session. If it is not, the fault will be chargeable to the enormous waste of time in idle speeches and squabbles and electioneering manoeuvres.

In executing her beneficent enterprise, Miss Dix has personally visited the foulest, loathsome dens, and inspected numerous objects so hideous, so reft of almost all semblance of humanity, that one is shocked and sickened by their bare description. Nor is it a vigorously organized, masculine person, who has performed and endured all this. No, it is a delicate, refined lady, of feeble health, who is deprived of that incalculable aid, which, in the encounter of difficult and trying occasions, is derived from unimpaired, firm health and a sound, hardy constitution. Her courage, resolution and energy, so large in degree, come wholly from the mind and heart, and not from the material frame.

Miss Dix is rather tall, but slender in person; with oval face, regular features, and dark eyes and hair, and an expression of countenance very strongly indicative of benevolence and goodness. There is intelligence there also, and the forehead is expansive and well filled out, especially in the perceptive and logical organs, which intimate unusual capacity for practical affairs. She is undeniably a powerful, efficient woman of her class, and this class is an immeasurably useful one in such a world as ours. All her life long, she has wrought and bestowed good according to her full ability and opportunity; and the numbers now living, who have cause to invoke benedictions upon her, will never be manifest till that day, when "all things covered shall be revealed, and all hidden things shall be made known."

CHINA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.*

The Mandarin Wing She, that is to say ingenious man, prefect in the arts and sciences, a title equivalent to that of trustee of the public works in France, having called before him Kiu-fao-li-tsa, which means, the man clever with his fingers, thus addressed him:

"It has come to our ears that the nations of the West have formed the project of uniting in one part of a city—scarcely as largely peopled as a street of Pekin, and which is notwithstanding the largest one in this corner of the earth, and could be easily contained in a province of the empire of Lingh, and which they call Europe—all their industrial products, to compare one with another, and to award to themselves the pale of superiority over the rest of the universe in the useful as well as the ornamental arts.

"I want to know what to think of the industry of the Barbarians, and I have chosen

* From the French.

you, Kiu-fao-li-tsa, on account of your reputation of cleverness in using your fingers, to give us a description of the London exhibition.

"A vessel is ready to set sail; go and let us know as soon as possible what you shall see."

II.

Kiu-fao-li-tsa was the first manufacturer of screens for the imperial court. Since the first Tartar dynasty his ancestors had painted from father to son, the dragons, ships, horses and monkeys that ornament the moveable paper partitions destined to protect the imperial heads from draughts. He was about fifty years of age, well versed in philosophy, and author of a commentary on Confucius, which was much esteemed by the savants of his country; besides which he was exceedingly attached to the manners, customs and religion of his fathers.

What is it to us, thought Kiu-fao-li-tsa to himself; we have long known the stupidity of these Barbarians. We invented four or six thousand years before they did,

The printing-press,
Gunpowder,
The compass,
Oil-painting,
Artesian wells,
Railroads.

Our ancestors, continued Kiu-fao-li-tsa, on his way home, wove silk and woolen garments for centuries, while the Barbarians were happy in being able to procure goat and sheep skins to put on their shoulders.

It must be acknowledged that my superior Wing She has conceived a strange idea in thus sending me to Europe.

And I am forced to leave my town mansion and my country house, and my two dear wives, one of whom is as dark as the moon, and the other fair as the sun, to cross the seas all to bury myself in these European cities where women have feet like men.

Where men drink a thick and nauseating liquor they call beer.

Where I shall ruin my digestion by the use of European aliments.

No more swallows' nests.
No more parrots' eyes.
No more whales' blubber.
No more fried frogs.
No more dog cutlets.

I have a great mind to cast myself at the knees of the divine Wing She, and to supplicate him to despatch another on my mission.

But still, again thought Kiu-fao-li-tsa, that sublime Wing She would not hesitate in having me caged if I show any discontent; I had better obey.

The man clever with his fingers received the orders of his superior with the submis-

siveness proper to a good citizen. He went home, made his travelling arrangements, embraced his two wives, and went to the port where the ship awaited him.

Imbued with the spirit of trade, like all his countrymen, Kiu-fao-li-tsa did not forget to assort a little venture of screens, fans and lanterns, which he expected to dispose of at a good price after the exhibition in which these articles were to figure.

III.

We shall not dwell upon the voyage of Kiu-fao-li-tsa; it was chequered with fair weather and storms; the storms occupying the greater part;—but what is the use of being a manufacturer of screens and philosophy, if one cannot take the weather as it comes:

At the end of three months and some days, Kiu-fao-li-tsa disembarked at London and started for the Crystal Palace, followed by two cabs loaded with his screens, his fans and his lanterns.

Mr. Sallandronge, and the rest of the commissioners of the Exhibition gave him the reception that a man deserves who has come so far to mix up his lanterns in the great industrial feast of nations. (Such were the expressions employed by the English commissioner in his speech reproduced in all the London journals.) They gave him a fine place to exhibit his screens, and they presented him to the Queen and to Prince Albert. The Duke of Wellington himself deigning to compliment him.

IV.

So much success did not blind the clever man with his fingers.

He possessed, as we said before, a cold spirit, little open to seduction, and was above all endowed with the greatest modesty, which he exhibited in refusing to be present at the grand banquet of the Symposium; and in declining the invitation of Mr. Soyer, under the pretext that he was not worthy to set himself in the midst of the lights of intelligence from all countries.

This was undoubtedly an excess of modesty, for no one among the guests of the Symposium could pride themselves on being one of the commentators of Confucius.

Kiu-fao-li-tsa devoted himself to the purposes of his mission. He observed the exhibition through all its particulars, passing over each of the countries of Europe, giving to each the time necessary for a complete survey and placing his observations to notes which have served at a later period for the drawing up of the following piece which has appeared in the Monitor of Peking, to which we owe the translation of the fragments we are about to give, through the kindness of one of our most famous suologists.

V.

FRAGMENTS OF THE REPORT

Of Kiu-fao-li-tsa, first maker of screens for the middle empire to the Mandarin Wing She, which means the ingenious man, perfect of arts and trades, on the Exhibition of the Barbarians at London.

Your Excellency:—These people with light hair are certainly strange fellows.

Do you know what object they most admire in their exhibition? You will never guess.

It is a diamond.

They call it *Mountain of Light*, because the stone emits some rays that the smallest of our lanterns would dim.

Every day the crowd wraps itself around the diamond and the passage is impeded.—They have erected an altar to it in the very middle of the plant exhibition and the devout prostrate themselves before it.

I ask myself what a diamond can be in comparison with industry.

Two streamlets of water from the time of the creation floated through the rocks of the blue mountains.

One of them was tired of piercing incessantly the hard rock and of falling over its face with a monotonous noise. The impatient stream laid its grievance before Buddha.

"What can I do for thee?" said the god.

"Change me into a river," it replied, "I am eager to dash through the fields to roll my way along amidst rich harvests and fertile fields, to bound from the highest of cataracts, to sustain the arches of lofty bridges, to bear great ships, to beat my banks, to raise my raging waves to heaven itself?"

"Thou hast ambition. And thou," added Buddha, addressing the other streamlet, "What dost thou ask of me?"

"Nothing: I quench the thirst of the earth, and refresh the moss; my lot contents me."

"Thou hast patience! it shall be done," said the god, "according to the wishes of each."

And, as he spoke, widening the rocky walls that confined the impatient streamlet, he let it flow from height to height through the bowels of the mountain until it reached the reservoir, where was heard the murmuring of the waters in a chase as great as that of the war. Our streamlet felt itself about to be lost, and again invoked the aid of Buddha.

"O god!" she cried, "all powerful god!" I am about to fall into the abyss, and shall perish before becoming a river."

"Rivers are composed of millions and millions of streamlets," replied Buddha: "the punishment of the ambitious is to perish and be swept away in the tomb of their own ambition."

And Buddha sought again the summit of Himalaya—

The other streamlet continued to well under the rocks to quench the ant's thirst and refresh the moss.

Buddha cast on it a look of tenderness.

"Thou hast been patient," he said, "thou little one that art so lost and forgotten; I will award thee the reward due to thy patience," and he changed it into a diamond.

This is the diamond's origin. I do not know by what title the Mountain of Light figures at the industrial exhibition.

VI.

The second object that attracts the attention and the admiration of the Barbarians, is one of their instruments of music they call an organ.

Your excellency cannot imagine the pleasure these people of the West find in listening to this instrument.

As soon as they open the gates of the Exhibition, it begins to sound; when it closes then it stops.

The Europeans may use it to frighten away the sun and to prevent the moon from hiding its rays; but so behind the age are they in astronomy, they pretend that music does not prevent eclipses.

All circumstances considered, since the organ is looked on as an object of industry, I can compare it with our gongs and tom-toms. And I do not hesitate in according the preference to the latter; the tom-tom is just as harmonious, and makes more noise than the organ does.

But I will give you a fact which will serve to an idea of the origin of that pretended civilized people of the West.

The Europeans all profess to detest an instrument of music they call the piano.

No man of erudition can give me the etymology of this word.

The piano is the torment of existence in Europe. There is not a single European that does not curse it.

Laterly an Englishman belonging to a rich family committed suicide by shooting himself through the head: they call that honor, blowing out their brains, as if a man that ever had any would do so.

On the table of this wise Englishman, they found the following note, written by his own hand a few hours before his death.

"I accuse no one of my death. I wished of my own accord to put an end to my existence.

"I have not the spleen.

"I have not speculated in stocks.

"I have never written a tragedy.

"A woman with whom I was really in love has deceived me! Her treason was the cause of my crime. I forgive her.

"Yesterday on going to see her at an unusual time, I surprised her coquetting with a piano. The perfidious one was playing a sonata.

"She had sworn, notwithstanding, that she had no acquaintance with this instrument. I loved her so much that I would have borne it with a harp; but with a piano never.

"The piano is a slow destructive poison for husbands; it pursues them everywhere; I took refuge in the tomb to escape it."

This debt astonished everybody.

Savans, I have been assured, begin to place the piano in their statistics as one of the most frequent causes of suicide.

Still there are at the exhibition more than five hundred pianos of different models.—Every day they invent a new system for it. There are skilful men who receive fifty francs per day to pronounce their judgment upon the different methods of assassination. They even give rewards to their inventors.

VII.

Not understanding logic, the nations of the West naturally are deficient in synthesis, of which I can give you a proof.

There is a whole division of the Exhibition devoted to patent matches.

You can see them there of all kinds. I will not try to give you any details. Next to the stars of heaven and the grains of sand in the sea, nothing is so numerous as patent matches.

Well, not one of the nations that ever exhibit a patent national match have been able to form a tinder-box.

Models of boxer are certainly not wanting, but for other ends.

Some serve to hold money.

Others to hold letters.

Some contain the necessary writing materials.

Others a whole travelling case.

Some of them can be used to obtain fire, but they do not do it well. The invention of a tinder box, which would fulfill its purpose, would render a great service to these Barbarians. But the Exhibition will not accomplish this result.

The match will wait in vain for its synthesis which is the tinder-box.

VIII.

Since I am treating of patent matches and the tinder-box, it would be well were I to mention the cigar, which is their cause and their object.

The cigar figures at the Exhibition as the product of industry.

The cigar is a little cylinder of rolled up tobacco, that the Europeans are in the habit of smoking in large or small quantities.

The tobacco, thus prepared, presents a crowd of inconveniences, both moral and material, of which these are the principal:

It blackens the teeth.

It produces excoriations of the gums.

It taints the breath.

It spreads an acrid odor over the clothes.

Before accustoming themselves entirely to the use of the cigar, all smokers are obliged to pass through a number of contractions of the stomach, which offer all the symptoms and produce all the sufferings of a real case of poison.

The cigar acts upon the brain, it dulls the comprehensive powers, and brings on habits of idleness. The savants, who are constantly made mention of in this country, but who are never heard, attribute the physical weakness of the Western race to the immoderate use of rolled tobacco. Everybody agrees that it is a detestable habit against which opposition should be made. But there are for the poisoning by cigars, as well as for murder by the piano, proficients who conscientiously employ their time in classifying these different poisons according to their strength and their merit, so that those manufacturing them can receive a medal of encouragement.

Note well that there are many people in this country who are not content to smoke tobacco.

Some chew it.

Others put it up their noses.

And these people accuse us of swallowing in the course of the day some clouds of opium purified by fire.

IX.

A little country, which has scarcely thirty millions of inhabitants, that they call France, has sent to the Exhibition stuffs for the clothing of women. It appears that gauze together with the tragedy is the speciality of this nation, which is considered the most frivolous one in the world.

I have tried several times to have the mechanism of the tragedy explained to me, but I have given the attempt up in despair. As for their stuffs it is different. The French are very proud of this product of their industry, but they really have no reason to be so.

I understand the use of gauze and muslin in countries favored by temperature and climate, as in the southern part of the Celestial Empire: but in three-fourths of Europe it is always cold. The women cannot go out without being forced to hide their guaze dress under a wool or furs. Why then should they wear them at all?

The French highly prize the designs with which they ornament their stuffs. They make fun of my fans and screens, and pretend that they imitate nature much better.

A pretty thing truly!

Art is not at all a question of imitation: we can now embellish nature, we can ably disfigure it. Of what use are painted roses when there are real ones? Of drawings of men and horses when we can see them pass us every day? The eye does not like to rest upon realities. If we paint human

creatures, animals, birds and flowers, we should paint them in a strange and grotesque light. The human mind loves variations. I must have a carpet to make me laugh, a hand-screen to entertain me, or a larger one to make me fall into a reverie. Art lies in the impossible and fantastic. The best workmen of Lyons would be unable to invent the least chimera. Absorbed in the real world, their imagination becomes ossified; they copy but do not invent.

This is so true that among the French themselves, at least among the rich or those that have any taste, dislike their own manufactures, and purchase ours at ridiculously high prices. The sacrifice to the need of the unknown something that torments the human heart even in the common passages of life, even upon his tea-table a man likes to find chimeras.

X.

There has been in another little country called Germany, a society of pious and well meaning men, who wished to prevent nations from warring upon each other.

This society called itself the Peace Congress.

The exhibition has taken the place of the Peace Congress. It is also, so say the pious and well meaning people, a sure method of putting a stop to war and all its ravages.

The Crystal Palace contains more than three hundred models of guns, whose merit is in dealing death in the most rapid and certain manner.

Many members of the Peace Congress make a part of the jury of the Exhibition. In their office of commissioners they have to classify these engines of improved warfare; and they range them among the useful inventions.

Another example of the logic used among the people of the West.

XI.

I forgot to speak of the crystal fountain.

This is a monument of glass that takes here the convenient name of crystal.

This fountain sends forth Cologne water in streams.

They give the name of Cologne water to a fluid of a rather equivocal odor, which in its time was very fashionable.

You must understand that in this country of high civilization, the real and ideal are by turns in fashion.

A perfumer, for instance, you would think should always be a perfumer. The rose even gives its fragrance to the air, and to the most elaborate nostril and as it will do so to-morrow and always; as long as gardens have roses or men have nostrils.

This is a profound error.

Last season the rose was very much in fashion; this year a man that has any respect will only perfume himself with jessamine;

To-morrow he will discard jessamine for vanilla; and if fashion so devised, the Europeans would find the odor of onions and parsley delightful.

The Cologne water has been fashionable, and the crystal fountain tries to put it again in vogue.

And it will become so judging from the quantity of people who dip their handkerchiefs in the artificial wave, when making the circuit of the crystal shell.

They absolutely make a Cologne water which is more expensive than the most preferably clarified water of the Thames. "The poorest,"—so say the philanthropists—"can perfume themselves. Look at our progress."

Cologne water for the poor! they would do better to leave it as much in their power to take baths.

XII.

Men have here but one preoccupation, suppressing time and space. They have invented steam engines.

Machines to print in a minute thousands of journals.

Machines to transport passengers in a few hours over hundreds of leagues.

Machines to manufacture thousands of things at a time, vessels, carriages, workshops. Steam gives to all wings. To go fast is not to live.

The wisdom of our ancestors has for a long time repulsed these methods of pretended improvement, that they knew long before the barbarians of the West.

To multiply movement is not to multiply the days of life.

A wise man that was considered as such by his fellow-citizens, deplored with myself the other day this superstition of rapidity that ruins mankind. He said to me,

"We do not travel now-a-days, we arrive.

"We do not read a book, we run over it.

"We do not sleep, we repose.

"We do not dine, we eat.

"We do not walk, we go.

"We do not listen, we hear.

"We do not converse, we talk.

"We discard everything that needs a little reflection and feeling. Everything that takes up time; in a work or pleasure, everything must pass with the greatest swiftness."

XIII.

There is a part of the Exhibition devoted to wigs.

The inhabitants of these countries become bald early in life. Then they seek to replace their absent locks; and as their mania is perpetual in believing that they can imitate nature, they have invented the wig.

To imitate nature is everything.

A European who loses his hair replaces it with a wig.

If he has no teeth he buys a false set.

If women have lean bodies they put on muslin.

Instead of imitating nature, which is impossible,

Would it not be better for the Europeans to mount to the primeval cause and to preserve their hair by adopting a more suitable head-dress than their ridiculous hat; by giving up the use of curling-irons and of the thousand cosmetics that ruin the capillary tissue?

To preserve their teeth by renouncing the use of tobacco, in smoking or chewing.

As for the leanness of the women, that could be remedied by abundant nourishment. In Europe there is a terrible prejudice in believing that women should not eat. Women should undoubtedly take four daily meals, and then there would be no need of crinoline.

I had a singular conversation this morning with a European.

"Sir," said he, "can you tell me of what use that queue is that takes root at the brow of your head?"

I answered the unfortunate man very politely.

Experience has taught our fathers that man does not long enjoy the external advantages with which nature has endowed him; the care which the preservation of these advantages demands besides renders him feeble and effeminate. Since hair must leave us, let us abandon it at once. Thus it is why regardless of the wise teachings of our fathers, we shave our heads; only allowing a single lock on our occiput to remain, by which the angel of death can seize us to take us up to heaven.

The barbarian began to laugh, and left me to stop at the next shop, when he ordered two wigs.

XIV.

We here suspend our citations for want of space; and will give the summing up of the report of the man clever with his fingers.

Every man that is in a hurry is wrong. We only improve what is not worth improving. Barbarians will be barbarians.

Such is the opinion of Kui-lao-fi-tse, maker of screens and commentator on Confucius, upon the Exhibition of Universal Industry at London.

It is not our province to discuss these conclusions.

All that we can add is that, on his return, he recommenced painting monsters, apes, and green devils, as the grandfather of his grandfather painted them, and as his son will paint them in turn.

The mandarin of arts and trades has awarded a magnificent recompense to Kui-lao-fi-tse; he has allowed him to wear a crystal button.

He found, on his return, his wives faithful.

Before leaving London he had disposed of his screens, his fans, his lanterns, to the President of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry.

TO DOLORES.

BY BEPPO.

Fair Dolores! maid of sorrows!
Truly thou wer't named aright!
Troops of thy despairing lovers,
By their hopeless wretched plight,
Bear sad witness of the horrors,
Thou wer't born to spread around!
Grief-dispensing maid, Dolores!
Named in sad but truthful sound!

Born in beauty—bred in pleasure—
Nurtured in the lap of care—
Quick in wit—of joyful humor—
Blessed in grace beyond thy share—
Fairest of all fairest women!
History's tongue shall never cease
Sounding praises, that proclaim thee,
Nature's loveliest master-piece!

Eyes of fire, and lips of purple,
Lips of fire, and eyes of blue!
Who that's fed his gaze upon them,
Would be *once to thee* untrue!
What could he then aught but answer,
Who has heard thy *voice's tone*,
Mi Dolores! hence forth ever,
I am life and soul *thine own!*

FREE-PENCILLINGS.

EVERY BODY has heard of that singular phrase, "the power of music;" a phrase which, in the estimation of our noble selves, amounts to an absolute definition of all the workings of sweet sounds upon the feelings, sensibilities, and souls of rational creatures. For be it known, though we make no very great pretensions to a knowledge of music, yet we know all its influences over human passions; we have felt it in all its might and magnitude, in all its softness and energy, in all its grandeur and sublimity. We have heard the music of the lofty organ swelling through the long and echoing aisles of the Cathedral, and we have stood like an enchanted statue whilst the tones of that kingly instrument pealed in our ears and set our soul on fire with the exquisite melody or the thundering eloquence of their voices; or we have listened to the sighing music of the mournful Æolian until our heart has quailed and our brain maddened with the most ravishing and intolerable sensations of pleasure; pleasure too great for us cannibals to bear.

There are, however, other things that teach

us the power of music; such as the lute, which, touched by a lady's fingers, makes us sigh when we know not what we sigh for; or the violin, whose silvery tones vibrate on the brain until our eyes weep, overcome with their melody; then there is the wind, the sweet west wind which breathes through the lattices of our window, and fills the chamber with its tremulous breath, which moans over the blighted rose, or sweeps over the murmuring river. In all these things we discover a power beyond the imagining of all common blockheads.

Now we would appeal to the judgment of our readers, that is to our female readers, for they only are good judges in these matters, inasmuch as they have souls capable of being thrilled with music, whether even the sweet humming of the busy bee is not far more enchanting than the hoarse and jarring voices of half the human songsters of the present day? We can well anticipate their answer, for we are assured that our beauties of the feminine gender will allow that the monotony of music is far sweeter than the commingling din of discordant voices.

But music operates differently upon different individuals: suppose for instance that a man felt as we do at this moment, melancholy, music would lull him into an absolute lethargy; he would feel a sort of sullen humor take possession of him which he could not possibly control, and all his passions would appear as though they were suspended by an enchantment. But on him who is light and joyous, as we are when the sun shines and the ladies are promenading Chestnut street, music has a very different effect; it touches the very fibres of his soul, and thrills him like the electrical shock of a lover's first kiss.

What was it that cheered the melancholy solitude of Juda's unhappy children, when borne away captive by the oppressor into distant lands and foreign climes? what was it that soothed their wounded feelings and warded off the scorn of the scoffer, but the melody of their national instrument, the harp, which they struck in the deep stillness of the night, when no other mortal ears were listening but those of their own brothers and children? It is true that there was a holier reliance which they placed in a higher power, but there were temporary feelings which required to be subdued, feelings which, when lulled into the quiet of composure were more susceptible of spiritual impressions were more alive to devotion, to homage and to prayer.

We know well enough that there is a charm in music above all others of which we are yet acquainted. There may be notes and tones more silvery and pure and wonderful in other worlds; and it is possible that heaven itself

is a world of music, for this reason, because it is a world of love, and love and music are inseparable; there is a natural affinity between them; the one yearns after the other.

THE "your bull and my ox" fable has had an amusing illustration within the last dozen years—many illustrations, indeed, in natural intercourse. "BIZARRE" is not a novice in newspaper penmanship, and has of course almost forgotten some things that the present fledgelings in periodical writing never knew. But as the world wheels round, and "nothing new under the sun," keeps turning up with all the assurance of novelty, we can open some of the forgotten nooks of our memory, and find cases in point to meet current wonders, and to show that the marvels of to-day are only old affairs re-varnished. Some dozen years ago, more or less—rather more we believe—there was a Canadian rebellion. And the rebels would come over our side to breathe; and make Uncle Sam involuntarily bottle-holder, between the rounds. And several of our foolish boys were drawn into the fray—quite to their "satisfaction"—if eating means getting enough, whether you like it or not. And more latterly there have been demonstrations against Cuba, with the same unfortunate United States—unfortunate in this regard—as a point of support.

Thereby we—the United States—have got no small blame. And the English papers in particular have been very severe upon us, because our government is not strong enough to manage its own internal affairs, and protect their government too, against their own bad subjects. In the time of Pythagoras Rosalind said she was an Irish cat. What "BIZARRE" was in the time of the Canadian Rebellion is no matter—except that he (we?) was (were?) a pen in somebody's fingers—and that various transmogrifications, transpenifications and transmigrations have happened since. What BIZARRE said on the Canada Rebellion and matters pertinent, may be seen in the following:—which the *London Times* has stolen and adopted, since John Bull became the gored, instead of the gorer. It is very good sense, and none the worse that the British press has been taught it by the American:

"When a country proclaims as we have done for ages, an unrestricted liberty of refuge and residence to foreigners, it necessarily follows that this asylum is used and occasionally abused by large numbers of worthless and mischievous persons, and we probably suffer more by their presence than those states against which they direct their hostility. English credulity is imposed upon by their harangues, and English munificence is taxed for their sustenance; in return for which they decry our institutions, villify our

character, and endeavor to embroil us with the rest of the world. Nobody can be insensible to these evils; but in the deliberate judgment of the people of England, these evils are more than compensated by the great principle of freedom under which they occur. To what, after all, do we owe the presence of this large class of political refugees in England? Chiefly to the acts of the very powers and governments which now complain of their presence here. They are here because they are expelled from the other parts of Europe, and especially from their own homes. * * * We are at a loss to understand how governments which have banished their political adversaries to a land where all control over their persons and opinions must cease; can address themselves to this country as if we were to aid them in the work of persecution."

THE FOLLOWING sarcastic hit at French modesty suits us exactly: A Frenchman considers every work of merit an emanation of his own countrymen; and himself, his whole race and nation epitomized. Whatever is great, good, and useful, had its origin in France; and Frenchmen have never achieved anything but what is great, good, and useful. They first discovered the revolution of the earth, the laws of gravitation, and the New World—for Galileo, Newton, and Columbus, were, if not Frenchmen born, certainly descendants of Frenchmen—because they were great geniuses. We have heard it gravely and obstinately maintained that the application of steam as a motive power originated with a Frenchman; that the perfection of naval architecture was dispensed at Toulon; and that David is the greatest painter that ever existed. When the Allies took away the pictures from the Louvre, they shouted, "Let them go—we will paint others." A gentleman who makes small portraits in chalk, assured us the other day, with that profound self-complacency which a Frenchman only can assume, that his sole motive for visiting England was, because we have no artists who can take likenesses. The following anecdote exhibits the French as the inventors of counterpoint, in addition to every other branch of science invented, and to be invented. "In my researches after old music in Antwerp (says Dr. Burney) I was directed to Mons. —, the singing master of St. James' Church, a Frenchman. Upon my acquainting him with my errand, and asking him the question I had before put all the musicians and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without obtaining much satisfaction,—"where or when did counterpoint, or modern harmony begin?"—the Abbe's answer was quick and firm:—"O Sir, counterpoint was

certainly invented in France." "But," said I, "L. Guicciardini, and the Abbe du Bos give it to the Flamands." This made no kind of impression on my valiant Abbe, who still referred me to France for materials to ascertain the fact. "But, sir," said I, "what part of France must I go to: I have already made all possible inquiry in that kingdom, and had the honor of being every day permitted to search in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a month together, in hopes of finding something to my purpose, but in vain: and as you were in possession of the old manuscript music belonging to your church, I was inclined to believe it possible, that you could have pointed out to me some compositions, which, if not the first that were made in counterpoint, would at least be more ancient than those which I had found elsewhere." "*Mais, Monsieur, soyez sur que tout cela était inventé en France.*" This was all the answer I could get, and upon my pressing him to tell me where I might be furnished with proofs of this assertion—"Ah, ma foi, je n'en sais, rein," was his whole reply. I had been for some time preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by shuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as fast as I could, first making my bow, and assuring him, sincerely, that I was extremely sorry to have given him so much trouble."

Mons. Fétis wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that the Belgians were the inventors of counterpoint: this, however was after he had received the appointment of Director of Music to the King of Belgium.

ABOUT WINE-GROWING AND WINE-GROWERS.*

The wine-growing districts of France are well described by Mr. Reach. He furnishes us information, too, touching the vintagers which is extremely interesting.

Let us follow him from Bordeaux, and enjoy with him the first impressions he had of the Medoc country.

"You have now finished the bottle of Vieux. Up, and let us out among the vineyards. A few paces clears us of the little hamlet of Margaux, with its constant rattle of busy coopers, and we are fairly in the country. Try to catch the general *coup d'œil*. We are in an unpretending pleasant-looking region, neither flat nor hilly—the vines stretching away round in gentle undulations, broken here and there by intervening jungles of coppice-wood, by strips of black firs, or by the stately avenues and ornamen-

tal woods of a first-class chateau. Gazing from the bottoms of the shallow valleys, you seem standing amid a perfect sea of vines, which form a monotonous horizon of unvaried green. Attaining the height beyond, distant village spires rise into the air—the flattened roofs and white walls of scattered hamlets gleam cheerfully forth from embowering woods of walnut trees—and the expanse of the vineyards is broken by hedged patches of meadow land, affording the crops of coarse natural hay, upon which are fed the slowly-moving, raw-boned oxen which you see dragging lumbering wains along the winding dusty way.

And now look particularly at the vines.—Nothing romantic in their appearance; no trellis-work, none of the embowering, or the clustering, which the poets are so fond of. Here, in two words, is the aspect of some of the most famous vineyards in the world.

Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low, fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running stakes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being strained, and how things are arranged so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwinning their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake.—But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine givers. If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weakened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches—these contemptible looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably flavored wines.—

* Claret and Olives; from the Garonne to the Rhone. By Angus B. Reach. Semi-monthly Library, part VII., G. P. Putnam: New York.

Such are the vines which grow Chateau Margaux at half a sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost in such vanities—only you observe from time to time a rudely carved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring guns and steel traps constantly in a state of high go-offism—only when the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the way-side, to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought among grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocers' boys, who, after the first week loathe figs, and turn poorly when sugar-candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, and between breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper.—The laborer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is tugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, Heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, laboring incessantly at the *métier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset.

"A strange feature in the wine country is the wondrously capricious and fitful nature of the soil. A forenoon's walk will show you the earth altering in its surface qualities almost like the shifting hues of shot silk—gravel of a light color fading into a gravel of a dark—sand blending with the mould, and bringing it now to a dusky yellow, now to an ashen grey—strata of chalky clay every now and then struggling into light only to melt away into beds of mere shingle—or bright semi-transparent pebbles, indebted to

the action of water for shape and hue. At two principal points these blending and shifting qualities of soil put forth their utmost powers—in the favored grounds of Margaux, and again, at a distance of about fifteen miles further to the north, in the vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, and between these latter, in the sunny slopes of St. Jullien. And the strangest thing of all is, that the quality—the magic—of the ground changes, without, in all cases, a corresponding change in the surface strata. If a fanciful and wilful fairy had flown over Medoc, flinging down here a blessing and there a curse upon the shifting shingle, the effect could not have been more oddly various. You can almost jump from a spot unknown to fame, to another clustered with the most precious vintage of Europe.—Half-a-dozen furrows often make all the difference between vines producing a beverage which will be drunk in the halls and palaces of England and Russia, and vines yielding a harvest which will be consumed in the cabarets and estaminets of the neighborhood. It is to be observed, however, that the first-class wines belong almost entirely to the large proprietors. Amid a labyrinth of little patches, the property of the laboring peasants around, will be a spot appertaining to, and bearing the name of some of the famous growths; while, conversely, inserted, as if by an accident, in the centre of a district of great name, and producing wine of great price, will be a perverse patch, yielding the most commonplace tippie, and worth not so many sous per yard as the surrounding earth is worth crowns."

We now come to the "Vintage and the Vintagers," which the author must tell the reader about in his own fascinating style:

"Let us now proceed to the joyous ingathering of the fruits of the earth—the great yearly festival and jubilee of the property and the labor of Medoc. October, the "wine month," is approaching. For weeks, every cloud in the sky has been watched—every cold night breeze felt with nervous apprehension. Upon the last bright weeks in summer, the savour and the bouquet of the wine depend. Warmed by the blaze of an unclouded sun, fanned by the mild breezes of the west, and moistened by morning and evening dews, the grapes by slow degrees attain their perfect ripeness and their culminating point of flavor. Then the vintage implements begin to be sought out, cleaned, repaired, and scoured and sweetened with hot brandy.—Coopers work as if their lives depended upon their industry; and all the anomalous tribe of lookers-out for chance jobs in town and country pack up their bag and baggage, and from scores of miles around pour in ragged regiments into Medoc.

"There have long existed pleasing, and in

some sort poetical associations connected with the task of securing for human use the fruits of the earth; and to no species of crop, do these picturesque associations apply with greater force than to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the vine. From time immemorial, the season has typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-heartedness—of good fare and of good-will. The ancient types and figures descriptive of the vintage are still literally true. The march of agricultural improvement seems never to have set foot amid the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the East, so it is with the modern children of men. The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed grape tub, and the feet of the treader are still red in the purple juice which maketh glad the heart of man. The scene is at once full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the bright summer air, pealing out above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines or bearing pails and basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age, and both sexes, and the careless variety of costume, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene. The white-haired old man labors with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away. Quant broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-brown—black flashing eyes—and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its pleasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in fact, in the humble and unpoetic but expressive vernacular, is called “chaff,”—is kept up with a vigor which seldom flags, except now and then, when the butt-end of a song, or the twanging close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *moreau* a lusty *encore*. Meantime, the master wine-grower moves observingly from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns

up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

“Thither we will follow. The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden trestles or on a regularly built platform of mason-work, under the huge rafters of a substantial outhouse. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskful into the cuvier. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a sieve of iron or wickerwork, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the cuvier for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trousers—spattered to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the waggon is backed up to the broad open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountain of yielding quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spurt about their feet, and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time, the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized cuvier, sufficiently manned. When at length, however, no further exertion appears to be attended with corresponding results, the tubful of expressed juice are carried by

means of ladders to the edges of the vats, and their contents tilted in; while the men in the trough, setting-to with their spades, fling the masses of dripping grape-skins in along with the juice. The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence. In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door—he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further—may hear, solemnly echoing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the babbings and seethings of the working liquid—the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place—that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine—to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages—to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul—great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred—for the atmosphere about the vats is death—as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret and solemn and awful nature—fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas? I saw the vats in the Chateau Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recommendation of my conductor, to the vats, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable.

Of course, it is quite foreign to my plan to enter upon anything like a detailed account of wine-making. I may only add, that the refuse skins, stalks, and so forth, which settle into the bottom of the fermentation vats, are taken out again after the wine has been drawn off, and subjected to a new squeezing—in a press, however, and not by the foot—the products being a small quantity of fiery, ill-flavored wine, full of the bitter taste of the seeds and stalks of the grape, and possessing no aroma or bouquet. The Bordeaux press for this purpose is rather ingeniously constructed. It consists of a sort of skeleton of

a cask, strips of daylight shining through from top to bottom between the staves. In the centre works a strong perpendicular iron screw. The *rape*, as the refuse of the treading is called, is piled beneath it; the screw is manned capstan fashion, and the unhappy seeds, skins and stalks, undergo a most diabolical squeezing. Nor do their trials end there. The wine-makers are terrible hands for getting at the very last get-at-able drop. To this end, somewhat on the principle of rinsing an exhausted spirit bottle, so as, as it were, to catch the very flavor still clinging to the glass, they plunge the doubly-squeezed *rape* into water, let it lie there for a short time, and then attack it with the press again. The result is a horrible stuff called *piquette*, which, in a wine country, bears the same resemblance to wine as the very dirtiest, most wishy-washy, and most contemptible of swipes bears to honest porter or ale. *Piquette*, in fact, may be defined as the ghost of wine!—wine minus its bones, its flesh, and its soul!—a liquid shadow!—a fluid nothing!—an utter negation of all comfortable things and associations! Nevertheless, however, the peasants swill it down in astounding quantities, and apparently with sufficient satisfaction.

“And now a word as to wine-treading.—The process is universal in France, with the exception of the cases of the sparkling wines of the Rhone and Champagne, the grapes for which are squeezed by mechanical means, not by the human foot. Now, very venerable and decidedly picturesque as is the process of wine-treading, it is unquestionably rather a filthy one; and the spectacle of great brown horny feet, not a whit too clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys at first sight a qually species of feeling, which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassful, a certain uncomfortable feeling of the inward man warred terribly against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dunghill, and then jump—barefooted, of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection. When I asked why a press was not used, as more handy, cleaner, and more convenient, I was everywhere assured that all efforts had failed to construct a wine-press capable of performing the work with the perfection attained by the action of the human foot. No mechanical squeezing, I was informed, would so nicely express that peculiar proportion of the whole moisture of the grape which forms

the highest flavored wine. The manner in which the fruit was tossed about was pointed out to me, and I was asked to observe that the grapes were, as it were, squeezed in every possible fashion and from every possible side, worked and churned and mashed hither and thither by the ever-moving toes and muscles of the foot. As far as any impurity went, the argument was, that the fermentation flung, as scum, to the surface, every atom of foreign matter held in suspension in the wine, and that the liquid ultimately obtained was as exquisitely pure as if human flesh had never touched it."

"In Medoc, there are two classes of vintagers—the fixed and the floating population; and the latter, which makes an annual inroad into the district, just as the Irish harvesters do into England and Scotland, comprising a goodly proportion of very dubious and suspicious-looking characters. The *gen-d'armée* have a busy time of it when these gentry are collected in numbers in the district. Poultry disappear with the most miraculous promptitude; small linen articles hung out to dry have no more chance than if Falstaff's regiment were marching by; and garden-fruit and vegetables, of course, share the results produced by a rigid application of the maxim that *la propriété c'est le vol*. Where these people come from is a puzzle. There will be vagrants and strollers among them from all parts of France—from the Pyrenees and the Alps—from the pine-woods of the Landes and the moors of Brittany. They unite in bands of a dozen or a score men and women, appointing a chief who bargains with the vine-proprietor for the services of the company, and keeps up some degree of order and subordination, principally by means of the unconstitutional application of a good thick stick. I frequently encountered these bands, making their way from one district to another, and better samples of the "dangerous classes" were never collected. They looked vicious and abandoned, as well as miserably poor. The women, in particular, were as brasn-faced a set of slatterns as could be conceived; and the majority of the men—tattered, strapping-looking fellows, with torn slouched hats, and tremendous cudgels—were exactly the sort of persons a nervous gentleman would have scruples about meeting at dusk in a long lane. It is when thus on the tramp that the petty pilfering and picking and stealing to which I have alluded goes on. When actually at work, they have no time for picking up unconsidered trifles. Sometimes these people pass the night—all together, of course—in out-houses or barns, when the *chef* can strike a good bargain; at other times they bivouac on the lee-side of a wood or wall, in genuine gipsy fashion. You may often see their watch-

fires glimmering in the night; and be sure that where you do, there are twisted necks and vacant nests in many a neighboring hen roost. One evening I was sauntering along the beach at Pauillac—a little town on the river's bank, about a dozen of miles from the mouth of the Gironde, and holding precisely the same relation to Bordeaux as Gravesend does to London—when a band of vintagers, men, women, and children, came up. They were bound to some village on the opposite side of the Gironde, and wanted to get ferried across. A long parley accordingly ensued between the chief and a group of boatmen. The commander of the vintage forces offered four sous per head as the passage-money.—The bargemen would hear of nothing under five; and after a tremendous verbal battle, the vintagers announced that they were not going to be cheated, and that if they could not cross the water, they could stay where they were. Accordingly, a bivouac was soon formed. Creeping under the lee of a row of casks, on the shingle of the bare beach, the women were placed leaning against the somewhat hard and large pillows in question; the children were nestled at their feet and in their laps; and the men formed the outermost ranks. A supply of loaves was sent for and obtained. The chief tore the bread up into huge hunks, which he distributed to his dependents; and upon this supper the whole party went coolly to sleep—more coolly, indeed, than agreeably; for a keen north wind was whistling along the sedge banks of the river, and the red blaze of high piled faggots was streaming from the houses across the black, cold, turbid waters. At length, however, some arrangement was come to; for, on visiting the spot a couple of hours afterwards, I found the party rather more comfortably ensconced under the ample sails of the barge which was to bear them the next morning to their destination.

"The dinner-party formed every day, when the process of stripping the vines is going on, is, particularly in the cases in which the people are treated well by the proprietor, frequently a very pretty and very picturesque spectacle. It always takes place in the open air, amongst the bushes, or under some neighboring walnut-tree. Sometimes long tables are spread upon trestles; but in general no such formality is deemed requisite.—The guests fling themselves in groups upon the ground—men and women picturesquely huddled together—the former bloused and bearded personages—the latter showy, in their bright short petticoats of home-spun and dyed cloth, with glaring handkerchiefs twisted like turbans round their heads—each man and woman with a deep plate in his or her lap. Then the people of the house bustle about, distributing huge brown loaves, which

are torn asunder, and the fragments chucked from hand to hand. Next, a vast cauldron of soup, smoking like a volcano, is painfully lifted out from the kitchen, and dealt about in mighty ladlefuls; while the founder of the feast takes care that the tough, thready *bouilli*—like lumps of boiled-down hemp—shall be fairly apportioned among his guests. *Piquette* is the general beverage. A barrel is set abroach, and every species of mug, glass, cup, and jug about the establishment is called into aid in its consumption. A short rest, devoted to chatting, or very often sleeping in the shade, over, the signal is given, and the work recommences.

"'You have seen our *salle à manger*,' said one of my courteous entertainers—he of the broad-brimmed straw hat; 'and now you shall see our *chambre à coucher*.' Accordingly, he led me to a barn close to his wine-cellar. The place was littered deep with clean, fresh straw. Here and there rolled-up blankets were laid against the wall; while all around, from nails stuck in between the bare bricks, hung by straps and strings the little bundles, knapsacks, and other baggage of the laborers. On one side, two or three swarthy young women were playfully pushing each other aside, so as to get a morsel of cracked mirror stuck against the wall—their long hair hanging down in black elf-locks, in the preliminary stage of its arrangement.

"'That is the ladies' side,' said my *cicerone*, pointing to the girls; 'and that'—extending his other hand—'is the gentlemen's side.'

"'And so they all sleep here together?'

"'Every night. I find shelter and straw; any other accommodation they must procure for themselves.'

"'Rather unruly, I should suppose?'

"'Not a bit. They are too tired to do anything but sleep. They go off, sir, like dormice.'

"'Oh, *sil plait à Monsieur*!' put in one of the damsels. 'The chief of the band does the police.' (*Fait la gen-d'armerie*).

"'Certainly—certainly,' said the proprietor; 'the gentlemen lie here with their heads to the wall; the ladies there; and the *chef de la bande* stretches himself all along between them.'

"'A sort of living frontier?'

"'Truly; and he allows no nonsense.'

"'Il est même excessivement severe,' interpolated the same young lady.

"'He need be,' replied her employer. 'He allows no loud speaking—no joking; and as there are no candles, no light, why they can do nothing better than go quietly to sleep, if it were only in self-defence.'

"One word more about the vintage. The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for house-

hold use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is as much as possible made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slapdash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small cheek upon a general state of careless jollity.—Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and choruses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

"Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay, red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the grey-headed old men tottering cheerfully adown the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality."

Our traveller visits Cette, about which he tells us as follows:

"I said that it was good—good for our stomachs—to see no English bunting at Cette. The reason is, that Cette is a great manufacturing place, and that what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, Perigord pies, nor Rheims biscuits,—but wine. ' *Ici*,' will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his *Porte Cochère*—' *Ici on fabrique des vins*.' All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for Johannisberg, or Tokay—nay, for all I know, for the Falernian of the Romans, or the Nectar of the gods—and

the Cette manufacturers will promotly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own mere logwood and sloe-juice practitioners pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wine. Cette is well situated for this noble manufacture.—The wines of southern Spain are brought by coasters from Barcelona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; and the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucuire. With all these raw materials, and, of course, a chemical labortory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cette could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider—color it with cochineal and turnsole, and outwear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux—vintage of '25.—Champagne, of course, they make by hog-heads. Do you wish sweet liqueur wines from Italy and the Levant? The Cette people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighborhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Do you wish to make new Claret old? A Cette manufacturer will place it in his oven, and, after twenty-four hours' regulated application of heat, return it to you nine years in bottle. Port, Sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy, for a stock, and with half the concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Cette, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine-trade, and it supplies almost all the Brazils, and a great proportion of the northern European nations with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Yankees it sends out thousands of tons of Ay and Moet, besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage, and Chateau Margaux, the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by the transatlantic amateurs. The Dutch flag fluttered plentifully in the harbor, so that I presume Mynheer is a customer to the Cette industrials—or, at all events, he helps in the distribution of their wares. The old French West Indian colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Cette; and Russian magnates get drunk on Chambertin and Romanee Conti, made of low Rhone, and low Burgundy brewages, eked out by the contents of the graduated phial. I fear, however, that we do come in—in the matter of 'fine golden sherries, at 22s. 9½d. a dozen,' or 'peculiar old-cruised port, at 1s. 9d.'—for a share of the Cette manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabrica-

ted upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it is still further improved upon the banks of the Thames."

We would gladly make further extracts from the work before us, but our limited space forbids; as it is, we fear we have devoted more space to wine-growers and wine-growing than our cold-water readers will relish. *N'importe*. BIZARRR strives to gratify all tastes. If we sprinkle our readers with wine in one page, we eject water upon them in another.

THE WEE PRETTY MAID.



"Like a wee purple violet
That hangs its blushing head a-weary,
When wi' the dew its leaves are wet,
Sae modest sweet art thou, Mary.

Thy brow is white, as is the mist,
That sleeps on Heaven's forehead starry,
Or mountain snow by sunrise kissed,
Thy heart is whiter still, Mary.

Thine e'en are like an eagle's e'en,
That sitteth proudly in his aerie,
They glitter with a starry sheen,
Yet modest as thy heart, Mary."

TIME AND TRAINS WAIT FOR NO MAN.

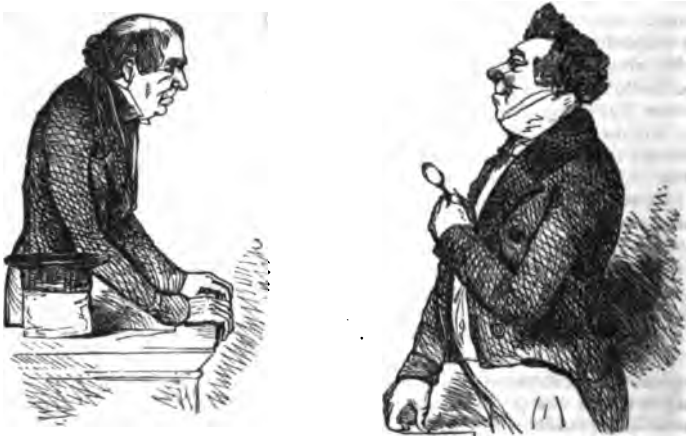
Mr. ALWAYSINASTEW married one morning, and resolved to make a wedding tour. He fixes on the afternoon of his wedding-day for the departure, purchases his tickets, and places his bride in the cars. Unluckily the wedding-bonnet has been forgotten, and he

hurries back to the station-house to secure it. Alas! while he is gone the train departs, and his blooming bride is borne off at the rate of forty miles the hour. He shouts, he stamps, and finally is seen vainly



TRYING TO CATCH THE LOCOMOTIVE!

POLITICAL TABLEAUX.



THE EFFECTIVE SPEAKER AND THE AFFECTED SPEAKER.

The former loves his cause for the benefits it promises the country; the latter for the benefits it promises self. With the for-

mer principle is considered, with the latter simply interest. The latter is always "unexpectedly called on to address, &c."

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

We see from the newspapers that the family of the late Gen. Worth have applied, by petition to Congress, for a pension of \$600 a year. The late General Worth was one of the most brilliant of the American generals in the late Mexican war. He also distinguished himself in the war with England, in 1812. In consequence of his health being broken in the climate of Mexico, he died in the prime of life, and, like all great soldiers, left no provision for his family.—The *Galveston (Texas) Journal* says that the enterprising proprietors of Sour Lake have been making preparations for visitors with a view to their comfort and pleasure for the present season. The *Journal* adds:—"Sour Lake is, in our opinion, destined to be the great watering place of the South. The undoubted medicinal qualities of the water, and their efficacy in restoring to health and vigor those afflicted by various chronic diseases, are becoming every day more generally known and appreciated, and we doubt not that ultimately its proprietors will realize a handsome fortune from their investment."—Professor Delacroix, of Besançon, in France, has discovered a mode of propagating from cuttings which is not only successful in cases of roses and other plants easy to live, but apples, pears, plums, apricots, etc. Out of a hundred cuttings put out in June, not one but was thriving in August in the open air, without shade or extra care, except watering a few times soon after they were planted. His method is to put the whole cutting in the ground, bent in the form of a bow, with the centre part up, and just on a level with the surface, at which point there must be a good bud or shoot, which is the only part exposed to the air; the other being protected by the earth from drying up, supports and gives vigor to the bud, which starts directly into leaf, and in its turn helps the cutting to form roots, and the whole soon forms a thriving tree. The mode of setting them is to form two drills about three inches apart, with a sharp ridge between, over which bend the cuttings, and stick an end in each drill, and cover up and press the earth firmly, and water freely. Cuttings should be of the last year's growth, fresh and vigorous.—The following inscription is to be placed in letters of gold on the coffin of the Emperor at the Invalides, in Paris:—"Napoleon Bonaparte, born the 15th August, 1769; chef d'escadron of artillery at the siege of Toulon, in 1793, at the age of 24; commander of artillery in Italy in 1794, at the age of 25; general-in-chief of the army of Italy in 1797, at the age of 28; he made the expedition to Egypt in 1798, at the age of 29; was nominated First Consul in 1799, at

30; Consul for life after the battle of Marengo, 1800; Emperor in 1804, at the age of 35; abdicated after Waterloo in 1815, aged 45, and died the 5th May, 1821, aged 52."—Dr. Beddoes, the English antiquarian, was so enormously corpulent that a lady of Clinton used to call him the "travelling haystack. He was once requested by a butcher to give it out that he bought his meat of him, as it would redound to the credit of any shop to have the feeding of such a Falstaff. At Cambridge resided this huge professor, and the paviors were wont to exclaim:—"God bless you, sir!" when he chanced to walk over their work.—In the court of Louis XV. lived two lusty noblemen, who were related to each other. The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulency, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning."—A resolution has been introduced in Congress for the purpose of indemnifying certain Spanish residents of New Orleans for the losses sustained by them in the Cuban riots in that city last summer.—Col. Sloo's contract for constructing a road across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, having come up a second time before the Mexican Congress, was rejected. Americans will find it hard work to get anything out of Mexico for many years to come. The victories we gained in that country have made a sore place, which is very hard to heal.—The German Punch (*Kladderadatsch*) has shared the fate of its English brother, and is definitely prohibited in France. The *Charavari* has preserved its life at the expense of its vitality, a regular case of *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. So says a correspondent of one of the papers.—Sometime since we translated the following physiological facts from a French scientific journal. We find them in an exchange paper, and they have travelled all over the Union:—"The average height of man and women, at birth, is generally sixteen inches. In each of the twelve years after birth, one-twelfth is added to the stature each year. Between the age of twelve and twenty the growth of the body is slower; and it is still further diminished after this, up to twenty-five the period of a maximum growth. In old age, the height of the body diminishes on an average of about three inches. The height of woman varies less than that of man in different countries. The average weight of a male infant is about seven pounds; of a female, about six and a half pounds. The weight of an infant decreases a few days after its birth, till it is a week old. At the end of the first year, the child is three times as heavy as when it is born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when a year

old. The average weight of both sexes at twelve is nearly the same; after that period, females will be found to weigh less than males. The average weight of men is one hundred and thirty pounds, and of women one hundred and twelve pounds. In the case of individuals of both sexes, under four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men, and *vice versa*. Men attain their maximum weight at about forty, and women at or near fifty. At sixty, both sexes usually commence losing weight, so that the average weight of old persons, men and women, is nearly the same as at nineteen.—The Rochester papers announce the arrival in that vicinity of a wandering tribe of "real Gypsies," whose advent to our shores last summer, was noticed at the time in the New York papers.—A Boston agricultural paper gives the following picture of a Missouri farm:—One thousand acres in one field, fenced with posts and rails, a mile and a half square, and containing 150 acres of corn, 40 acres of strawberries for the St. Louis market, 30 acres of flowers, 50 acres of peach trees, and 200 acres of other fruit, among which are 2,500 pear trees, 200 acres of mowing, and 30 of pasturage. One row of pear trees is three-quarters of a mile long, a protecting row of arbor vitæ. All the orchard ground is cultivated in strawberries, melons, or something else. There are 600 sheep and 160 cattle kept on the farm. It is upon the prairie near St. Louis, and has only been about six years in cultivation. It is owned by Ligerson & Brothers, who seem to understand that to make money by farming, money must be invested to begin with.—Frank Pierce has received, since his nomination for the Presidency, over 4000 invitations to public dinners, 10,000 letters from "friends" he never heard of before.—The Rev. Mr. Stewart advised three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man:—"First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?"—In a recent work, entitled "Pomology," no fewer than nine hundred and forty-two kinds of apples are enumerated as now cultivated in Great Britain.—The *Catholic Mirror* copies from a letter from General Pierce addressed to a gentleman in New York, a paragraph in relation to his having aided in the religious test in the New Hampshire constitution. He says, no charge could be more groundless; and that if the falsehood has not already received its appropriate brand, it will in due season.—General Scott, it is reported, when he heard of the nomination of Pierce, said, "I shall have one vote less than I thought."—Handel required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that when ever he dined alone at a tavern, he always

ordered "dinner for three;" and, on receiving an answer to his question, "Is de tinner retty?" "As soon as the company comes," he said, *contrepito*, "Den bring up te tinner, prestissimo. I am de gombany."—Vieuxtemps has taken a final leave of St. Petersburg, after residing there six years; he is at present in Berlin.—Music is flourishing and artists are successful at Constantinople; a young violinist, named Poussard, particularly so.—Lindpaintner has composed a new opera, and Reissiger a new oratorio.—The first was brought out at Stuttgart, the second at Berlin.—Chevalier Hulsemann arrived back at Bremen, on the 2d inst., and on the day following had an interview with Count Buol, the minister of Foreign Affairs. On the 3d, he had an audience with the Emperor,—but the papers are silent as to what was said.—The great and good Henry Clay died in Washington on the 29th ult. Several papers we notice have published the outline of his life which we gave a month or two since, word for word, and yet not a particle of credit to BIZARRE!—A Bottle had his nose knocked off the other day in a small town down East, from the effects of which he bled to death. We have not heard that his murderer was apprehended.—According to the *Dutchman*, Mrs. Pomroy says, if female women intended to adopt the Bloomer costume, they should only make one bite of it, and not mince it. Cutting a dog's tail off an inch at a time, hurts him more, she says, than if you took it all off at once. What this sentiment lacks in elegance, it makes up in strength.—The *Richmond Republican*, in the course of a sensible article on fashion, gives these valuable hints to the ladies: "Within a year or two past, corsets have been partially abandoned, but a substitute equally as destructive to health, has been adopted. In old times, ladies used to wear just enough petticoats to keep them comfortable, and these were kept in their places by shoulder straps. But now, it's no uncommon thing to see a weakly, delicate little creature perambulating the streets with six or eight skirts—some of them thick and heavy enough for horse blankets—tied tightly around her waist, thereby heating the spine, and creating a pressure upon the abdomen, that if constantly applied to the back of a mule, would kill him as dead as Julius Cæsar in less than a month. Advise her against these things, and you are answered 'it's fashionable to dress so, and one had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.' Fashion the deuce. It's fashionable for some fools to kill themselves outright, and be done with it. We therefore advice those ladies who are willing to die for fashion, to adopt that course, instead of pursuing another equally certain but much slower—the only difference

being, that where they determine to commit suicide by improper dressing, the doctors have the benefit of their decline, and the anguish and anxiety of friends and relations are kept alive for months, while in the latter case the blow falls heavily at first, but naturally wears off and is eventually forgotten.

—A private letter states that Biscaccianti had at last accounts amassed the snug little sum of \$15,000. A California admirer presented her with a diamond cross valued at \$500.—The reported independence of San Juan is denied.—In France loans have been asked for the completion of the tomb of Napoleon, another for a monument to M. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, accidentally shot in the insurrection of June, and lastly a credit of 300,000 francs destined to afford pensions to the servants of Louis Philippe.

—According to official data, within the nineteen years ending with 1851, there have been surpluses in the British revenue, amounting in the whole to £50,208,546; while in eleven years there have been deficiencies, the aggregate of which is £16,113,216. The taxes which were repealed during that period amounted to £39,834,547; and those imposed to £10,444,766; being a difference of £29,389,781 in favor of the tax bearers; and yet, notwithstanding this great deduction from the annual income, such has been the expansive power of those branches of revenue which have been continued that the absolute receipt is only £1,902,737 less in 1851 than it was in 1822; the revenue of 1822 having been £54,135,743, that of 1851 £52,233,006.—There is a fearful famine at this time in Bohemia.—The Queen of England has come out against Roman Catholic displays within her dominions.—The story of the Pole about his countrymen the Skupinskis is rather of the garbly order. We do not believe it. So many murders could not have been committed with impunity.

—A newspaper says:—When Mr. Clay removed from Virginia, where he was born, to Kentucky, his future residence, he married Lucretia Hart, daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq., a prominent citizen of Lexington.—Another daughter of the same gentleman was married to Hon. James Brown, of New Orleans, Minister at Versailles during the administrations of Messrs. Monroe and Adams. Mrs. Clay, who is now in her seventy-first year, and in the enjoyment of good health, has been the mother of eleven children, four of whom died in childhood. Eliza, a young lady of unusual promise, died suddenly, in 1824, while on her way to Washington with her father; and almost at the same moment the parents received intelligence of the decease of another daughter, the wife of Mr. Dubalde, of New Orleans. A third daughter, upon whom the father's affections seem

to have centered, after the death of the other two, died in 1835. She was married to Mr. James Erwine, of New Orleans; and her loss was a blow from which Mr. Clay never recovered. Of the five sons, the eldest, Theodore Wythe Clay, has been, since boyhood, an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Thomas Hart Clay, born in 1803, resides in Kentucky, and is engaged in the manufacture of hemp. Henry Clay, Jr., lost his life at the battle of Buena Vista. James B. Clay and John M. Clay, the youngest, are now practising the profession of the law in their native State.

—Louis Napoleon is now established at the chateau of St. Cloud, and he only goes to Paris to be present at the Minister's council and at the *soirées* he gives every Saturday evening.—From Greece we have received the news that the Greek Church has joined the Church of Constantinople, from which it was separated. The priests of that church do not acknowledge the power of King Otho. The Bishop of Allique has declared that the clergy had the power to act as they pleased.

—In Egypt, the mission of Fuad Effendi is completely accomplished. The *Tansimat* has been settled, as well as the arrangements relative to the sum of money which the Sublime Porte had advanced for the expedition of Egypt. The payment of the tax to the Turkish government will also be made, as regulated by Fuad Effendi, and the difficulties between the heirs of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha have been settled to the satisfaction of both parties.—The nephew of the Imaum of Muscat and Zanzibar is in Paris, where he comes to be educated at the Polytechnic School.—Emperor Joseph, of Austria, left Vienna on the 3d June, to go to Pesth. His absence was to last six weeks, and his intention was to visit Hungary, via Czeged, Keskemeth, Temeswar, Jasperenig and Buda. It has been decided between Joseph and Nicholas that they would meet with the King of Prussia at Warsaw. The date of their rendezvous is not yet known. In the meantime, the Czar is holding reviews at Warsaw, and lives at the palace of Lasieski.

—A very curious discovery has been made to preserve fish alive, and to keep them so for many months, out of the water. When the fish is caught, you place it into a hole made with clay, rendered wet with water and salt, and then you place the living fish in a pail of ice. Some fine fish, which had thus been prepared in Denmark, arrived the other day in Paris, and were to be seen "kicking," in a large pail of water, at the victualling store of M. Chevet.—A recent balloon ascension at Oldham, England, was terminated by the death of the aeronaut, Mr. James Goalston.—A recent exhibition of American flowers in London has been greatly admired.

BOOK NOTICES.

LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR, by HENRY MAYHEW; Part 19. HARPER & BROTHERS: New York.

To those who hold with Pope, that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

this work can hardly fail to be highly interesting as well as instructive. It demonstrates the truth of the proverb, that "one-half the world knows not how the other half lives." D'Israeli has named one of his novels "Sybil; or, The Two Nations," by which latter phrase he denotes the working and the non-working classes of Great Britain. And two nations they really are in their main course of life, thought, feeling and endurance. What is to become of, or what is to be done with and for those immense masses denominated "the poor," is becoming a tremendous and most appalling problem in the old and populous countries of Europe. To show something of the state of things in England alone, we cite a few statistics from our reliable witness. "In this country," says he, "there are 125,000 families, or 500,000 people, who depend on the weather for their food; 300,000 families, or 1,250,000 people, who can get employment only at particular seasons; 150,000 families, or 500,000 people, whose trade depends on the merely fashionable seasons, and who are thrown out of work at the close of these brief periods; and another 150,000 of families, or 500,000 people, dependent on the casual increase and decrease of commerce, and certain social and political accidents. Making, in the total, 725,000 families, or 3,000,000 of men, women and children, whose means of living are completely precarious, depending upon the rain, wind, or sunshine, the caprices of fashion, or the ebb and flow of commerce." This large number does not include professional paupers, beggars, prostitutes, or those who extort their subsistence by the various modes of crime, who would count, we fear, almost as many more. And this in the wealthiest and most powerful country of Europe, the "bulwark of Christianity," the "flower of modern civilization," the "cynosure of nations!" And this, too, without including Ireland, the land of famine, of eternal riot, and of rapid depopulation! Horrible as this picture is, we fear it scarce equals in horror the condition of things in France, and in some other places on the continent.

Say, then, whether this problem of the future fate of the poor be not one to bewilder and appal, especially as the case grows daily worse! And what hope exists, when we find the so called "Socialists," who are the only body of men that have studied and labored zealously to discover and apply a system of

comprehensive and effectual relief for the sufferings of the poor, almost universally anathematized and persecuted on both sides the Atlantic? By and by it will be found simple, literal truth, that the wisest, purest philanthropists of the first half of the nineteenth century were the vilified "Socialists." We do not, of course, include under this title those outlaws and pirates that cling to the skirts of every party and disgrace it in the eyes of the superficial. It is a curious fact, that in Europe the great foes of Socialism are St. Louis Napoleon of France, St. Nicholas of Russia, and St. Francis Joseph of Austria, while in this country, among the great champions of righteousness against this horrid Socialism, are Jas. Watson Webb, and that model of consistency, charity and humility, Orestes A. Brownson! But our space bids us close, which we do with a hearty commendation of the work under notice.

DOLLARS AND CENTS by AMY LOTHROP. 2 vols. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, New York, 1852.

The "better half" of our kind are, in this country at least, rapidly verifying their right to this immemorial title in literature, as well as elsewhere. Since the advent of charming "Fanny Forrester," a class of female belles lettres writers, yearly augmenting in numbers, has appeared, which (to avoid hazardous exaggeration) promises to occupy a much higher ground than their predecessors in this department. Alice Carey and her sisters; Miss Cheesbro; Anna Hanson Dorsey; and the writer of the present book, may be named as specimens of this school. Their pens deal rather with every day, actual, and often private, domestic life, than with historic or ultra romantic scenes and events, a feature, which, in itself, we regard as an unquestionable sign of great progress. Their books, too, in our view, exhibit greater depth and a more vigorous grasp; a profounder personal knowledge of both the great leading attributes and the minuter peculiarities and specialties of our common nature; and a more complete possession of that power of characterization which sets before us not mere bundles of qualities labelled with names; not mere shadows, void alike of substance and shape; but living, breathing human beings, whose veins run with a vital current akin to our own.

Among these writers "Amy Lothrop" (which, we presume, is a *nom de plume*) holds a very respectable rank. "Dollars and Cents" is a domestic tale, with great simplicity of plot, void of romantic or startling incidents, and resting its whole claim to merit on its fidelity to truth, nature, and reality; its delineation of character; and the interesting traits of the personages, to whom we are introduced. An opulent city family, comprising a father, a stepmother, two young daugh-

ters, and a ward, who is niece to the paternal family, becoming considerably reduced, remove to a farm in the country for economy's sake. The gentleman speculates—improves—mismanages from his inexperience of rural affairs—and the family become far more embarrassed than ever before. These embarrassments are well described, and their influence in modifying and tinging the various characters of the individuals concerned, is painted very naturally and vividly. Mr. and Mrs. Howard are well drawn characters and real beings. So also are the daughters Kate and Gracie, besides being two of the most charming young girls we have had the pleasure of meeting for many a day. Rodney Collingwood and Miss Caffery are specimens of rare excellence, with considerable originality of character, and wear an eminently life-like aspect. In fact, we regard our authoress, as particularly strong in characterisation, which (we need not say) is one of the highest attributes of genius. The tone of her book is pure, refined and moral in the best and truest sense. Excellently well, as she has here succeeded, she strikes us as one who has a large amount of talent yet to be developed. We trust she will continue to tread the path, on which she has entered, with "Excelsior" for her motto, and the impulse of her life!

THE NAPOLEON BALLADS, by BON GAULTIER.
GEO. P. PUTNAM: New York, 1852.

It is generally known, we presume, that "Bon Gaultier" is the nom de plume of W. C. Aytoun, a Scottish Professor. His first humorous work, we believe, was a volume of ballads and poems very much in the style of the famous "Rejected Addresses" by James and Horace Smith; and contrary to the proverbial fate of imitators, Aytoun's book, in our view, quite equalled its model. In a strain of exquisite humor and exuberant fun, with a rare felicity of versification, he there presented the characteristic peculiarities of many leading British poets, not omitting to give some rather unmerciful raps over our knuckles for specialties pertaining, in his view, to ourselves. It is a book of infinite fun.

The present work is from beginning to end a satirical onslaught upon that unmitigated scamp, Louis Napoleon. The satire is not good-humored as in the former case, but it is downright sparring without the mufflers.—The leading points of the entire known life of the usurper, including his doings and sayings up to the present time, are embodied in a series of so-called poems, purporting to be written by the Prince himself, and to set forth the motives of his acts and the ends he had in view. They are excessively acrid and stinging, and are as amusing as things so

leavened can well be. But more highly than any other quality in them we prize their tendency to set in the odious light they merit, the career and crimes of this abominable incubus now pressing on the bosom of France. Indeed there has been nothing for a long time, which has so warmed our hearts towards England, and so clearly brought out the radical integrity and love of freedom which characterize the best portion of the British race, as the reception the usurper's proceedings have met with across the channel, and the unqualified and open condemnation awarded to them. We may be assured, that the crime of the libricide cannot long pass unpunished through the assaults of a free and honest press, even though it speak in a foreign tongue. Heaven speed the crisis, say we!

BLEAK HOUSE, No. 4, by DICKENS. HARPER & BROTHERS: New York.

If "Homer sometimes nods," Dickens certainly drops occasionally into a sleep unvisited of dreams. Parts of this number are as poor, paltry and flat things as we ever recollect trying to wade through. Jarndyce and Boythorn, as they were originally rather fine conceptions, still throw somewhat of interest over these pages. But all else seems, by contrast, even slimmer and inaner than it otherwise would. Heaven grant, that Dickens's cask hasn't been drained down to its dregs, for dregs and water won't long pass current, though drawn from the old cask. These periodical tasks, that must be ready to the moment, are exhaustive and fatal to most writers in the end, and to writers of the finest genius perhaps more so than to any other. The spirit will not soar "into the highest heaven of invention" at the imperious bidding of any person or occasion. It must fly at its "own sweet will," or not at all. We do trust that this failure is only accidental, and that we shall speedily see "Richard himself again."

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, by BENSON J. LOSSING: No. 23. HARPER & BROTHERS: New York.

So well known is this admirable serial, that it were almost superfluous saying aught else concerning it, except that we endorse, without qualification, the praises universally accorded it by the press in all quarters of our wide confederacy. Old Mortality performed a pious work in renewing with his chisel the vanishing inscriptions on the grave-stones of the Scottish Martyrs. Mr. Lossing has executed the same pious task on a vastly broader scale, and has reared a monument to his own patriotic sentiments which Americans, so long as liberty inhabits their soil, will not suffer to sink into oblivion. He has person-

ally visited the places which he describes with his pen and represents with his pencil, and from materials gathered on the spot, as well as from the most reliable authorities, he has framed his narratives of the events which should make these places "holy ground." He is alike felicitous with pencil and pen, and his book is both intensely interesting and eminently useful. The severe and prolonged trials and endurances of our fathers in contending for that freedom and independence, in whose noontide brightness and warmth we are now basking, cannot be too often recurred to and too deeply pondered by their children. Those dark, struggling, suffering days brought out into view heroic qualities and lofty virtues, which, star-like, shed light and beauty over the firmament of our nation's past. Let us not forget to gaze at those stars, and walk by their shining. In our day of prosperity our trials are not ended, but are of an opposite description. We are tempted to forget that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance;" and not vigilance alone, but the possession and exercise of intelligence and virtue akin to those wherewith the Revolutionary Fathers won the heritage they bequeathed to us.

Honor, then, to our author for his inestimable work! And not honor alone, but that pecuniary requital, without which honor can never be fully satisfactory! His Field Book should be a *vade mecum* to every true American.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

WE HAVE received from the Harpers the following works:—Marco Paul's Travels in Maine, Vermont, and New York; together with his description of the Erie Canal, the whole embracing four neat volumes. Also, No. 24 of Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution; and volume 2 of Lamartine's Revolution of Monarchy in France. These works will be particularly noticed in our next.—We have received from G. P. Putnam—which we shall also notice in our next—"Ploughing it in the Bush," by Mrs. Mordie, forming Nos. 12 and 13 of the semi-monthly library.

THE HONORS bestowed upon the remains of Henry Clay were well earned. Their sojourn in Philadelphia were marked by a sensation which pervaded the whole city. Well may our people mourn, when such pillars of the state fall.—THE LAST number of "Old Knick" is unusually agreeable. The editor, indeed, seems to grow brighter and brighter every day. We have known him for at least twenty years past; and the last time we saw him, we thought he was in a remarkably fine state of preservation. It is astonishing how well some people bear their years!—Our

List of late works will appear in the next number. We cannot find space for this feature oftener than once a month.—HARPER'S *New Monthly* for July is a most admirable number. We are indebted to A. Hart for our copy, as indeed we are for all the works published by the Messrs. Harper.—DR. HOOKER, at Eighth and Chestnut street, has published the substance of Bishop Potter's lecture on "Drinking Usages," delivered a few months since at Pittsburgh. It is a capital production, and will, probably, be more fully noticed by us hereafter.—THE *Southern Literary Gazette*, which comes to us from Charleston, (S. C.), we admire very much. The editor's acquaintance we had the pleasure to make while he was recently sojourning in Philadelphia, and we at once felt a warming towards him in our heart, which we are satisfied will increase with future meetings.—ROOR showed us the other day, a beautiful picture of Gen. Pierce, the Democratic candidate for President, which we hope to have engraved for our next number. Gen. Scott, the Whig candidate, of course will quickly follow. To return to Roor. He was never fuller of business; and the reader will understand that we are in the same building with him, and therefore speak by the testimony of our eyes. Such a "getting up stairs" as there is, of old and young, lean or fat, plain and fair, to look upon. Some of the picture-seekers wander into our room, and after giving a look at the pictures, the *statuettes*, the busts, and at last at ourselves, conclude that they have made a slight mistake. Not a few, very pretty ladies trip into our *sanctum* with their dear little moussy-woussy's all made up for a picture; when seeing nobody but a single individual, somewhere above twenty busy plying the pen, they give a nervous little cough, right about face and glide away from the presence, before a word can be uttered!—We saw some truly *distingué* autographs the other day. They were in the possession of Mr. Levi, the Chiropodist from London, whose advertisement appears in our pages, being attached to certificates favoring his skill as an operator. Among them were Prince Swarsenberg, Louis Napoleon, and several English noble gentlemen and ladies. We know a friend who would give Mr. Levi a pretty little sum for his collection; because when added to his own they would form a whole of great names very hard to beat in any part of the world.—NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.—Genoa, 12th June, 1852.—DEAR BIZARRE:—I se ze the first moments of leisure, after a rapid trip through England and France to pen some things for you. We arrived here yesterday, after a 27 hours ride from Nice by the diligence, along one of the most beautiful shore routes in the world, and

are now located at the Hotel Feder. In the afternoon I visited the Villa Tallavicini, and such walks! such lakes! such waterfalls! such fountains! such fairy summer-houses! and such a grotto! can only be imagined, not described. Suffice it to say that the work of laying out the ground in such perfect imitation of nature, in her wildest forms, together with the building of the house required 500 to 600 men for 8 years, and cost \$1,000,000! One of the sources of amusement to the knowing ones, is to see the uninitiated get a wetting from the fountains hidden in the grass and shrubbery, and turned on by the guide at a signal from some member of the party that probably has bought his experience on a former occasion. It was our fortune to be in close proximity to two gentlemen accompanying a jolly, fat young lady, who amused us much. The gentlemen were *au fait*, and gave the benefit of their experience to the lady; and as we were stationed within a short distance, and near by a perfect fairy garden, in which was a splendid swing, we observed the gentlemen place the lady in the swing, and we were about desecanting on the probability of a breakdown, when we heard her scream; for all at once numerous tiny jets of spray crossed the range of the oscillation of the swing, which she knew she had to pass through in her ascent and descent without the power to avoid; and every time she approached the strata of water a scream from a good pair of lungs burst forth, and a good hal hal from the gentlemen, to which we added the chorus with a hearty good cheer. She had scarcely alighted from the swing, and commenced crossing a fairy bridge over the lake, when numerous other fountains burst forth from the grass and bridge—directly in front of her, and as she offered to beat a retreat she was met by others playing in all directions, so that she could only stand still and scream for a moment or two, by which time her bonnet and barege dress, were pretty well showered, and as we passed by where she was we found her drying her clothes in the sun, with her bonnet and cape off and a goodly display of flesh and blood in the way of a splendid neck exposed to view, but as she appeared so jolly, and took all in good part, we joined in the smile and passed on, merely observing that we had no doubt the shower bath must have felt fine to one blessed with so much animal heat as she appeared to possess. More anon.

—THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT CONVENTION held its sittings in Independence Hall, on the 5th and 6th instants. Mr. Spencer, of New York, from a committee appointed for the purpose, offered resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. There can be no question but the object of the Convention will be carried out. Much credit is due Col.

Waterman of our city for first moving in the patriotic business.—FLORENCE HEIGHTS are now a prominent resort for summer visitors. The new hotel on the hill is finished, and presents an *ensemble* quite up to the best houses at Saratoga and Newport. It is finished throughout in superb style, and is rapidly filling up with the most genteel company. Capt. Miller is the lessee, a gentleman well known and highly appreciated. He retains possession of the excellent hotel at the wharf, where such persons can sojourn as prefer the situation to that of the new house. Many will undoubtedly do so from its nearness to the landing. We sailed down from Florence on the evening of the Fifth, in the good steamboat Edwin Forrest, Capt. McMakin, and shall never forget the scene which everywhere met our eye. The air was soft and balmy; not a cloud marred the surface of the heavens; stars twinkled clearly and brightly, while the whole horizon was lighted up with jets of fire, the effusion of native enthusiasm in honor of the day. We shall not soon forget that scene; not we.—WE HAVE received Mr. Charles Hale's *To-Day*, in its improved form, and are delighted with it. If the Bostonians do not support such a paper, then they have not the good taste for which we have always given them credit.—THE LATEST news from abroad, indicates that Master Louis Napoleon is likely to have difficulty with the National Assembly he himself as good as selected. "When rogues fall out," &c. France is not so securely fixed in the despotic noth as many persons imagine.—THE YELLOW SPRINGS are fast filling up. Why should they not, at such a broiling time? We feel, full twenty times a day, when deeply engaged in BIZARRÉ, a disposition to place ourselves under the care of German John, and his ice-cold baths. We will do so, too, we think, and that right shortly.—WE MET a very philosophical Irishman the other day. He was, too, nothing but an oster; an oster, however, at Florence, a most capital spot for elasticity, mental and physical. "I have lost my lay-out line," said a fellow angler—for we were at the time fishing for rock. "An shure, where did you lose it?" said Pat. "Just out yonder," said our friend, pointing to the spot in the river, "the buoy was not large enough." "Warn't it," said Pat; "well now that's a pity; was your hooks baited, sir?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, then you'll git it again." "How so?" "Why, shure, the fish'll get hould of the bait, and then, of course, they'll get hooked, and then after squirming and kicking a spell, they'll die, and then, wont they rise to the top of the wather and bring up the line wid um?" We all laughed, of course, at which Pat moodily said, "sure now, and dead fishes always rise to the top of the wather."

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.



ing with the gentleman who now has them in charge, and who is exceedingly kind to them.

These singular little creatures have been at the Masonic Hall several weeks, and have attracted thousands to see them. Whence they come we will not pretend to say; but that they are the greatest curiosities we have ever seen, we are frank to confess. The boy is 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, the girl 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. The last visit we paid them satisfied us as to their intelligence, indeed, the idea of their being idiotic is perfectly absurd. The boy is said to be from 14 to 18, the girl 10 years old. Physicians who have examined them confirm this idea of the gentleman in whose charge they are. An attempt was lately made in our courts to get the children away from him, through a claim set up by a person from Nicaragua, who pretended to be commissioned by their father and mother. The decision of the bench, however, was favorable to the children remain-

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IN ADDITION to the above authenticated testimonials, many thousands more in his possession can be seen by favoring him with a call at 21 SANSOM street, Philadelphia.

S. W. JACOBS

Has constantly for sale, a large assortment of first class

Coaches and Carriages

OF THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN DESIGNS.

Orders received for all the most **MODERN STYLE CARRIAGES**, and guaranteed, in point of style, finish, and durability, inferior to none in this market.

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Arch Street, above 6th.

**LACEY & PHILLIPS,
Saddlery and Harness**

WAREHOUSE,

No. 12 South Fifth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

The first and only Prize Medal for Harness at the World's Fair in London was awarded to Messrs. L. & P. of this city—an honor they won over the competition of the whole world.

They invite attention to the following list of prices of Stock:—

Horse Blankets, from	87½ to \$2 50
Thick Horse Covers	\$4 00 to \$7 20
Good Plain Serviceable Single Harness.	18 00 to 25 00
Do Fancy do do	28 50 to 35 00
Do Plain Double Harness	40 00 to 60 00
Do Fancy do	65 00 to 80 00

Messrs. L. & P. have just purchased the patent right of a new collar, light, graceful, and beautiful in the extreme, suited to all style of Harness, with which no horse can gall, no matter how long he is driven.

NOTINGS OF BUSINESS.

CONRAD MEYER has a list of the World's Fair Jury, which he conspicuously displays at his wareroom. These gentlemen were sensible enough to pronounce the pianos Meyer exhibited in the Crystal Palace worthy of a premium; a compliment to taste, and independence in expressing it, though favorable to an American—for Meyer calls himself nothing else—which is well merited. By the way, while talking of Meyer, let us add that he is daily getting out the very best instruments he has ever made, and that they may now be seen in his wareroom Fourth below Chesnut.

THE TOOTH WASH of FRANCIS ZERMAN, Ninth and Catharine streets, is daily growing more and more in demand, and very naturally; for as its high merits are better known, there is necessarily an increased call for it. We have tried this preparation, and know its virtues. It is highly commended by the press; and some of our most prominent dentists also speak of it in very favorable terms. It is for sale by all the principal druggists in the city. We have heard likewise that large orders are made for it in other large places.

WE ASK attention to the fact that MAURICE's blank-books are every where highly commended. Certainly, too, a better article could not be had. Maurice gets distinction every way; that honor which is really most substantial—because it pays best—comes to him from his business. Mere empty honors, or those which are not accompanied with a salary are but of little account; Maurice has both and therefore is twice blessed. His excellent stationary store is at 108 Chesnut st.

WE NOTICE that C. N. ROBINSON, Chesnut above Ninth is constantly getting in new paintings and engravings from abroad. We ask attention to his advertisement which may be found on another page.

MR. O. B. C. CARTER, 171 Chesnut street, keeps a splendid assortment of pianos, those, too, which embrace among them the work of some of the best makers in the country. He also has æolians, seraphines and melodeons of the finest manufacture. We should always when speaking of Carter, note his great love of music, a fact which has induced him to connect himself with many enterprizes for its advancement in Philadelphia, of one of which, the Philadelphia Academy of Music, he is now the President.

THOSE of our citizens who are preparing for sojourns at Cape May, Saratoga, Flor-

ence, Yellow Springs, &c., should procure whatever they desire in the fancy-goods line from WM. T. FRY, 227 Arch st. Mr. F. manufactures many of the articles he sells himself, particularly those which embrace his stock of work-boxes, jewel-cases, writing-desks, and portfolios. They are made, too, of the richest materials, with trimmings perfectly in keeping. Mr. Fry showed us, by the way, not long since, some very fine English goods which he had just got in. He is constantly importing superior goods.

THE McCLURES, Market below Eighth, continues to enjoy peculiar favor from builders, whom they supply with all kinds of materials and at the lowest possible prices.

THE GERMAN BITTERS of Hooftland, of which Dr. C. M. JACKSON is sole proprietor in this country, are always more largely in demand at this season when there is such a tendency to diseases of the liver and a general disorganization of the system. They are very effective in their influence, and yet without seriously inconveniencing the patient. We have no space to enlarge upon them in the present number, but it is our purpose to do so somewhat fully hereafter. Dr. J.'s principal office is at 120 Arch street.

WE ASK attention to the extracts which we make from Reach's fascinating "Claret and Olives." That portion of them referring to the Cettæ adulterators is very curious. By the way, in order to avoid the vile concoctions of the Cettæ chemists, in other words to get a moeselle as is a moeselle, or a claret as is a claret, our readers have only to go to J. Snider, Jr., Walnut street, below Fourth.

CHURCH'S BIZARRE.

The Cheapest Paper in the Union.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

It is a royal octavo of thirty-two pages, devoted to Literature, Science, the Arts, and General News. It is embellished with choice wood cuts, from designs by Devereux. Its pages contain nothing of an exceptionable character, and the greatest care is exerted to make it thoroughly moral in its tone.

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Specimen numbers sent to order.

Editors copying the above prospectus will be entitled to the paper for one year.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU?"—*Farquhar.*

Church's Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

NEW SERIES.
PART 8.

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

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FIVE CTS.



A SCENE IN LA HALLE.

Paris is celebrated above all other places for the excellency, and for the beautiful and convenient arrangement of its markets. Added to the magnificence of some of these immense structures, the greatest neatness and comfort will be found to prevail. *Halle* and *la Halle* are expressions frequently used both in English and French, but their precise signification does not seem to be generally known. *Halle* is a generic word signifying market.—Paris contains numerous *Halles* for the sale

of specific articles, as the leather *halle*, the wine *halle*, the cloth *halle*, the corn *halle*, etc. But there is only one market called *La Halle*; this is situated between the streets of Saint Denis, Aux Fers, and de la Lingerie, and is consecrated to the sale of every different sort of provisions at retail. The above cut represents a pleasant little daily episode of *La Halle*, and gives one a good idea of the cleanliness and beautiful order that prevails there.

EDUCATION AT HOME.

A thoroughly industrious, energetic person, resolved not to waste or lose a single moment, finds treble the time of an indolent one for whatever he may wish to do; and the former, even when having a world of business on his hands, has ever more leisure for answering extra calls than the latter with however few matters to attend to. This we can attest from personal experience; having always found that the more we had to do, the more we could do, and the more spare moments we had, or at least seemed to have. These remarks we would apply to home.

It is not uncommon to hear a father say, he has no time, on account of the pressure of his business, for bestowing on his children the attention he should like in the way of instruction. And sometimes the same remark may be heard from a mother. Now, we venture to say, that both parties are here in error; and that both, however numerous the matters exacting their attention, may find the leisure for imparting an incalculable amount of very important instruction.

The one great point to bear in mind, is to let no instant go by unused. And you may commence instructing your little ones long before the schoolmaster's task begins. And to do this, be specially careful to take advantage of childhood's native propensities and tastes. For instance, all children, at a very early age, are fond of stories, even where the material of them consists of the most common, familiar things and incidents about them.—Now, however busy you may be, you probably sit at table with your children once or twice a day. Why not, then, employ these minutes in descanting for their benefit on the articles covering your table, using, as far as convenient, the simple narrative for the vehicle of your information? Take the bread they are eating for your theme, describing its ingredients and the several processes it has passed through to reach its present form—the sowing, the successive stages of growth, the reaping, the drying, the threshing, the grinding, the mixing, the raising, and the baking. Then the butter eaten on the bread—what numerous items are comprised in its description, including the whole natural history of the animal yielding the milk whereof it is made. The tea and the coffee, again, furnish a multitude of topics for discussion, embracing not merely an account of the growing of the plant from its germination, but also of the countries, with their populations, which produce these plants. And what a field is here opened for anecdotes and tales concerning these strange regions and people so unlike our own!

You may pursue the same course with every thin g upon your table, and every article

composing your dress, as well as those contained within your house from garret to cellar. A moment's thought will show you, that here is a fund of topics for conversation which years could hardly exhaust. A large portion of these topics are sufficiently understood, for the purpose in question, by every parent competent to read these lines; and what are not understood may readily be learned from books accessible in these days to all. This species of information, more or less of it, may be imparted to children under seven years of age, and during those fragments of time, which even with the busiest of people, are not otherwise occupied; and it is one of the most valuable kinds of information for those of all ages. We have said, all children like stories. We would then recommend the use of this vehicle for impressing on young children the grand salient events and personages of history, both sacred and secular. I have known a father to use it, with eminent success, in familiarising to his little ones the main incidents and characters of the Old and New Testaments. His method was nearly as follows:—He would represent himself as setting forth on ship-board with his boys for the Holy Land. He would give some description of the ship with its several parts and movements,—of the Atlantic with its finny inhabitants,—of the winds, clouds and mists,—of the sun, moon, and stars, with their various aspects, as viewed during the voyage, till having traversed the Mediterranean sea, they landed on the Syrian coast. Then followed a general description of Palestine, with its mountains, hills, valleys, plains, waters, vegetable and animal productions, and popular customs, many of them so greatly differing from our own. Next came a sketch of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth and other memorable places in connection with the events that made them memorable.

Thus in the simplest, most familiar terms were narrated the thrilling events, whether of the ordinary or the miraculous kind, comprised in the Hebrew Chronicles, interspersed with such explanations and comments as made clear the moral and religious meaning of these events and the principles and retributory consequences involved therein,—all being lodged in minds, which, through their greater impressibility, and their comparative lack of other pre-occupation, would receive them most eagerly and retain them most tenaciously.

In this way a large mass of facts of all kinds, not merely comprehending common things, but pertaining to the several sciences and arts and to universal history, may be communicated to children before they reach the proper age for attending school. And, when thus instructed, they enter upon school

tuition with extraordinary advantages, being fitted to profit thereby to a vastly greater degree, than those previously left wholly to themselves.

And the same home-usages may be prolonged even through their school-days up to the period of their quitting the parental roof. Whatever is studied at school will be far more thoroughly mastered if made the theme of familiar conversation between parents and children at home. And, as we have before hinted, moral and religious, as well as intellectual instruction, may be given at the same time and in the same simplified manner.— Principle, duty and responsibility appear far more real and take a much more tenacious hold on the mind, when thus presented in a concrete rather than an abstract form—in association with things and events instead of alone. The same, indeed, is true of scientific and all other principles.

In the preceding remarks we have not undertaken to exhaust or even to go very deeply into this momentous subject, but merely to offer a few simple suggestions, which your thoughts may develop into detail. From a good deal of observation we are certain that parents, however limited their early educational opportunities may have been, and however laborious their daily lives may be, can render vast service to their children by employing their occasional intervals of leisure in some such way as we have intimated. The seventh day of the week is a universal boon, and such as really desire it, may make many hours, at each of its returns, big with most valuable results to their little ones.

Nor can any help seeing, that many incidental good effects, besides the information gained by the younger members, must accrue to the whole household, the parents not less than the others, from pursuing such a course. Domestic peace and happiness are promoted, —the bonds of affection and good will are strengthened and drawn closer between parents and children by the sense, on the one side, of benefits received, and on the other, of benefits conferred,—not to mention, that the mental discipline involved in giving instruction, is quite equal in value to that of receiving it,—while, in fine, all alike enjoy the pleasure, as well as advantage, of the sympathies awakened by a community of occupation, thought and feelings.

Without venturing to affirm that the foregoing suggestions are either novel or profound, we can affirm our belief, founded on some experience and much observation, that they who will give them a fair and thorough trial, will find them in a high degree useful to all parties concerned.

THE best adhesive label you can put on a egg is to stick to it yourself.

THE PRINCESS DE BELGIOJOSO.*

Femina sexu, ingenio vir.

It has been many years now since this strange woman, the modern Penthesilea, has been pleading, turn by turn, with the musket and the pen, the enfranchisement of Italy. Whilst her noble husband was displaying his magnificent voice at the piano, she, always active and intrepid, continued her task through a thousand dangers—now pursued by the sbirris of Austria—now obliged to save herself from Genoa by flight to sea, in a little bark, in the middle of the night.

The Princess of Belgiojoso is, with Madame de Stael, George Sand, the Countess of Landsfeldt, and some others, of that small number of women who will leave behind a seriously political renown in the history of their time. Formerly Italy would have made of her a minister, or a general of an army. Daughter of the Marquis Trivulce and the Marchioness Gherardini, her name is inscribed at the very head of the golden book of the Italian nobility.

Her age is forty-one. I say it brutally, and without any more gallantry than the almanac of Gotha. But she has nevertheless retained all the characteristic beauties of her youth, her raven hair, bright black eye, curling lip, grace, haughtiness, and *distingue* air.

There is in the street of Montparnasse, in Paris, in the midst of trees, a splendid hotel: it is hers. An iron gate of exquisite, fantastical workmanship, opens upon a garden, full of shade and grass, where four or five white-footed kids are gamboling; a little girl, who has brought from Italy upon her face the kiss of its ardent sun, runs in pursuit of them, a willow switch in her hand. The house stands far back, the upper part richly carved, and the corners surmounted by turrets of iron. On the door-sill, plunged in a great arm-chair, when the weather is fine, sits meditating a man with closed eyes—a blind man. It is he whom Chateaubriand has called “the Homer of history,”—it is Augustin Thierry.

The profound friendship which unites the Princess Belgiojoso and the author of “The Conquest of England,” is a beautiful and noble spectacle. This alliance of active thought and passive thought—of the *chevaliere* and the hermit—of commotion and repose—is every day found in powerful results. The one setting out goes to make history: the other waits at home and relates it. But every year finds them reunited at the same green-baize desk.

The works of the Princess Belgiojoso are more those of a Benedictine than of a woman

* Prepared from a recent French notice.

of the world. Elegantly reposing upon an ottoman, in an attitude which Vidal has reproduced in a beautiful pastel which now decorates her saloon, she would counsel all the theologians of the earth. There is no difficult question for her. It was that taper little hand which wrote the four volumes of the "Essay upon the formation of the Catholic dogma;" that gracefully moving head, wreathed with fuchsias, has been big with the translation of "The New Science," of Vico. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Democratic Pacifique* count her among the number of their most diligent contributors. Is not this enough to terrify those vaporous countesses who bleed themselves to blancher their skins? And Napoleon—who called women *lace-souled*, would he not to-day withdraw his disdainful charge before the Princess Christine Trivulce de Belgiojoso?

She has at the same time published at Paris the *Gazetta Italiana*, which dates from 1845, and the *Ausonia*, a monthly review, established in March, 1846. Chief editor of these two journals, without turning pale, she met in them the highest political questions, in a concise, skilful, abrupt style, in which sobriety did not exclude grace, nor imagination wound logic.

Rich and generous, she has scattered her riches, and still does every day, in philanthropic creations, in France, Italy—every where. Two years ago the *Moniteur* and the *Journal of Public Instruction* published a long and indiscreet list of the institutions of charity and education founded by her. The peasants about Milan, especially those of the village of Locate, uncover their heads when she passes, and religiously invoke her name in their regular evening prayers.

In the midst of these grave preoccupations, Madame Trivulce de Belgiojoso has found nevertheless the time and the secret of being constantly one of the most amiable and most brilliant of the women of the fashionable world. Her *salon* is celebrated throughout Paris. Amongst those who there make their rendezvous, we may cite that man of grenadier stature, Ary Scheffer, who creates painted mysticisms; Liszt and his disciple Salvator; Victor de Laprade, a poet and a professor; Amedée Thierry; M. Ravaisson; without counting abbès, representatives, soldiers, financiers, and great lionesses; in fine all the brilliancy and intelligence of Paris is there.

Two or three years ago when the Princess of Belgiojoso lived in the avenue d'Antin, in the Champs-Élysées, Bou Maza was often found at her house, that lion of the Desert, led in a leash by Captain Richard; Bou Maza went every day to *pose* dejectedly for two hours before Theodore Chasseriau. In the evening he repaired to the cordial receptions of the Princess, and smoked with her the

narguileh of peace. Then the conversation—often confined to some the most familiar—the Countess of Landfeld,* la Guiccioli, (now the Marchioness de Boissy,) the Abbe Lanci, and two or three others, would take a more sportive turn, and would be prolonged often beyond midnight. After every puff of smoke Madame de Belgiojoso, with a pair of little silver pincers, would resort to a cup of vermeil, in which floated an orange cut into almost imperceptible slices.

Her last journey to Italy, and the war in which she was concerned, have been for the journals the theme of a thousand and one eccentric recitals, continuations apparently of the poems of Ariosto. As a new *Bradamante*—a standard in one hand, and a naked sword in the other—they have represented her on horse-back, guiding to battle a legion of volunteers. Why M. Angelo Pier Fiorentino alleges that he held her stirrup in the grand square of Milan.

But why does not Madame Christine herself write her campaigns? Who better than she could paint in flame and blood the proud chapter of the Italian insurrection? The pen which has described the violence of the monk Savonarole could fasten upon the front of despotism the force of the love of liberty. History written between two musket-shots, above all others, will be eternal.

We will check the pen here upon this simple profile of a woman, illustrious by her beauty, by her courage, and by her talent,—who is at the same time, as has been said by another, a political woman, a grand lady, and a *man of letters!*

* Since married to M. Heald, and now just departed on a voyage to America. The Countess of Landfeld possesses all that perplexing non-balance of the Turkish women, and by her course of life, and her peculiar beauty presents the most perfect type of the *housse*. In the extreme sense of the word. Her immense eyes, varying in color like the *o-m-l-eon*, and generally supposed to be really black, while they are in fact, when in repose, of a grayish blue, are fringed as well below as above, with such long silken lashes, so black and thick set, that they become almost a phenomenon. The effect is precisely that so eagerly sought to be attained by the women of the Orient by the use of *surmak*, a purple colored powder prepared from antimony. The Countess is of the age of a romance of Balzac, and she will always maintain it. She has the wit and spirit of a book of Bussey-Babatin, and she will always maintain it.

MODERN GREEKS.

We think that our readers, like ourselves, must feel some interest in the descendants of the magnificent Grecian race, whose literature and whose chronicled acts have, for 3000 years, been among the world's chief luminaries. In the revolution, which broke the chain of Turkish oppression, those descendants showed that the "Greek fire" was not yet extinguished; and that the favorite clime of Minerva and Apollo was capable

still of producing heroes, of whose relationship Leonidas and Epaminondas, Miltiades, and Phocion would not have been ashamed.

But not in arms alone have they displayed the spirit of their sires. In letters also they have won no small reputation, though little is known here of their achievements in this department. Athanasius Christopoulos, the author of the following poem, is a man of considerable culture, both literary and scientific. He gained great credit, several years ago, by the production of an Aeolico-Dorian grammar, in which he maintained, as was thought, successfully, that those peculiarities which distinguish the modern from the ancient Greek language, were merely forms of the old Doric and Ionic dialects; and that, in fact, the language of Plato and Demosthenes was substantially the language of the Greece of to-day. Our author, however, is more widely known and admired among his countrymen through his Anacreontic odes. We here give a literal version of one of these:

TO EROS.

O Love! who, brightest, gayest,
With bland dominion awayest
The universe of things;
Mind, body, heart proclaim thee,
My tongue delights to name thee,
And thee adoring sings.

To thee all power is given;
And through earth, air, and heaven
Thy sway all spirits own;
And, e'en where glooms eternal
Fold Night's old realms infernal,
Thy conquering shafts have frown.

That glance, beneath whose beaming
Life's joyous tide is streaming,
Let that but cease to burn;
See Nature's frame decaying;
See all her bright arraying
To sombre sadness turn!

Thy charms, above comparing,
Thy power, beyond declaring,
Glory, all thought above;
Thy darts, which Time assails not,
Thy providence, which fails not,
I worship, mighty Love!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOMAD.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

The reader will please go back to a time now long past, and allow me to speak in the present tense.

Near Henry Clay, to the left of the Vice President's chair, sits a gentleman whom it were scarce pardonable to omit noticing in even a cursory account of the United States'

Senate. Being on his feet in the closing part of a speech, as we enter, we have a good opportunity to sketch his portrait.

He is a tall man,—six feet certainly if not more,—very broad and square-shouldered, though rather thin than stout in person generally; very erect; and in the carriage alike of the head and the entire frame showing himself a man of much frank, easy courage; great self-respect; and a dignified self-possession and self-reliance. His face is rather full and ruddy, with features not sufficiently marked to render a description of them easy on a first view. His eyes are blue, and his hair was, most probably, of a reddish hue, since the wig supplying its loss bears that hue. This wig comes so far down upon the forehead and temples, that, at the distance I am sitting, I cannot judge accurately of the size and configuration of his fore-cranium. The head, however, is, on the whole, well shapen and of good size, and the expression of the countenance is good-humored and prepossessing.

William C. Preston, the subject of my sketch, is, I think, an uncommonly fine specimen of the genus man. Like so many other of the illustrious or notable men, who have appeared in our history, he is Virginian by birth, though he has been for many years and is at present a citizen of South Carolina. He is a descendant of Patrick Henry, and therefore should, of right, be an orator and a man of talent. And both these he is most undeniably, though his oratory must, in many points, differ widely from that of his great kinsman. For Mr. Preston is a thoroughly educated man, especially in classic and belles lettres lore, and exhibits the refinements and graces naturally flowing from such a discipline. His original temperament, I should judge, must have been of the same mercurial, fiery, impulsive quality with Patrick Henry's; and the superaddition to such a temperament of thorough classic culture and a complete mastery of the appliances of the rhetorical art makes his eloquence a quite singular combination. He is, at the same time, one of the most out-gushing, impetuous and vehement of speakers, and one of the most artificial. His gesticulation, for its variety, its beauty and its forceful significance, might compete with what tradition tells us of that of the Roman Roscius. It is speech in itself, and you will rarely witness pantomime that equals it or so distinctly conveys meaning without words. And, though his gestures are incessant, you would not spare one of them, since they not only give you pleasure, in themselves, by their grace and elegance, but they so accord with, enlarge and intensify the words they accompany, that you see not how his thoughts could better spare the former than the latter.

Yet his thoughts also are fine, striking and copious, illustrated and embellished with very frequent, always apt, and often exquisitely beautiful figures. Indeed in this last trait Mr. Preston exhibits the imagination of a veritable poet.

He is a remarkably fluent, off-hand speaker, pouring forth for hours together, an uninterrupted, exhaustless stream of original, impressive thoughts; and though manifestly under a tempest of excitement, so completely ruling and guiding this tempest, that these thoughts are garbed and set off by all the graces of a most complex rhetoric, and this stream meanders, without once overflowing, between the flower-enamelled banks marked out for it. In a word, you are constrained to admit, that you are witnessing one of the most extraordinary and splendid triumphs of education and art.

Whether Mr. Preston's oratory be of the kind best of all adapted to convince, persuade and impel men of all characters to action, may, perhaps, admit of a doubt. But that it is eminently suited to please and charm, and this, too, not merely the educated and refined, but persons of all conditions and culture, there is no question at all.

Mr. Preston appeared to be much respected, admired and courted by those of all political opinions at the Capital. This was not very strange, combining, as he did, great purity of character, a frank good-nature and general affability with so many rare gifts and accomplishments. And yet he must have come there (one would think) under some disadvantages of an embarrassing kind. For the public at large knew little or nothing else of his fore-gone life, than that he had been one of the most vehement partisans of South Carolina nullification, and had gone beyond most others in advocating measures of violent resistance to the general government.—It is not a little curious, that a movement so almost universally unpopular throughout the country, as nullification was, should have numbered among its supporters so large a number of persons alike eminent for purity and excellence of moral character and for extraordinary mental powers and education. Mr. Preston, however, by what he undeniably was in himself, appears to have speedily scattered whatever prepossessions existed against him (if such there were) and achieved a general social popularity as well as senatorial distinction. So great was this latter distinction, that he might, doubtless, have aspired eventually to a high diplomatic post. I believe, however, the aspect of things in the political sphere of the Capital was little to his taste, for he resigned, I think, before the close of his Senatorial term, and was afterwards installed as President of South Carolina College.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AMONG THE TARTARIANS AND THIBETIANS.*

LAMANESQUE PAINTINGS.

The Lamas are the only artists laid under contribution for the decoration of the temples. Pictures are to be seen on all sides; but they are almost always executed in a taste and on principles not admitted in Europe. The extravagant and grotesque are predominant; and the personages, with the exception of Buddha, have often a monstrous and satanic aspect. The clothes seem never to have been made for the figures muffled in them. One would say that the limbs hidden under those draperies are all broken and dislocated.

Among these Lamanesque paintings, we sometimes, however, meet with pieces not destitute of beauty. One day, when we were visiting, in the kingdom of Gehekten, the great convent called Altan-Somné (Temple of Gold), we remarked a picture that struck us with astonishment. It was a large canvas, in the centre of which Buddha was represented seated on a rich carpet. Around this figure of the natural size was arranged, like a glory, a series of portraits, in miniature, portraying allegorically the thousand virtues of Buddha. We could not sufficiently admire this picture, not only for the purity and grace of the design, but also for the expression of the figures and richness of coloring. One would have thought the persons were alive.

We asked an old Lama who accompanied us for some explanation of this admirable piece of painting.

"This picture," said he, carrying his joined hands to his forehead, "this picture is a treasure of the highest antiquity: it contains all the doctrine of Buddha. It is not a Mongol painting; it comes from Thibet; and was done by a saint of the Clerical sanctuary."

Landscapes are in general better rendered than dramatic subjects. Flowers, birds, trees, mythological animals, are all imitated with exactness and in a pleasing manner, and the colors have astonishing freshness and vivacity. It is a pity that these landscape painters have so very slight a knowledge of perspective and chiaroscuro.

The Lamas are better sculptors than painters, and therefore sculpture is not spared in their temples; indeed it is sometimes lavished with a profusion which says more for the fertility of their chisel than the purity of their taste. Outside the temples there are lions, tigers, and elephants, crouched on blocks of granite. The vast stone balus-

* Huc's Journey through Tartary, Thibet and China. Appleton's Popular Library. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

trades bordering the flights of steps leading to the grand entrance, are almost always carved and adorned with a thousand extravagancies in the shape of birds, reptiles, and fabulous animals. In the interior are only reliefs in wood or in stone, always executed with admirable truth and boldness.

TARTAR DEVOTION.—THE PRAYING MILL.

At daybreak, on the following morning, we set out again, and soon saw, clearly defined against the yellow back-ground of a sandy mountain, some large buildings surrounded by an immense number of small white houses. This was the convent or Lamaseraï of *Rache-Churin*. The three Buddhist temples that rise in the centre are of a majestic and elegant construction. In the avenue of the principal temple we remarked a square tower of colossal proportions, and with a monstrous dragon sculptured in granite, at each of the four corners. We traversed the convent from one end to the other, following the principal streets. The most profound and religious silence reigned throughout; now and then a Lama enveloped in his red scarf passed us gravely, just wishing us a good journey in a low voice. Towards the western extremity of the convent the mule ridden by Samdachienba suddenly reared, and then set off at a gallop, dragging the two laden camels after him in his disorderly flight. The animals we rode were equally frightened, and all this disorder arose from the presence of a young Lama who was lying at full length on the road. He was going through a religious exercise much practised by the Buddhists—that of going round the convent, prostrating himself at every step. Sometimes an immense number of devotees will be going through their act of devotion at the same time, one after the other, and they will include all the neighboring buildings in their prostrations. It is not permitted to diverge in the smallest degree from the straight line to be followed; and should the devotee happen to do so he loses the benefit of all the exercises he has gone through. When the buildings are of great extent, a whole day will hardly suffice to make the tour with all the necessary prostrations; and the pilgrims who have a taste for this kind of devotion must begin at daybreak, and will not have done till after nightfall. The feat must be performed all at once without any interruption, even that of stopping for a few moments to take nourishment; and the prostrations must be perfect, that is to say, the body must be extended its whole length, and the forehead must touch the earth while the arms are stretched out in front and the hands joined. Before rising also the pilgrim must describe a circle with two ram's horns which he holds in his

hands. It is a sorrowful spectacle, and the unfortunate people often have their faces and clothes covered with dust and sometimes with mud. The utmost severity of the weather does not present any obstacle to their courageous devotion, but they continue their prostrations through rain and snow and the most rigorous cold. Sometimes the additional penance is imposed of carrying an enormous weight of books on their backs; and you meet with men, women, and even children sinking under their excessive burdens. When they have finished their tour they are considered to have the same merit as if they had recited all the prayers contained in the books they have carried. Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotatory movement to a kind of *praying mill*, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a *Chu-Kor*, that is, "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick paste-board, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Thibetian character the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

One day when we happened to be passing one of these machines, we saw two Lamas engaged in a violent quarrel, and almost coming to blows all on account of their zeal for their prayers. One of them it appeared had come, and having set the barrel in motion for his own private account, was retiring modestly to his cell; when chancing to turn his head to enjoy the spectacle of its pious revolutions, he saw one of his brethren stop the wheel, and set it whirling again for himself. Indignant of course at this unwarrantable interference he ran back, and in his turn put a stop to his rival's piety, and they continued this kind of demonstration for

some time, but at last losing patience they proceeded to menaces and then to cuffs, when an old Lama came out, and brought the difficulty to a peaceful termination by himself turning the praying barrel for the benefit of both parties.

THIBETIAN MANNERS, HABITS, &c.

The features of the Tibetians are Mongol, the stature middling, and the agility and suppleness of the Chinese, they add the strength and vigor of the Tartars. In character they are frank and generous; brave in war, and as religious, though less credulous, than the Tartars. Cleanliness is not held in much honor among them; but they are, nevertheless, very fond of finery.

The Tibetians do not shave the head, the hair is usually left to float over the shoulders; but within the last few years, some of the Lha-Sea *elegants* have adopted the Chinese mode of braiding the hair, and adorning the braid with jewels of gold set with precious stones and coral beads. The ordinary head-dress is a blue toque, with a wide rim of black velvet, surmounted with a red knot; on fete days they wear a large red hat, something like the Basque cap, but larger and ornamented with long fringes and tufts. A wide robe, fastened at the side by four hooks, and girt round the middle by a red sash, completes the simple but not unbecoming costume of the Thibetian. They generally suspend to the girdle a bag of yellow taffety to hold the indispensable wooden bowl, and two small purses richly embroidered, which contain nothing at all, and are only carried as a decoration.

The dress of the women closely resembles that of the men; over the robe they wear a short tunic striped in various colors; and the hair is worn in two braids at full length. The women of the lower class wear a small yellow cap, in form like the French cap of liberty; but the great ladies, an elegant coronet of fine pearls.

The Thibetian women adopt a custom, or rather submit to a regulation certainly unique in the world. Before going out of their houses, they rub their faces with a sort of black sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes. As the object is to render themselves hideous, they daub their faces with this disgusting cosmetic, till they scarcely resemble human creatures. The following was, we are told, the origin of this monstrous practice.

About 200 years ago, the Nomekhan or Lama king of Anterior Thibet, was a man of the austere character. At that period, the Thibetian women were not more in the habit of trying to make themselves look ugly than the women of other countries; on the contrary, they were extravagantly addicted to

dress and luxury. By degrees, the contagion spread even to the holy family of the Lamas; and the Buddhist convents relaxed their discipline, in a manner that threatened a complete dissolution. In order to arrest the progress of this alarming libertinism, the Nomekhan published an edict, forbidding women to appear in public unless disfigured in the fashion above mentioned; the severest punishments and the heaviest displeasure of Buddha were threatened to the refractory. It must have required no ordinary courage to publish such an edict; but that the women obeyed it was still more extraordinary. Tradition makes no mention of the slightest revolt on their part. The fair Tibetians vie with each other in making themselves frightful; and she who is most offensively besmeared passes for the most pious; the custom appears to be considered as a dogma to be accepted. In the country the law is most rigorously observed; but at Lha-Sea, women are to be met with who venture to appear with their faces as nature made them; but those who permit themselves this license are considered women of bad reputation, and they never fail to hide themselves when they catch sight of an agent of the police.

One circumstance which favors the belief that there is less corruption in Thibet than in most Pagan countries is, that the women enjoy much more liberty. Instead of vegetating imprisoned in their houses, they lead an active and industrious life, and besides their household cares, a great deal of the lesser trade is in their hands. They hawk about various kinds of merchandise, and keep nearly all the retail shops, and in the country they take a large share in agricultural labors.

The men, although less active and industrious than the women, are not idle. Their especial occupation is spinning and weaving wool; the stuffs which they fabricate bear the name of *Pou-Lou*; they are narrow, but very solid, and vary in texture from great coarseness to the softness of velvet; their merinos are the finest that can be imagined. According to a rule of reformed Buddhism all the Lamas must be clothed in red *Pou-Lou*; and in addition to the home consumption, large quantities are exported to China and Tartary. The coarser kind is sold at a very low price; but the superior qualities are enormously dear. The perfumed sticks so celebrated in China under the name of *Tsan-Ihang*, perfume of Thibet, form an important article of commerce to the inhabitants of Lha-Sea. They are composed of the powder of various aromatic plants, mingled with musk and gold-dust, made into a violet-colored paste, and afterwards rolled into sticks of four or five feet long. They are burnt in the convents, and before idols in the interior of

the houses. When once kindled, these sticks consume slowly without ever going out, and they diffuse a most delicious odor. The Thibetian merchants who attend the yearly embassy to Pekin carry with them large quantities, which they sell at exorbitant prices.

The Thibetians have no porcelain, but their potteries are nevertheless of great excellence. The wooden bowls which every one carries, are made of the root of certain trees which grow on the mountains of Thibet. They are of a simple but elegant form, and have no other decoration than a slight coating of varnish, which does not hide either the natural color or the veins of the wood. Some of these bowls may be purchased for a few pence, and some are valued at a hundred ounces of silver, nearly 1000 francs; but, if we are asked in what consists this vast difference of value, we must frankly confess we were never able to find out; to us they all seemed as nearly as possible alike. The Thibetians say, that the bowls of the first quality have the virtue of neutralising poisons.

Some days after our arrival at Lha-Ssa, we had occasion to purchase a couple of these bowls. A Thibetian woman, with her face richly daubed, was in the shop; and judging from our exotic appearance that we might be foreigners of distinction, she took out of a drawer two little boxes, each of which contained a bowl, in two or three envelopes of silky paper. We asked the price: fifty ounces of silver each! At these tremendous words our ears began to sing, and every object in the shop appeared to be spinning round. Our whole fortune then would barely suffice to purchase four wooden bowls. When we had a little recovered from the shock we replaced the precious articles with respect, and looked about for their humbler brethren. We purchased a couple for an ounce of silver, which appeared to us absolutely the same as the specimens valued at 500 francs each; and when we showed our bargain to our landlord on our return home, we had the satisfaction of hearing that we had paid just double their worth.

Thibet, almost covered as it is with mountains, and furrowed with impetuous torrents, offers but little cultivatable land. It is only in the valleys that there is any hope of harvest. The Thibetians grow but little wheat and still less rice. The principal grain is *Tsing-Kou* or black barley, from which the *tsamba*, the principal aliment of the whole population, rich or poor, is made.

Lha-Ssa is abundantly provided with sheep, horses, and oxen; there is plenty of excellent fish, and the pork is particularly fine; it is dear, however, and out of the reach of the lower classes. In general the Thibetians are very poorly fed. The usual repast is composed of buttered *tsamba*, coarsely

kneaded with the fingers. The rich often fare no better, and it is really pitiable to see them preparing such miserable food in a bowl that has sometimes cost 100 ounces of silver. Meat, when they have any, is taken at irregular times, as people elsewhere may eat fruit or some slight articles of pastry, out of mere *gormandise*. Cooked or raw it is eaten with equal appetite, and without any kind of seasoning. They have, however, the good taste not to eat without drinking; and the bowl is filled from time to time with a slightly acid liquor made from fermented barley, which is not disagreeable.

Thibet, so poor in agricultural and manufactured productions, is rich in metals; and gold and silver are so easily obtained that the humblest shepherds are acquainted with the art of purifying the precious metals. They may be sometimes seen at the bottom of the ravines, or in the fissures of the mountains, crouching over a fire of goat's dung, purifying in crucibles the gold dust gathered while leading their flocks to pasture. The result of this abundance of metals is that specie is of little value, and in consequence all commodities remain at a high price. The currency of the Thibetians consists of silver only; the pieces are a little larger but not so thick as a franc piece. On one side they bear an inscription in Thibetian, Parsee, or other Indian characters; on the reverse a crown of eight small round flowers. For the convenience of commerce, these pieces of silver are broken, and the number of flowers remaining on the fragment determines the value.

The whole piece is called *Tchan-Ka*. The *Tche-Ptche* is one half, and consequently has only four flowers; the *Cho-Kan* has five, and the *Kogan* three.

In great commercial transactions ingots of silver are made use of, weighed in a Roman scale, graduated on the decimal system.

The Thibetians on ordinary occasions count on their chaplets; shopkeepers often make use of the Chinese Souan-pan (reckoning board), but the learned employ the Arabic ciphers, which appear very ancient in Thibet. We have seen Lamanesque manuscripts containing tables and astronomical calculations in those ciphers. There is a slight difference with those in use amongst us; the most notable is the 5 which is reversed, thus 9.

From the details given on the productions of Thibet, it will be seen that it is at once the poorest and the richest country in the world; rich in gold and silver, poor in all that makes the well-being of the masses. The gold and silver collected by the people is absorbed by the great, and especially, by the Lama colleges, immense reservoirs, into which flow by a thousand channels all the

riches of these vast countries. The Lamas, already in possession of a large portion of the wealth by the voluntary gifts of the faithful, sometimes augment their fortune by usurious proceedings at which even Chinese roguery is scandalised. The result of this accumulation of money in the coffers of the privileged classes, and the high price of the necessaries of life, is, that a large part of the population is continually plunged in frightful poverty.

We ought to add, to the credit of the Tibetians, that they are generally compassionate and charitable, and rarely dismiss a suppliant—of which there are but too many—unrelieved.

THE "MEETING BY MOONLIGHT,"

AS PRESENTED IN A DREAM.

How oft in sleep does a blissful dream
The hues of reality borrow;
And the light of joy for a moment gleam
On the soul full dark with sorrow!

On Fancy's wings afar we roam,
Where flowers are freshly springing;
And the "brave old oak" o'er our childhood's
home
Its arms is widely flinging.

We stroll at even, when stars are bright,
And west winds softly blowing;
Not a cloud bedims the radiant night,
But all with beauty is glowing.

The moon looks down from her station high
On the brook, that is gayly prancing
Along its way, with the far blue sky
In its limpid waters dancing.

Tranquilly beautiful smiles the scene,—
The trees are gently waving;
The grassy banks are freshly green,
Which the stream is silently laving.

Not a sound is heard in the balmy air,
Save the garrulous cricket's singing;
The world has sought repose from care
That every day is bringing.

We gaze on the face of the maid we love,
While the Graces around her are twining
Their brightest links, and the moon above
On her Parian brow is shining.

Our hearts with a mutual fervor thrill,
And hushed is all jarring emotion;
Unearthly thoughts our bosoms fill,
For they heave with Love's devotion.

But now the maiden's bright blue eye
Is dimmed with drops of sorrow;
And the throbbing breast and the choking
sigh
Bespeak—we part to-morrow! Ion.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

Some of the exiles from France now living in London, have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of carrying on a systematic warfare, through means of a weekly journal, on the existing despotism in France. The journal is to be printed in three different languages—French, German and English. It is to be under the editorial control of Louis Blanc, Etienne Cabet and Pioroe Leroux, assisted by a council, consisting of nearly twenty exiles.—The Paris Constitutionnel, of the 6th ult., has a long article on Mexico and the United States, in which it predicts, that "if Europe does not prevent it, Mexico will soon disappear in the agglomeration of the States and populations of all origins, which compose the American Confederation; then the Union will only have to absorb Canada, which would willingly join hands in that annexation, to occupy the whole extent of the North American continent."—Mrs. H. B. Stowe received lately from her publishers, the sum of Ten Thousand Three Hundred Dollars, as her copy right premium on three month's sales of Uncle Tom's Cabin.—The London *Economist* concludes its survey of the trade of the United States, as exhibited in the last annual statement of trade and navigation, by saying: "The more we investigate the trade of the United States, the more we shall be satisfied of the close identity of the interests of that country and our own; the more we shall discover how large and important a share of it we enjoy; the more we shall be aware of the advantages which we have obtained by admitting free of duty the raw productions of America, and thus promoting an increasing market for our own manufactures."—The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met in Nashville, Tenn., on the 28th ult. and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Milton Bird, Moderator of the last Assembly. There were representatives present from fifty-two Presbyteries. Among the most important measures of the Assembly was the establishment of a theological school at Lebanon, Tenn., where, it is known, they have now a most flourishing literary institution. This movement of itself speaks well for the prosperity of the Church.—A "fancy piece" has been prepared for the Prussian Exhibition by the Renard Works. It is a vase of polished coal, as solid as black marble, holding a large bouquet of flowers made of sheet iron—leaves, petals and stems, all perfectly graceful and natural, but sable as night. The effect is singular—the complete imitation having not the least resemblance to nature, unless there are such blossoms on the banks of Acheron. An exchange says,

it is Flora in mourning.—There are at least 1,200 acres of vineyards around Cincinnati alone, giving employment to no less than 600 efficient laborers, at an annual cost of \$20,000, and producing in moderately favorable seasons 240,000 gallons of wine. Most of those engaged in the culture of the vine have families to support. It is calculated that the wine interest in Hamilton county affords subsistence, directly and indirectly, to 10,000 industrious and sober people.—Bulwer (late Minister at Washington) has entered upon his functions as British Ambassador at Florence, and has already succeeded in obtaining something more satisfactory in the way of reparation in the case of Mr. Mather. The Tuscan government has expressed its regret in a note, and makes itself responsible for the protection of British subjects in Tuscany.—The *Richmond Inquirer* says: "The unusual spectacle is now presented of all the visible planets being above the horizon early in the night; and they are so distributed as to mark the line of the ecliptic, or the plane of their own and the earth's orbits with distinctness. With Venus in the west, said to be more brilliant at present than at any time within the last ten years, and Jupiter, with his usual splendor in the east, with the 'lesser lights,' Mars and Saturn between them, the arrangement of the planetary orbs affords an interesting view to all who take pleasure in such contemplations. Mars now appears much reduced in size and brilliancy, on account of the relative position of himself and the Earth in their respective orbits, but still retains his ruddy glow. The pale white light of Saturn makes him appear like a star of the second magnitude. These, with the fine constellations of the Scorpion, Lyra, and the Greater Bear, all visible at present, make the contemplation of the 'starry heavens' interesting and instructive."—The death of Mr. Clay leaves but a single surviving member—the Hon. Richard Rush—of those who composed the cabinet of John Quincy Adams. He is now living in the enjoyment of excellent health, and unusually active habits, at his country seat in this vicinity. Mr. Rush is also the only surviving member of Mr. Madison's administration, in whose cabinet he filled the post of Attorney General, at the early age of thirty-three.—"Mad Anthony's" old fortress, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, has entirely disappeared—the last relic, an old blockhouse, having been removed a few weeks ago. The timbers were perfectly sound, and the building might have stood for another generation.—M. Thiers arrived at Geneva on the 20th, and left the next day for Vevey. He intends passing the rest of the year at Clarens, and finishing there his "History of the Consulate and Empire."

His family are to join him there. During the stay of M. Thiers at Turin, the Academy of Sciences held a special meeting in his honor, the ministers invited him to dine with them and complimentary speeches were addressed to him at the Museum of Artillery.—It is reported that the Minister of Finance was about to procure a loan of two hundred millions of francs.—The inundations in the Southern parts of France still continue, and many grain fields and houses were under water.—Strict orders had been given that all works executed for the government shall be suspended on Sundays.—It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Leahey, the noted Monk of La Trappe, has been indicted for perjury, in Columbia county, Wisconsin, and that in default of security to appear for trial, was committed to jail.—Count d'Orsay is dying. He has been ordered by his physicians to Dieppe, for the benefit of the sea bathing; but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.—A Belgian journal states that Madame Laffarge, accompanied by Mad. de Bocarme and her son, arrived a few days ago at Anvers, on their way to Lille. They visited together the principal places of interest in the town, and were the objects of great curiosity at the railway stations, which, however, they bore with indifference.—There have been large fires in Montreal and Boston.—The subscription to purchase the painting of Webster replying to Hayne, for presentation to the city of Boston, is going on.—The proposition is to obtain \$200 each from twenty persons. This will be \$4000, at which price it is supposed Mr. Healey would dispose of it for such a purpose. The picture is to be suspended on the walls of Tremont Hall.—The *Hightstown Gazette* says that Stacy Horner, an old resident, lately embarked for California with his wife, 22 children and grand children, and 10 young friends. They will settle on a farm of 1200 acres, about 25 miles from San Francisco, in the San Jose Valley.—There was a full moon on the 1st of July, and there will be another on the 31st—a circumstance that has not occurred since 1778, when there was a full moon on the 1st and on the 30th.—Efforts are making by the Norwegians to endow a Scandinavian Professorship in "Capital University," at Columbus, Ohio. Jenny Lind last year gave \$1,500 as the commencement of a fund for this purpose. The Norwegian Synod of Wisconsin, at its last meeting, appointed a committee on the subject.—The Eastern Maine Conference of the M. E. Church commenced its annual session in Milltown, June 23d. This is the first session ever held east of Bucksport.—Joseph Balch, an old soldier of the revolution, living at Johnstown, New York, went all the way to Boston, on Friday, to see Mr. Webster for

the first time. He was introduced to Mr. W. by Mr. Lord, and had an interesting interview.—Rev. Henry Ballantine and Mrs. Ballantine, with four children, embarked the morning of the 10th inst., in the ship *Chile*, Captain Titcomb, for Bombay, on their return to the mission of the American Board at Ahmednugger, with which they have been connected for many years. The usual religious exercises were held prior to the embarkation.—We cordially concur with a New York Editor in the following:—"The reputation, the good name, the family concerns, of both the distinguished candidates of the two great parties of the country are now the property of the American people, and ought to be guarded and protected by the whole power of an enlightened, and independent, and virtuous press, for the sake of the reputation of the nation abroad, and its honorable name in all future time. The private affairs of General Scott and General Pierce are all above reproach, and ought to be considered a sacred ground, untouched by political pollution of any kind. The political principles and measures of which these candidates are the representatives, are the only fit subjects for discussion in the columns of a respectable press; and we trust that both parties, or that portion of both parties which yet preserve some regard for the good opinion of their cotemporaries, and the respect of foreign intelligence, will frown down all such attempts as we see being brought out in every direction, on both sides, to pry into and lacerate the private concerns and family affairs of General Scott and General Pierce.—The great Achilli trial, has dragged its slow length along, with a vast amount of the highly-colored reading, termed "objectionable." The Doctor, who was a great acquisition for the Ultra-Protestant party as a converted monk, was charged by Dr. Newman, an apostate from Protestantism, with outrageous incontinence. He vindicates his character by bringing an action for libel, and Dr. Newman defends himself with an overwhelming mass of evidence, conveying further charges, some of them relating to offences recently committed on English ground. Considered in its cumulative effect, says the *London Leader*, this evidence led the public to anticipate a verdict against the prosecutor, Achilli; although none of the witnesses, speaking to the most material points, came into Court with unblemished reputation; and the most was made of their defects of character. In summing up, Lord Chief Justice Campbell elaborated this view of the subject with great power and emotion. The jury found only so much of the allegations against Achilli proved—"to their satisfaction"—as respected the fact of his dismissal from certain offices; and the approving Lord Campbell received

their verdict amid the unchecked cheers of a tumultuously excited auditory.—The report presented by M. de Bryas in the Legislative body, on the bill relating to the tobacco monopoly, gives the following details on the production and consumption of tobacco in France. In 1835, the average consumption was 418 grammes for each person; in 1850, it had increased to 537 grammes. In four departments the consumption is even a kilogramme for each person, being in the Nord 1,665 grammes, Pas de Calais 1,637, Seine 1,294, and Bouches du Rhone 1,160. The department of the Aveyron is that in which the least quantity is consumed, being 157 grammes for each person. By the improvements effected in the mode of manufacture, the State gains upwards of six millions over what is obtained for a similar quantity in 1825. Each kilogramme offered for sale costs it at present 1f 46c, and the quantity manufactured reached in 1851 nearly 20 millions of kilogrammes. The number of tobacco shops existing on the first instant was 31,226, of which 25,000 produce less than 500f to the persons holding them. The net produce of the tobacco monopoly, which in 1815 amounted to 32 millions, was in 1850 89 millions. Only six departments are authorized to plant tobacco. The Nord has 2649 plantations, covering 1072 hectares (the hectare is 2½ acres) in 76 communes. The Pas-de-Calais has about the same quantity of ground planted, but with 145 communes so occupied in place of 76. The culture of tobacco also exists in 118 communes of the Lot, 66 in the Ile-et-Vilaine, 66 in the Lotte Garonne, and 95 in the Bas-Rhin.—Commencement at Williams College will take place on the 18th of August. The baccalaureate will be preached by President Hopkins, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th. In the evening of that day the address before the theological society will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Newark. The oration, before the alumni will be delivered in the afternoon of the 17th; and in the evening of the same day the prize rhetorical exhibition will take place, followed by the address of Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, before the Adelphe Union.—Professor Charles G. Page, has resigned the office of Examiner of Patents, which he held for ten years.—The Free Soilers of Maine have nominated Dr. Ezekiel Haines, editor of the *Maine Farmer*, for Governor.—The residence of the late J. Fennimore Cooper, known as Ostego Hall, has been purchased by Mr. Ryckman, of New York city; for the sum of \$10,000.—The great Indiana Agricultural State Fair, is to be held at Indianapolis on the 19th day of October.—The Governor of Kentucky has appointed David Meriwether, to be Senator in Congress until the first Monday

of September next, in place of Henry Clay, deceased.—Kossuth and wife sailed for Liverpool, in the *Africa*, on the 14th instant.

—The constabulary force of Ireland is over twelve thousand persons, who cost the government over two millions and a half of dollars annually.—During Mons. Maillefert's operations on the rocks at Hell Gate, New York, a short time since, the force of the explosions brought up a sturgeon weighing 250 lbs., and measuring eight feet in length, and a bass of some 22 lbs. They were captured before recovering from the astonishment of the shock.—Rev. J. P. Thompson, the Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, New York City, has become so enfeebled, that the congregation have given him leave of absence for one year, engaging to supply the pulpit during his absence, and to continue the accustomed salary. He sails for Europe with the intention of visiting the Holy Land and the East.—A bridge at the Vanderbilt Landing, on Staten Island, fell in on the afternoon of the 5th, carrying with it a large number of men, women and children, several of whom were drowned.—An apothecary was recently tried in Paris for "homicide by imprudence." He sold a dose of arseniate of soda by mistake for one of tartrate of soda, and death was the consequence. As he was noted for his care in the preparation of prescriptions, having never made any error of consequence before, and as he had given ten thousand francs to the family of the deceased, he was discharged with a fine of three hundred francs only, and an admonition.—

The Montreal *Pilot* speaking of the recent fire in that city says:—"As nearly as we can form an estimate, two thousand dwellings have been destroyed, and ten thousand persons rendered homeless. Of these persons, perhaps not one in five is insured. Fortunately the loss of property does not extend to household effects, as every one had time to move, and did move his furniture. We had endeavored, but without avail, to get the amount of insurances; it must of course be enormous, and added to previous losses, will be a severe blow to some of the offices."—The Governor of Kentucky has appointed James P. Metcalf, Esq., Secretary of State, in place of Mr. Merriwether, who has been appointed Senator in Congress until the 1st of September.—The editor of the Cincinnati *Star* says, he saw a woman in the streets of that city, recently, whose cheeks were adorned with a luxuriant pair of whiskers. They were none of your artificials, but nature's own work.—The Presbyterian Church, new school, now comprises 140,650 communicants, being an increase of 576 during the last year. The number of churches is 1502, ministers 1627, licentiates 130.—

At a late meeting of the Society for the Pro-

mulgation of the Gospel, in London, the treasurer reported that the actual receipts on account of the jubilee fund had reached £47,537, to which were to be added various sums expected to be received, to the extent of £2,523, making a total of £50,060, exclusive of any sums which might come in from various Dioceses which had not yet sent in returns.

—The news by the Atlantic was carried from Liverpool to New Orleans in ten days. This was six thousand miles in ten days.

—Ole Bull is to sojourn at Newport during the season.—The English have twenty-one ships on the coast of Africa.—

The patients in the lunatic asylum at Lexington, Ky., celebrated the 4th of July by the reading of the Declaration of Independence and an oration.—At Louisville, it is said, the stock of bacon is heavier than at this time last year, while that of pork is four-fifths less. The surplus of bacon will cover the deficiency in pork.—

A celebrated rake was once endeavoring to persuade a virtuous young lady to elope with him. Among other fine things, he said to her, "Your bosom throbs like that of a little bird in the hand." "There the resemblance ends," replied she, "for you cannot feed me with *carry-away-seed*."—

A Parisian letter writer says:—Louis Napoleon is said to be so particular about the affairs of his government that none of the smallest details are left aside by him, and that his ministers are often complaining of the obsequiousness of his remarks. The President over-looks everything, and, as one may understand, it keeps him particularly busy. It is reported that a few days ago, Dr. Connecan, who attends to the health of Louis Napoleon, seeing him overwhelmed by fatigue, told him, "My dear Prince, we were more quiet at Ham." "Yes," said he, "and less prisoners too."—It has been decided by Louis Napoleon, the same writer states, that Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated Arabian chief, who is detained prisoner in the chateau of Amboise, should be set free and sent back to his native land. But, on account of the last news received from Algiers, by which it is said that a large number of Kabyles had risen the standard of revolt, this measure of clemency has been postponed to another time.—

The law suit commenced by Prince of Canino against M. Viscount D'Arincourt, as having been slandered by him in his work entitled *L'Italie Rouge*, in which he is represented as being and having been one of the most violent instigators of the war against the Pope, and the adviser of Count Rossi's murder, was finally decided on the 19th inst. M. D'Arincourt has been sentenced to change the passage in his work relative to Prince of Canino, and to pay all the expenses of the lawsuit.—Count D'Orsay, the most intimate friend of Louis Napoleon, who was the

Beau Brummel of our age, has just been named Superintendent of the Fine Arts, with a salary of 25,000 francs a year.—A Parisian correspondent of the *New York Herald* has the following:—"Mr. Brisbane, the well known American Fourierite and socialist writer of the *Tribune*, has been once more turned out from the country under the following circumstances:—It will be remembered that he came out one year ago to Europe, on board of the Franklin, during the ministry of M. Leon Fauchet, who first denied him the allowance of entering the port of Havre, but, finally, upon his word of honor of remaining quiet, granted him the permission. This concession was used by Mr. Brisbane with the utmost pleasure, and he had been remaining thus, quiet and unobserved, when, a few days ago, having heard that the theatre of Buffalo, which belongs to him, had been burnt, he applied to the police to have his passport signed to return to the United States. At the sight of his name, the Chief of the Bureau of Passports asked him why he was in France, and having listened to the explanation of Mr. Brisbane, he told him that it was all right, but if he was not past the frontier after twenty-four hours, he would be taken by the gendarmes, and driven to Calais as a dangerous man."—Messrs. Dana of Boston, and DeKay of New York have just been named corresponding members to the Zoological Society of Paris.—The Bishop of Chicago, Rd. Vanderveldt, passed through Paris lately, on his way to Rome, where he goes to take to the Pope the proceedings of the Roman Catholic Convention of Baltimore.—It is stated in a letter from Venice, in the *Independence* of Brussels, that Kossuth, with the view of counteracting the effect produced by the visit of the Emperor of Austria to Hungary, has caused to be circulated an address to his partisans, exhorting them to persevere, and holding out the hopes of an early emancipation. It is added that he has informed the Hungarian refugees in London that he is raising a new loan of a large amount, for the next insurrection. General Perczel, who was of the principal commanders in the last affair, is represented to be opposed to the raising of loans.—The gossiping Parisian correspondent of the *New York Herald* says:—"An American family here have purchased a splendid castle, called Petit Val, well known in the annals of the reign of Louis XIV., which is the most enchanting place ever built in the neighborhood of Paris. There, every Sunday, the table is surrounded with a number of extra seats; the champagne is freely drank, in the most seasonable style, in toasts of the most exquisite refinement; the park is travelled all over by the guests, the billiard room frequented by the amateurs of that game,

music—and excellent music—by real *artistes de salon*."—The men arrested in Paris with the infernal machine, belong to a society called "*La Vengeance*." The arrests were twenty-four in number.—Mr. Charles R. Webb, shipbuilder, of New York, has taken over to England the model of a yacht destined by him to surpass anything which has heretofore been built, either in the old or new continent.—London is very dull, in consequence of the early termination of the season, owing to the elections. The opera houses, however, are still well attended.—Grisi, at Covent Garden, is much applauded in the part of Fides, in "*The Prophete*," a part Johanna Wagner was to have undertaken.—The Emperor of Austria continues his tour through Hungary and Bohemia. He is everywhere well received, and it is hoped that an amnesty on a large scale will be granted.—The Pope is very unwell. This fact is kept as secret as possible; but private letters state that his physicians fear the dropy, and that serious consequences are entertained. The case of Mr. Murray is still pending at Ancona.—We learn with pleasure that it is in contemplation to erect a Protestant Episcopal Church at Cape May. The sum required will be \$3000, and already a number of liberal individuals have contributed \$500.—Some two years since a swarm of bees took possession of the belfry of the First Congregational meeting-house in Dover, N. H., where they remained until disturbed and routed last week by some workmen, who were repairing the building. Some forty pounds of honey were found in their comb.—Louis Papineau, who was exiled as the leading spirit in the Canadian rebellion in 1837, has just been elected to the Provincial Parliament. A despatch from Montreal declares that the vote in his favor was two to one over the government candidate.—Mr. Clay's will is drawn by his own hand, and bears date July 10, 1851. It relates almost entirely to the disposition of his estate among the members of his family, the only exception being that which refers to his slaves, providing that the children born after the 1st of January, 1850, be liberated and sent to Liberia, the males at the age of 28, and the females at 25, three years earnings prior to their emancipation to be reserved for their benefit for the purpose of fitting them out; and prior to removal they are to be taught to read, write and cypher. Slaves in being before 1850 are bequeathed to his family. Ashland is left to Mrs. Clay, for her sole use and benefit during her life, and after her death to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among his children. The only specific devise outside of his family are, to Dr. D. W. Dudley, the gold snuff-box presented by Dr. Hunt, late of

Washington; to Henry T. Duncan, a ring containing a piece of the coffin of Washington; to Dr. W. N. Mercer, a snuff-box said to have belonged to Peter the Great. Mrs. Clay is appointed executrix, and Hon. Thomas A. Marshall and James O. Harrison executors of the will, with a provision that no security shall be required of either.—Roger Jones, Adjutant General U. S. Army, died in Washington city, last week. He was an accomplished and faithful officer, an intelligent and amiable gentleman, and highly esteemed in all ranks of society at Washington. He was a brother of Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, and he leaves an interesting family behind him. General Jones was about forty-five years of age.—Capt. Clark, of the steamer *St. James*, which exploded her boiler on Lake Ponchartrain, has published a card, stating that the calamity was the fault of the engineer, and he concludes by calling for a judicial investigation.—The *San Jacinto* United States' steamer had arrived in the bay of Naples, on her way to Greece to inquire into the matter of the imprisonment of Dr. King.—An "infernal machine" has been ferreted out in Paris, which it is stated was intended for the assassination of Louis Napoleon.—A riot, growing out of the late proclamation against Roman Catholic processions, broke out at Stockport recently, between the English Protestants and Irish Catholics. Several of the houses of the latter were pulled down, and some of their chapels were sacked. A detachment of British troops eventually put an end to the row, and took over one hundred of the ringleaders into custody.—Wisconsin was first known (as a territory) to the United States census in 1840, when it had 30,000 inhabitants; in 1850 they had swelled to 300,000—a ten-fold increase in ten years. Now they do not fall short of 400,000, and are increasing at the rate of at least 50,000 per annum. No other State in the Union has grown with equal rapidity.—Queen Pomare, of the Society Islands, has been compelled to abdicate her throne by a republican movement at Raitaea.—The steamship *Illinois* (via Panama route) with sixteen days' later intelligence, with over three hundred passengers, and two millions of Gold dust from California, arrived in New York on the 16th inst.—Madame Sontag, it has been reported, is determined to cross the Atlantic, and visit the United States on a professional tour. Madame Sontag comes to the United States to repair the damages made to her fortune, or, rather, to that of her two children, a lovely young lady and a charming young boy, by the bankruptcies of 1848.—The Fourth of July was celebrated with much form at Panama. The authorities, the National Guard, the British and other foreign residents all joining with the Americans in

the procession and other exercises.—At the recent celebration of Commemoration day, in the Sheldonian theatre, University of Oxford, England, the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on several distinguished persons, and among the rest, on the Right Rev. Samuel McCrosky, D. D., Bishop of Michigan, U. S., the Right Rev. William Heathcote De Lancey, D. D., Bishop of Western New York; and Rev. Jonathan Wainwright, D. D., of Trinity Church, New York.—A Doctor Pilate of the New York city Hospital, embalmed the body of a suicide the other day, by merely opening the carotid artery, and injecting a substance, known only to himself, into it. The effect was wonderful; the body commenced daily to grow harder and harder, and is now in a condition, which, the Doctor asserts, neither time nor climate can affect.—The *Montreal Gazette* estimates the total loss by the late fire at £300,000. This, added to the £200,000 lost by the fire the 6th of June, makes a total of about \$2,000,000, within a period of a little more than a month.—Crist, convicted at Mobile for the murder of a young man who was his companion, has been sentenced to be hung on the 2d of September. His counsel has appealed to the Superior Court, and it is supposed that the prisoner will be granted a new trial. The letter of the wife of Crist, written to him after his arrest, where she declares her love for him, despite his guilt, is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read.—Caravajal again contemplates an attack on Matamoras. He has a large body of men in his pay.—The United States sloop of war *Decatur* arrived at Galveston from Pensacola. Officers and crew well.—The Mexican Boundary Commission were progressing rapidly, but embarrassed for want of funds.—The consumption of Coochituate water in Boston during the year 1851, averaged 6,883,782 gallons daily.—Lyttleton has the following lines touching all the benefit of foreign travel:

"Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become me birth, and suit my age,
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pendants show."

Foreign travel does much towards making a really useful man where there is a mind to appreciate and digest what is seen, while a fool becomes more offensive in his folly, through its instrumentality.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* tells us of a sign in that city which reads, "Shoas mindede here." The phonetic system must be spreading.

A HOME SKETCH.

A WEALTHY WIDOW, somewhat advanced in years, lately died in our city, leaving the entire stock of her husband's wine, amounting, it is said, to \$5000, to a distinguished physician. Imagine the devisee's disappointment when on going down to the cellars where the wine had been stored, he ascertained that there was not a bottle left! It turned out on investigation, that the old lady for many years before her death, had given over the cares of her household to servants, leav-

ing them sometimes for months at a time in free possession of the same, while she was visiting friends at the South. They repaid her confidence by entertaining themselves and their friends with suppers, at which their late master's wine flowed like water; indeed they gradually sucked up bottle after bottle of the antiquated oily Madeiras, sherries, and ports, and in doing so, managed, of course, to have many a scene of



"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."

Let the reader bear in mind that this is no fancy sketch; but the record of an actual

Philadelphia incident. Many such are daily occurring.

THE GAMING TABLE.

A common occurrence at the gaming table is the



EXPOSURE OF A CHEAT.

Generally speaking, too, as is the case in our illustration, the man exposed is not more dishonest than the man who exposes. His

disgrace lies in being detected playing a game, which all professional gamblers will play whenever they get a chance.

THE APPOINTMENT.



FREE-PENCILLINGS.

THERE HAVE been within the past fifty years, great changes in our climate, and the cause is unquestionably to be found in the rapid growth of our population, inducing a cultivation of the surface of the earth. A writer says:—"That without cultivation, few climates would be healthy or agreeable. In countries to which the labors of civilized man have never been extended, the rivers, spreading themselves over the low grounds, form pestilential marshes, and forests, thickets, and weeds are so numerous and impenetrable, as to prevent the earth from receiving the beneficial influence of the sun's rays.—The air, from these causes, is constantly filled with noxious exhalations. But the efforts of the human race, conducted with skill and perseverance, produce a surprising change; marshes are drained; rivers embanked; the soil broken up by the plough is exposed to the sun and wind, and the clearing away of the forests raises the temperature, and allows

a freer circulation to the atmosphere. There is little doubt that many parts of Europe enjoy a milder climate now than they did in the time of the Romans, or even at periods much more recent." Several parts of our Union have experienced, as the country has become more widely settled, a similar improvement of climate. Now the destruction of forests may be carried to a pernicious extent, either by depriving a country of shelter from particular winds, or (especially in hot climates) by loosening too much the quantity of moisture; it being well known that there is a great evaporation from the leaves of vegetables. The sultry atmosphere and dreadful droughts of the Cape de Verd Islands are owing to the destruction of the forests; and Greece, Italy, and other countries are said to have been deteriorated in climate from the same cause. It is attributed to this also that the southern part of Iceland is more accessible than formerly to the cold which proceeds from the Arctic Ocean.

READER, say, didst ever witness night upon the sea? If not—thou canst form no conception of its sublime majesty and glory. If thou hast not seen the starry brow of heaven bending over the immensity of ocean, thy imagination cannot conjure up, even in its most creative moments, any object so magnificent, and so grand. Come with us then, and fancy thyself at sea. The gallant vessel flies over the glassy bosom of the deep, with the speed of lightning—ploughing up the fiery foam, and dashing the proud waves back to their element in scorn, as they climb up her lofty bulwarks. Every sheet of canvas is outspread to the wanton winds—every man is wrapt in slumber, save the "careful watch," and night and silence are the presiding deities.

Cast thine eyes around thee. There is not a glimpse of land. Turn thy gaze to the skies, there is no earthly thing to look upon. The water, the air, and the heavens seem like an eternity in duration, all is so vast, so mighty, so immortal. We dash along, and new clouds come pausing in their path, and resting in every phantasy of shape upon the moon-lit horizon. There is now companionship for thee—ocean, which but a moment before seemed limitless in its extent, is shut in by clouds darkly black—awful, yet still beautiful. See how the moon bathes them in her light, and mark how they change. Now they appear like monsters of the deep, and now like silver halls and temples.

The wind rises, and blows its shrill whistle through the spectral shrouds. Hark how the waves roar—the sail is closely reefed. The timbers creak and groan—the vessel labors and struggles with the ferocious waters. The sea runs high. The wind is girding her

loins with fierce strength—hark, the mast cracks—again listen—it is by the board.—The sails are torn to tatters—the ship drives under her bare poles—helm's alee, and we are at the waves' mercy!

Now listen to the frantic waves. See how they pursue each other like the dread monsters that walk beneath them—look how mad they grow—now flinging their angry foam into the face of heaven, and now growling in savage fury in the low depths of their native element.

Land! land ahead! cries the watch. Ah! these are dreadful words—our ship drives on towards the rocks with malicious speed—a moment more and we are lost. We are breathless with horror—the danger is nearer and nearer. Shall we wreck thee, gentle reader? No, thou art no sailor—and having this storm under the control of a pen, as the Seven Mile Mirror man at the Museum, has his hanging upon the turn of a crank, we will let thee go free.

A GERMAN writer thus describes the last moments of the poet Schiller:—"The spring of 1805, which Schiller had anticipated with no ordinary hopes of enjoyment and activity, came on its course, cold, bleak, and stormy; and along with it his sickness returned.—The help of physicians was vain; the unwearied services of trembling affection were vain: his disorder kept increasing; on the 9th of May it reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day, he grew insensible, and by degrees delirious. Among his expressions, the word *Lichtenberg* was frequently noticed; a word of no import; indicating, as some thought, the writer of that name, whose works he had lately been reading; according to others, the castle of Leuchtenberg, which, a few days before his sickness, he had been proposing to visit. The poet and the sage was soon to lie low; but his friends were spared the farther pain of seeing him depart in madness. The fiery canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away for ever. After noon his delirium abated; about four o'clock he fell into a soft sleep, from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness in that hour, when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a

tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said—'*Calmer and calmer*;' simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said—'*Many things were growing plain and clear to him!*' Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley."

The news of Schiller's death fell cold on many a heart: not in Germany alone, but over Europe, it was regarded as a public loss, by all who understood its meaning. In Weimar especially, the scene of his noblest efforts, the abode of his chosen friends, the sensation it produced was deep and universal. The public places of amusement were shut; all ranks made haste to testify their feelings, to honor themselves and the deceased by tributes to his memory. It was Friday when Schiller died; his funeral was meant to be on Sunday; but the state of his remains made it necessary to proceed before. Doering thus describes the ceremony:—

"According to his own directions, the bier was to be borne by private burghers of the city; but several young artists and students, out of reverence for the deceased, took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning, when they approached the church yard. The overclouded heaven threatened rain. But as the bier was set down beside the grave, the clouds suddenly split asunder, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to howl, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their, great, irreparable loss.—At this moment who could have applied without emotion the poet's own words:

"Alas! the ruddy morning tinges
A silent, cold, sepulchral stone;
And evening throws her crimson fringes
But round his slumber dark and lone."

IN THE earlier numbers of BIZARRE we spoke of bread eaten in Norway and composed mainly of the bark of certain trees. We have since learned that this same kind of bread is eaten in Sweden. It is a cake made of the bark of the birch and the pine, with the addition of a little rye flour. The inner bark is applied to this purpose; it is simply macerated in water, ground up and formed into cakes of the consistence of a wafer. The taste is slightly bitter, but it is almost as palatable as other coarse breads in Sweden.

Its nutritious qualities are very meagre, and it forms a very unsatisfactory diet to the laboring man. Many of the poor peasants who go to Stockholm, it is said, die of a surfeit, so ravenously do they devour the superior food in that city. James' "Travels in Sweden" gives a remarkable instance that occurred in 1788, when a regiment of the provincial militia was called to do duty at Stockholm. The men had eaten as a standard fare bark bread, and taking suddenly to meat and wheaten bread, as they did at the capital, a violent malady and considerable mortality were the consequences. The fatality ceased when the regiment were supplied with the accustomed coarse fare.

SOME YEARS ago we clipped from a country newspaper its New Year's Address. The following is a tolerably fair sample of the whole effort; while it is not a very much overcolored one of the majority that periodically appear:

"Her pyramids let Egypt boast,
And Greece display her Parthenon,
St. Peters deck Italia's coast,
And St. Sophia's mosque in Con-
stantine's imperial city climb
To Heaven—Britannia sits sublime

In glory on her island-throne,
Age after age Great Ocean's Queen,
With colonies in every Zone,
Young, growing empires, too, I ween!
The spirit of their "father-lands,"
Inflames their hearts, and guides their hands.

A rich inheritance is theirs,
Of glory, silence, truth and might;
Young lions springing from their lairs,
To lead the chase, and rule the fight:
Let Albion's race where'er they roam,
Be worthy of their glorious home."

WATCHES were first invented in the fourteenth century, every man trusting before that time, when away from the luxury of water-clocks—an earlier invention—to that great time-piece, the joint property of civilian and savage, before the face of which the world is all the time turning upon its axis, and which forms the centre of light and heat. at the same it measures off time with its mighty yard stick! Aubrey relates a curious story of watches, the incidents composing which happened in the sixteenth century.—It seems that one Mr. Allen, a reduced sorcerer, being at Home Lacey, in Herefordshire, happened to leave his watch in the chamber-window. The maids coming in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in the case cry *tick, tick, tick*, concluded that it was Mr. Allen's devil, or familiar spirit, and taking hold of it with the tongs, threw it out of the window into the moat, in order to

drown the devil. The string, however, caught hold of the sprig of an elder tree, and saved the old gentleman's watch.

WE WERE struck the other day, in the course of our reading, with an account of the amusements of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle; where, it will be remembered, she was entertained by the Earl of Leicester. One of these was the performance of an ancient play called Hock Tuesday, setting forth the destruction of the Danes, in King Ethelred's time. The actors were men from Coventry, and the Queen was so well pleased with them, that she bestowed upon them a brace of bucks and some money to pay the expenses of getting up a feast thereupon.—Besides this, the Queen was treated to the sight of a Triton riding upon a mermaid, eighteen feet long, as also Arion on a dolphin's back. Who played the parts of the mermaid and dolphin does not appear. Three hundred and twenty hogheads of beer were drank at Kenilworth, while the Queen was there, an item in the expenses which indicates a very enormous footing.

IN TURKEY they have *improvisatori*, who travel about with a Sheikh at their head, and whose business it is to tell romantic stories for the amusement of the people. But the Italian *improvisatori* were and are the most eminent females. Andrea Marona eclipsed all his competitors in this profession. Roscoe says his recitals were accompanied by the music of the violin, and as he proceeded he seemed continually to improve in facility, elegance, enthusiasm, and invention. The fire of his eyes, the expression of his countenance, the rising of the veins, all bespoke the emotions with which he was agitated, and kept his hearers in suspense and astonishment. Madame De Stael's "Corinne," too, will be remembered. It is understood that the original was Corilla, a peasant girl of Pistola, who rose from humble position to be crowned in the capital. How gratifying the honor must have been to the young spouter's vanity!

BOOK NOTICES.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH, by SUSANNA MOODIE, 2 vols.: New York, GEORGE P. PUTNAM. 1852.

HAD our countryman, Cooper, never produced anything but the character of the hunter-backwoodsman, Leather-Stocking, he would still have amply deserved the title of a man of genius. The pages of fiction or poetry itself contain no more exquisite creation, nor is it less original than exquisite.—This originality consists mainly in grafting

the best qualities of the civilized white man on the best qualities of

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"

and making the being thus created a life-long intimate, face to face and eye to eye, of nature in her virgin estate. By using the term, originality, we do not imply that such beings have never appeared in actual life. For we suspect that Daniel Boone, and, in fact, the majority of our hunter pioneers were very much the same class of men with Leather-Stocking. Genial and kindly, as well as hardy, firm and unflinchingly brave by temperament; self-reliant and self-sufficing to a degree, that they felt no need of depending on their fellow-men either for help or for enjoyment; they possessed, also, a sort of practical poetry, that made the exhaustless fulness and infinitely various beauties of primitive nature dear to them and entirely adequate to their wants and wishes. Such men are the providential *avant-couriers* of civilization in the wilderness; the needed precursors even of those pioneers whose office it is to level the forest and break up the soil. Some of the same qualities are required also in these last-named pioneers. Not every one—not even one, perhaps, in fifty, is fitted for this vocation—fitted, not merely to carry it successfully through, but to engage in it without hazard of being absolutely crushed by its requirements.

These remarks have been suggested to us by the perusal of the two volumes named at our head. They are charmingly written, and engrossingly interesting to us at least, as indeed are all tolerably executed descriptions of rural, and especially woodland, scenery, and life. Our authoress has a fine tact in describing nature, as also human character, and the reader will here find, as might be expected, many queer specimens of humanity. Nor can he help concluding the writer herself to be a noble embodiment of many of the best qualities of womanhood. In fact, there was most urgent need of these qualities, not only for encountering the hardships inseparable from the life of a forest settler in its best estate, but for the superadded trials of sickness, pecuniary losses ending in absolute poverty and want; and, to finish the catalogue, the civil commotions accompanying the Canadian insurrection. No wonder the authoress concludes by strongly counselling the English "gentry" against the attempt at "roughing it in the bush." Strange that persons so intelligent as herself and her husband, should not have known better than to make such an attempt at all. He, an army officer and man of education; and she, an educated, refined, literary woman, accustomed to the appliances of wealth in a country

where material comfort and luxury have been brought to a state almost of perfection; knowing not how to mix a loaf of bread or to wash her infant's cap; these people plunge into the woods; live in a log cabin; are often without a domestic; are compelled to wring their subsistence out of a new soil; she sometimes necessitated to work in the fields; and, finally, finding not only all things the reverse of what they had been used to, but operating alike against their pecuniary interest and their happiness. Both parties seem to have behaved heroically, and we are glad to hear, at the close of the narrative, that, by the bestowment of a lucrative office on the husband, our authoress and her family again see bright days. Our readers will find these volumes well worth perusing.

HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE, BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, VOL. II. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS, 1852.

We do not deny, that, according to the proverb, "half a loaf is better than no bread;" but yet, if this half loaf is very small, one is not entirely satisfied by it. We were reminded of this proverb by the Messrs. Harper sending us merely the second volume of the work above named, which comprises three or more; thus appointing us something like the task of the Scholastics in Hierocles—that of judging of a whole edifice by seeing one of the bricks!

However, we have read this second volume, and will state briefly what impression it made upon us. It commences with the departure of Napoleon for Elba, and closes with the transmission to the Chamber of Deputies of his second abdication—professing to narrate the leading events of the interval both in Elba and France. We must admit, that we have read this volume with absorbing interest, nor have we ever encountered any of Lamartine's prose works, which failed thus to interest us. He is unquestionably an admirable raconteur; fertile in thought; enlarged in views; with sufficient imagination to make him a historic painter; pure and elevated in sentiment and principle; and with a lucid, fluent and most eloquent style of writing. His "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," his "Girondists," and his smaller books, plainly exhibit these qualities. One would think, then, that with such a theme as Napoleon and his twofold fall, the hundred days, and concomitant circumstances, he should have produced a grandly impressive, if not absolutely immortal work. But if we may judge by this volume, the work, for Lamartine, is a failure. And why?

Because the narrator of important actual events is a romancer rather than a historian, if, from whatever causes, he sees not truly,

judges not impartially, and recounts not with metaphysical accuracy. And it is precisely in these points, that we think our author fails in this book. We cannot escape a most decided impression, that, in his view of both antagonist parties, Napoleon and the Bourbons, Lamartine is warped almost to utter perversion. We are no lovers of Napoleon, and we think he deserves any thing but the title of a good man. Unquestionably he performed a good work in crushing anarchy in France, and remoulding the completely chaotic element into a certain social unity. But that personal, egotistic ambition was his paramount, if not sole impulse to his work, and not the general weal, we have no doubt whatever. He demonstrated this by abolishing free institutions, and reinstating despotism. This was a scandalous crime in a man, who had genius enough to have naturalized freedom in France, even though the people might have been ill prepared for it. But he elected the vulgar role of playing the monarch, and therefore he was justly punished by losing his throne, little as may have been the merit of his punishers. But that he was a man of preëminent genius, and that, apart from his ambitious individualism; he possessed many estimable, high, and even heroic traits, seems to us, undeniable. But Lamartine's whole tone respecting him is depreciatory and belittling, and, in our view, excessively misapprehensive and unjust.

But worse yet is his fulsomely eulogistic estimate of the Bourbons. Time and providence denounce its falsity. Twice before and once since Napoleon's day, France "spued" this race "out of its mouth," as an intolerable nuisance. And to show, that any family bearing the least kin to it was intolerable, it expelled, by a third revolution, the Orleans branch of the Bourbons from its borders. That, after all this, our author should view this family as he does, is an astounding example of the blinding power of prejudice. We grieve to say this, for Lamartine has ever been a favorite of ours. But we must speak truth, hit whom it may.

We have other things which this work suggests, and should we get another volume to notice, we may utter them.

MARCO PAUL'S VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, by JACOB ABBOTT. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS, 1852.

To be, an extensively popular writer, in any department whatever, is, we think, an evidence of more than mediocre ability. To be thus popular for a lengthened period is a still more decisive proof of ability. There are some kinds of writing, however, in which an able man may achieve popularity more easily than in others. Thus, though Scott and James and Dickens, by their works of

fiction, have won myriads of admiring readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and deservedly too, it is not at all certain that a religious book, or one whose leading aim was palpably didactic, be their forms what they might, would gain favor with the public, though issuing from their pens and stamped with their names. Indeed Scott wrote and published two sermons, which were, if possible, duller than such things usually are.

Now Jacob Abbott, even exclusive of his histories of celebrated persons, has enjoyed a wide and lasting popularity through a series of works professedly religious and didactic. His "Young Christian," "Corner Stone," "Way to do Good," &c., are the most interesting religious books we ever read. We were never able to begin one, and rest until we had finished it. The level of the thoughts; the abundance, the appositeness, and graphic quality of the illustrations; and the style easy, fluent, lucid, familiar, while free from vulgarity; are all exactly adapted to make Mr. Abbott an instructive and exceedingly interesting author.

The work named at our head has the same merits of style and of cast of thought. Three numbers of it lie before us, and there is no need of describing its purpose and mode of treatment, as the author's preface does these better than we could. But, after examining them all, we can say, that, in our opinion, they admirably accomplish their object.—Though primarily designed for the young, we, who (to speak honestly) are somewhat out of our teens, find them as interesting as the majority of the best novels we meet. In truth, children's books, if just what they should be, ought certainly to interest adults. What man does not read "Sanford and Merton" with the same relish it has for the boy? Marco Paul has kindred merits, and we can most heartily commend his books to both the young and the mature.

MEDICAL EXAMINER. Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLACKISTON.

The July number of this work is unusually interesting; indeed the manner in which the publication is sustained reflects great credit on the editors. We find in it a number of valuable articles. Among the Clinical Reports is one on Mr. Robert Bates' celebrated invention for the cure of stammering, from which we make the following extracts. Mr. B., it seems, was present at the clinic of Professor Dunglison when the operation of his invention on several patients was fully tested.

"Much difference of sentiment you will find, has existed in regard to the essential cause of stammering; and views have occasionally been entertained, which are certainly far from tenable. In some of the best physiologists, all the varieties have been referred to a spasmodic closure of the glottis producing a sudden arrestion of the issuing column of air. That this is not always the

cause of the affection, however, is shown, as we shall see, by the cases before us. The great fault lies in the spasmodic action of certain of the muscles concerned in the production of the voice, and in articulation. Often, as in Chorea or St Vitus's dance, the slightest agitation serves to aggravate, in the most painful degree, the abnormal action. Indeed, the affection may not improperly be—as it has been called, “Chorea,” or “St Vitus's dance” of the voice. The stammerer, on attempting to enunciate a word or syllable, experiences difficulty or resistance at the commencement, and having but an imperfect control over the voluntary muscles of the vocal apparatus, he at once loses all confidence in his ability to produce the sound required, and there consequently results an irregular or spasmodic action of those muscles, which, for a longer or shorter period, and determined by the degree of spasm, effectually prevents enunciation.”

“Mr. Bates, who is an ingenious and liberal mechanic, has been studying for some time, the nature and treatment of these distressing impediments to speech, and, as I remarked, has been kind enough to bring here several of the persons now under his care, that you may see me examine them, and hear me explain the mechanical contrivances which he employs to obviate them. He was, himself, for a long time, a most intense sufferer, and, in consequence, had his attention earnestly and assiduously directed to the discovery of some means of relief. He has overcome the difficulty in himself, and happily succeeded in enabling others to do the same. In the three cases now before you, and which are at present under his guidance, the spasm manifestly affects different muscles; and hence, although in each person the same amount of difficulty is perhaps experienced in enunciation, the difficulty may concern different sets of letters. Thus the resistance may more prominently affect the labials, dentals, linguo-dentals, linguo-palatals, or gutturals; and hence the value of the physiological knowledge which touches as the intimate mode of their production.

[The patients were now brought, *seriatim*, before the class, and made to read words and syllables commencing with different consonants, especially with those of the explosive class.]

In the first case, (R—G—, *et. 26*), the utterance of the explosive letters is arrested, and accompanied by a singular and sudden spasmodic protrusion of the lower lip. In the attempt to articulate such words as *Boston*, *bunch*, *boat*, *pill*, *pent*, *Pope*, &c., an arrestation of the sounding breath occurs, accompanied by such protrusion, and the patient is thereby rendered incapable of completing or perfecting the sound.

In the second case, (R—B—, *et. 24*) the voice is arrested, and there is a sudden and energetic contraction of the lips. The voice cannot escape from the mouth, and the difficulty here is with those words which contain the dentals, as *Thomas*, *Dor*, *stone*, &c.

In the third case, (D—D, *et. 25*) there is spasm of the muscles that close the glottis, so that on attempting to pronounce the gutturals in such words as *grey*, *goose*, *great*, *king*, *court*, &c., the glottis is spasmodically closed, and the current of air prevented from issuing, except by jerks.

The great object to be accomplished in the treatment of these cases, is to overcome the proximate cause—the nervous or irregularity of innervation, indicated by the spastic contraction of the muscular apparatus brought into play in the process of articulation. To effect this it appeared to Mr. Bates, and it was confirmed by experiments instituted on himself whilst suffering under the infirmity, that if a plan could be imagined to prevent the total interruption of expiration—which occurs in these cases, the patient would feel confidence in his being able to elicit the particular sound, and in this manner the spasmodic efforts might be prevented. He accordingly invented several well devised instruments and arrangements, adapted to the different varieties of stammering, either by preventing the spasmodic action of the muscles concerned, or by restraining, by appropriate pressure, the irregular contractions of the muscles. The effects of these different forms of apparatus were exhibited on the stammerers before the class, and the action of each was clearly manifested.”

TIME AND TIDE, OR STRIVE AND WIN, by A. S. ROB. D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 1852: NEW YORK.

The name of this author is new to us,

though we perceive him mentioned as the writer of several other books. Time and Tide is a duodecimo volume of some 240 pages, comprising every day scenes and events, with the usual intermixture of scamps, and good people, young men and young women, loving and wedding, bad folks punished and good folks rewarded, &c., &c. In short, there is nothing extraordinary or very prominent either in the course of the story or the character of the actors. The style is simple and correct, and the sentiments unobjectionable, and even this merits some praise at a time when the world is deluged, with its present flood of ungrammatical and often licentious trash. The book is worth reading, if one has leisure, which he has no better mode of employing.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By THOMAS B. SHAW. Philadelphia: BLANCHARD & LEA, 1852.

This volume is worth, if not reading through, at least a pretty careful examination for its style alone. It is a style exceedingly manly and vigorous, and at the same time lucid, easy, and elegant. In these days of carelessness and barbarisms in writing, we feel thankful to an author, who gives us pure, massive, eloquent English, and this Mr. Shaw has undeniably done.

The book is a succinct history of English literature and authors, from the first formation of the existing language out of the Saxon and some other tongues, down to the present day. It is an uncommonly interesting book, furnishing as full an account of the writers named and their writings, as could be comprised within such limits. His view of the works touched upon is tolerably just, we think, though not very profound. The principal fault we find with him is his eulogistic exaggeration. He is generally in extremes, and he exhausts the resources of language sometimes in praising what is far from deserving such praise. Better this, however, than the antagonist fault.

To one familiar with the literature treated of, it is pleasant to read what an accomplished man says of our favorite books and authors. To those, however, who are unacquainted with it, this work can be of little value. For it does not contain specimens of these books, but only Mr. Shaw's opinion of them. His opinion may be right or wrong, or a mixture of both, as is most likely; but in no case can it be a substitute for a perusal of the books themselves. And this it is always best to do before reading criticisms upon them. After perusal such criticisms may help to correct and purify our opinions and taste.

Nevertheless, as we said, the general reader will find Mr. Shaw a very entertaining companion.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.



HATTER-Box is intended to be, what we have ever sought to make it; a sort of *omnium gatherum* of "hurry-graphs," mostly

touching local matters. It will probably be more lively and various hereafter, — from the fact of its being the production of two instead of one; arrangements having been made by which we (the original we,) are to

have an able assistant both here as well as elsewhere in the pages of *BIZARRÉ*. —

WE HAVE received all the principal Philadelphia monthlies for August. They are filled, too, we may add, with an unusual amount of good reading, and well executed embellishments. *Graham* in the latter particular, is aided by the Messrs. Devereux; artists who are widely known and highly appreciated throughout the country. *Sartain* is filled with capital reading, besides being very elegantly embellished. The sketches of Gen. Jackson's life are very fine. So are all the contributions of Mr. Leland. Moreover the Editor's Table is remarkably fresh and sparkling. *Godey* maintains its well-known character as a purely ladies' periodical. By the way, we must not forget to thank the Editor for a beautiful notice of *BIZARRÉ* which he gave sometime since, but which did not meet our eye till a few days ago. We have lately seen an attack on our Philadelphia magazines, in the pages of a Boston journal, which we think is wholly uncalled for. What have the conductors done to the Boston man? We may notice the matter again. — WE MET our old friend, Buchanan Read, the other day, on an up-river Delaware steamer, and looking remarkably well, too. He has taken up his abode at Bordentown, a lovely situation for a poet-painter. Read has given up portrait-painting, and now devotes himself to historical subjects and fancy pieces. He was so highly esteemed abroad, that he sold several paintings at excellent prices. We noticed

some of his latest productions in a former number of *BIZARRÉ*, and purpose speaking of others, as soon as we can get time to examine them. — WE SET out the other afternoon for Florence, taking all the necessary accoutrements for a day's fishing. The weather looked rather suspicious when we started, but we hoped, nay believed, the clouds would blow away during the night, and that a bright sun would cheer us with the return of day. We reckoned without our host; the morning bowed in upon us wrapped up in as gloomy a nor-easter as we ever saw; so we packed up our duds and hurried back to town. The rock escaped that time, and Captain Miller, of the beautiful Florence Heights Hotel, had a chicken and fixings the more for our absence. Florence is a beautiful, very beautiful spot, but we must enjoy it in sunshine not storm. — TALKING of fishing, Mr. Levi, the eminent *Chiropodist* from London — now sojourning at 21 Sansom street — has as beautiful a collection of "tackle" as we ever saw. He is an artist truly in piscatorial. We are happy to hear that this gentleman succeeds well in our city. A number of patients have waited on him, and he has relieved them from provoking corns and bunions, without inflicting the slightest pain. — He remains with us, as appears by his advertisement, only a short time longer. — BEN-HAVE, in his "*Prelections Academi. Institut. Med.*" relates the case of a Spanish tragic writer, whose memory, subsequently to an acute febrile disease, was so completely impaired, that not only the literature of various languages he had studied was lost to him, but also their elements, the alphabets. When even his own poetic compositions were read to him, he denied himself to be the author. But the most interesting feature of the case is this; that, on becoming again a votary of the Muse, his recent compositions so intimately resembled his original productions in style and sentiment, that he no longer doubted that both were the offspring of his own imagination. — The Whigs and Democrats are preparing for the great battle in November; but rather quietly than otherwise. — There is none of the fierce encounter, the preparation, pomp, and circumstance, which have characterized other campaigns, but everybody seems, as it were, almost indifferent as to the result. The candidate of the Whigs, Gen. Scott, we have often seen; but we have not been thus favored in regard to him of the Democracy, Gen. Pierce. His form and features, indeed, his *ensemble*, we know perfectly well, however, from what is pronounced to be a most complete daguerreotype of them, executed by M. A. Root, our neighbor, at 140 Chestnut street. Root also has, we should add, at his well-stored gallery, a picture of the lamented Clay, and like every thing

achieved by his camera it is most admirable.

—TALKING of Henry Clay, we find in the Cincinnati papers the following record of a beautiful and affecting scene: "As the steamer Ben. Franklin passed the town of Rising Sun, Indiana, on Thursday last, on its way to Louisville, with the sacred remains of Henry Clay on board, thirty-one young ladies, representing the different States of the Union, stood in conspicuous view on the wharf, in front of the crowd of citizens that had assembled. All, save one, were dressed in virgin white, their heads covered with black veils. The one excepted was robed in deep heavy mourning, and represented Kentucky, and occupied the centre of the line.—How touchingly beautiful the scene, and what pride—sad pride, she must have felt as in that galaxy of beauty she found herself the representative of that State whose broad land, from one extreme to the other, was bedewed with tears. The whole scene was rendered more expressively solemn by the deathly silence that universally prevailed on board the steamer and on shore, as the vessel floated noiselessly by, bearing its precious charge onward to its last repose."—WE REGRET exceedingly to hear of the death of Mr. Chas. Picot, a gentleman widely known and respected in our community, where he was for many years the teacher of a first class ladies' Seminary. Mr. P. died in Paris, June 27th, whither he had gone for his health.—THE STEAMER Humboldt arrived in New York on the 19th, bringing the usual mails, 99 passengers, and 600 tons of goods, valued at \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. Among her passengers was Judge Carlton, of New Orleans, and lady; J. T. Bryan, Esq., bearer of despatches from the United States Legation at Paris; Prince Lubomirsky, and Mrs. Zulawasky, the sister of Kossuth, her husband, and three children. Kossuth having suddenly left for England in the Africa, he was deprived of the pleasure of meeting his sister in the "home of the free and land of the brave."—SOME WEEK or two since the Mænnerchor and Sængerbun Societies, serenaded W. H. Gatzmer, Esq., Agent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, as the papers say, in consideration of the pleasant, agreeable, and gentlemanly attentions bestowed upon the participants of the late Musical Festival, on their passage to and from New York city, by the Directors of the Company. Gatzmer is always doing generous acts; and if properly repaid should nightly be marshalled to the land of dreams by the genius of melody.—MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have just published another number of their beautiful edition of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, the "Waverly Novels." This is the fifth part of the series, and it contains "Rob Roy." The edition will be completed in twelve volumes,

and it will embrace the author's last corrections, prefaces and notes. It will also be embellished with numerous engravings.—

THE FOLLOWING speaks out just what we feel, and we trust our lady readers will give us due credit for it: Like the olive tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all, and about our paths who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them; our efforts of noblest ambition feeble unless they applaud; its rewards valueless, unless they share them! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper. and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet—"that without their influence, many a man had been a brute indeed!"—In the latter part of the 17th century, there were still a class of persons who, according to the ecclesiastical custom, considered Lady Day, March 25th, the beginning of the year, consequently any date between January 1st and March 24th (both inclusive,) mentioned both years in order that the year might be understood by both classes of persons. Thus the 20th of January, 1680, would have been written—20th of January, 1679–1680, because, according to the ecclesiastical computation, the year 1679 was still unfinished. (Vide De Quincey's explanation of this, in a note to his "Biographical Essay on Pope.")—"Boy! a tooth-pick!" said a friend of ours, the other day, taking a shilling dinner in a Market street cellar.—"They are all in use just now, sir," replied the boy.—"UPON MY HONOR," said J. P.—w, on the hottest day of this season, "it is distressing; you haven't a shirt on more than twelve or fifteen days, when to your astonishment you find it soiled!"—A NEW and complete edition of all the Greek and Latin classics is being published by Teubner of Leipzig. This will be the cheapest, the neatest, and the most comprehensive of all the great series ever issued. The prospectus, from which it may be seen, also, that each work will be sold separately, may be found at the store of John Pennington, importer of books, No. 10 South Fifth street, where orders for the work can be left. He has also Quaviteh's catalogue of books from the libraries of the late Honorable J. E. D. Bethune, of Calcutta; of Sir W. W. Dixie, Bart., and Beaumont Dixie, Esq., University College, Cambridge; of Abraham Abell, Esq., of Cork; of Richard Cox, Esq., Quarley, and of the distinguished scholar, Rev. J. Bailey, editor of the English edition of Faucioli.—"GOOD HEAVENS! how finely you are dressed," exclaimed a friend of ours the other day, as he met H. L. harnessed in a little jacket tight enough for a jockey of fifteen. "Where do you get

your clothes?" "In Market street." "It is marvellous! and what did that coat cost?" "Three dollars." "Three dollars! that is not dear! Only for fifty cents more you could have got one to button!"—We have lately received a well-executed lithograph portrait of our friend, Mr. Clapp Spooner, formerly a resident of this city, where he secured to himself a large circle of warm friends. The likeness is truly a speaking one, as of course, it being a copy of a Root daguerreotype. Mr. S., we would add, has lately met with a serious loss in the death of a beloved wife, to whose memory the following touching lines were written by the Rev. Edward C. Jones:

THE DEPARTED WIFE.

Grave! thou hast assur'd in thy dark recess,
Her who embosom'd mortal loveliness.
Instate spoiler! Could not understand the
Escape thy severance! Couldst thou not pass by
The bower of home, where wido'd heart drank deep
From Love's pure waters! Wast thou bound to sleep,
By some stern fixed decree, a soul in tears!
And shade with woe, a Husband's coming years!

And yet, oh Death! thou gavest the sufferer balm,
Thou'st thine to bring that tranquil, lasting calm,
Which hush'd to peace the pulse's feverish bound,
And throes of anguish ended! She has found
In thy embrace, the quiet of the skies,
In joyous consummation that must rise
To Hope, and Faith, and watching unto prayer,
When ransom'd ones their Saviour's presence share.

And that dear little blossom of the bower,
Scarcely yet expanded into childhood's flower,
We know a Mother's spirit in the sky,
Bends for a moment from its symphonies,
To spread a Seraph's wing around its way
A way beset with snares, though seeming gay;
Yea! yea! a Mother's love forever burneth,
Even when the spirit to its God returneth.

Thou who art left in more than loneliness,
Thine true thy star has quenched its ray—but press
Her salutary memory to thy bosom's cell,
Those virtues numberless—oh! prize them well,
And thus draw onward to that goal of light,
The lost to time shall beam upon thy sight,
And rapture high and reunited ties
Shall all be thine 'mid Heaven's own harmonies.

—A most thrilling scene came off the other day at Niagara Falls. It seems a fisherman named Johnson, while under the influence of liquor, had floated down into the rapids, and when first seen his boat was fast on a rock between Goat Island and the Canada shore, directly above the Horse Shoe Fall. How to rescue him was the question, with the trembling groups gathered by the alarm to the brink of Goat Island. At last a man named Robinson, at the imminent risk of his life, went to the relief of the poor fisherman in a small skiff, taking a rope from the island, and succeeded in rescuing him from the boat. About five minutes after Johnson was taken from the boat, it loosened from the rock and went over the Falls. He had been in that situation since 12 o'clock the night previous, and it is added was drunk. A purse of \$200 was made up by the visitors for the heroic fellow who rescued Johnson.—A FAIR correspondent asks us touching the nativity of the lilac. We reply that to the best of our

knowledge it is thought to be exclusively a native of Persia; but, within the last few years, it has been found by Dr. Baumgarten in Transylvania. The blue and the white varieties were cultivated by Gerard and Parkinson, in 1567, under the name of the blue-pipe and white-pipe: and apparently, confounded with Philadelphus, which was also called pipe-tree. The first time the lilac was made known to European botanists, was by a plant brought from Constantinople to Vienna, by the ambassador Busbequins, towards the end of the sixteenth century. From the plant being very showy of the earliest culture, and extremely hardy, it soon spread rapidly throughout the gardens of Europe. In some parts of Britain and various parts of Germany, it is mixed with other shrubs, or planted alone to form garden hedges; and, as a proof of its hardiness, we may mention that there are hedges of it by the road sides, in the neighborhood of Ulm and Augsburg, in the elevated, and consequently cold region of Bavaria.—A GENTLEMAN in our city who sometime since advertized for an American waiter, was soon waited on by an Irishman. "I want an American," said the advertiser. "I know that faith," replied Pat. "Well surely you were not born in America." "No, yer honor, I was born in Dublin." "Born in Dublin," exclaimed the gentleman, "how then do you make yourself out an American?" "Aisy," said Pat; "spose a man is born in a stable, is that any reason he should be a horse?"—We intended to present in our present number a likeness of Gen. Pierce, following it up in our next with one of Gen. Scott. Second thoughts has led to a different arrangement.—THE CLAY OBSEQUES in New York, on the 20th, were of the most impressive character. A telegraphic despatch to this city, on the evening of that day, says:

During all of yesterday afternoon and evening, and up to twelve o'clock, to-day, the occupants of the houses along the route of the procession, have been engaged in decorating the buildings with emblems of mourning, and at noon, to-day, Broadway presented one of the grandest sights ever witnessed.

The Irving House, American Hotel, Astor House. City Hall, Lovejoy's, French's Hotel, and Stewart's Marble Palace, are objects of great attraction. The latter building is surrounded by thousands of spectators. The decorations consist of rosettes and folds of black and white crape suspended from every window of the immense structure, while immediately over the main entrance a scaffolding has been erected, upon which is placed a marble shaft at least twenty-feet in height, surrounded by an iron railing, with large weeping willows in each corner of the enclosure, made entirely of black. The whole is intended to represent a monument to Henry Clay, and from the beauty of the design attracts universal admiration.

The Astor House is covered with black from the roof to the pavement, leaving only the windows exposed to view. The Chatham Bank and the Chatsam and Broa way theatres are also most superbly decorated. The Broadway House is hung with black, and the banners of the various Clay Clubs draped with crape, are standing at the lower end of the Park.

Looking in every direction the city presents an aspect of a grand funeral pile. The people began as early as 9

o'clock to assemble in the streets, and those through which the procession is to pass were, at 12 most densely thronged.

1. P. M.—The bells are tolling and minnie guns are being fired from the Battery and various other points. Broadway is thronged with military as high up as Grand street. The stores are all closed in the lower part of the city, and business suspended. The Banks, Insurance offices, Custom House, and Post office are also closed. Thousands are arriving from various parts of the country to witness the procession. The line of its march will be through to Chatham street, the Bowery, up the Bowery and the Fourth Avenue to Union Square, around Union Square to Broadway, and down Broadway to the Park and City Hall.

The banners of the various associations, &c., all bear devices and mottoes expressive of the loss of the nation in the death of such a man as Henry Clay. The banners of the Hat Finishers of Union Park Row bear the inscriptions—"All Mourn his Loss;" "He was not for a Day, but for all Time;" "His memory, like the Pine, will be ever green."

On the line of stores between the Astor House and Chambers street, are the mottoes—"A World Mourns his Loss;" "He would rather be Right than be President;" "Henry Clay—his Memory will abide in the hearts of his countrymen."

The Printers' Library has upon its front the inscription, "Thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's."

"One of the few immortal names that were not born to die." From 308 Broadway, is suspended a large engraving representing the United States Senate, and bearing the lines—"A Nation Mourns; its leading Star has died; its greatest statesman is numbered with the dead." On the G. M. Hotel is suspended a portrait of Henry Clay, with the motto—"In our National Council, who shall fill his place?" Over the Apollo Rooms is displayed the inscription—"While the Tree of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf, even for thy tomb, a garland let it be." The St. Nicholas Hotel bears the inscription—"Dust to dust, but Clay immortal."

The Collamore House is appropriately draped. The Lafayette Hall and National Academy of Design, are decorated with fitting insignia, and from the latter are exhibited the favorite lines: "We tell thy doom without a sigh."

The line of the procession being at length formed, it began to move shortly after three o'clock, and reached the City Hall shortly after six o'clock, when an eloquent funeral oration was delivered by N. B. Stout, Esq., and the assembly then dismissed with the benediction by the Rev Joseph M. Price.

The display, as a solemn and imposing spectacle, was never equalled in this city.

—MRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have in press, and will issue August 1st, "Aunt Phillips' Cabin: or, Southern Life as it is," by Mrs. Mary H. Eastman. This work will present quite a different picture of Southern life from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and if we know any thing of facts, a much less fanciful one. The writer is a most accomplished lady, and a native of the South; but she is, we are assured, pledged to no clique, and free from the presence of any and all extraneous circumstances. She does not come before the public as an apostle of slavery, but as her enterprising publishers state, "with the earnest desire to represent it as it is; and in doing so, she will show its ameliorating features in strong contrast with the painful scenes so elaborately set forth in Uncle Tom's Cabin."—We ask attention to the advertisement of Stait's Cape Island Express. Mr. S. is well known by us, having been connected with us in the distribution of BIZARRE from its commencement. If there ever was a go-ahead, honest, and capable man, that man is William Stait. Mr. S. circulates Bi-

ZARRE personally at the Capes, leaving an excellent person in his lieutenant Mr. Nichols, who performs the same service in this city, during his absence. Let us add in this connexion, that our first quarter's subscriptions were due July 1st, and those who have not paid, will greatly oblige us by doing so when Mr. Nichols again waits on them.—THE HARPERS have sent us Abbott's "Mother at Home," and other books, which we shall notice hereafter.—GEORGE W. CURTIS, the "Howdaji," has another book in press, entitled "Lotus-Eating." Mr. C. is a most promising young author; indeed he will be one of the best in his way, when he throws away his stilts.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having purchased from Mr. D. D. Byerly his interest in the publication of "Church's Bizarre," has become its sole proprietor. Mr. Byerly, will, however, be interested in the management of the advertising department as heretofore.

J. M. CHURCH.

Philadelphia, July 21st, 1822.

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NOTINGS OF BUSINESS.

THE EXCELLENCY OF MEYER'S pianos is every where conceded. Better instruments, indeed, are not manufactured, either here or elsewhere. They were honored by a medal by the London World's fair, and various public institutions of our own country, have bestowed on them similar favors. MEYER gives personal attention to his manufactory, which is a very large establishment, embracing the whole of the pile of buildings formerly known as Temperance Hall, and situated in Third street. His wareroom continues at the same place, in Fourth street, below Chesnut. Music will be more popular than ever during the coming summer and fall; for it promises to become a leading element in the election campaign, upon which we are just entering. At any rate, the Whigs came out with a new song at their general ratification meeting the other evening, and thousands of copies of the same were scattered among the crowd from the speaker's platform. It was sung after the meeting, we hear, at one of our hotels, with great unction—an Ex-Governor participating in the chorus.

MANY long to be millionaires; now we should be satisfied with a seat in a car on the road to such happiness, as is our friend, WILLIAM H. MAURICE, the popular stationer, Chestnut street, above Third; but we cannot, perhaps, very readily, and why should we snarl and grumble because he is more favored than ourselves. Let us all see that our hearts are in the right place, if our wallets do not require watchfulness for their emptiness, for the poet saith:

"The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart,
The form may lose its symmetry and grace,
But time can claim no victory over the heart."

Maurice is about the busiest man in town.

AMONG THE many beautiful stores on Chesnut st., Messrs. LEE & WALKER have made that into which they were driven by the burning of Barnum's Museum, quite a feature.—It is situated at 188 Chesnut street, immediately under the Utah House. We congratulate our friends on being again well established, and in such inviting quarters. We hope they may do a better business than ever, and

cannot doubt but they will enjoy largely increased favor. Though the fire destroyed a large amount of music, and valuable music, which they had selected, the necessary additions were long since made to supply the deficiency. Messrs. LEE & WALKER are successors to the late George Willig, and enjoy the large confidence which he secured. The senior of the firm is now in Europe, making arrangements for future importations.

WE HAVE again and again spoken of WILLIAM T. FRY's beautiful stock of writing desks, dressing-cases, jewel-boxes and fancy goods generally. We think he has some of the handsomest things to be found in the city; and we know that he is held in high repute by the trade. Fry was formerly a skilful London manufacturer, and he has removed to our country to enjoy the favor which is daily more and more being accorded to genius like his. He has beautiful taste in designing, and great skill in executing his work. We saw several articles at his place the other day, richly inlaid with pearl, surpassing anything of the kind which we ever before met. He has, moreover, some *papier-mache* work of his manufacture, which is truly exquisite; then he has lately added some rich English goods to his stock. The fall business will soon commence, and Fry will be better prepared than ever to meet it.

THE McCLESSES, Market st. below Eighth, present one of the best examples of success within our knowledge. In other words, commencing business on a small capital, and in confined quarters, they have gradually been urged onward by devotion to business, by energy and by industry, until they now occupy the whole of an immense warehouse, and control a very large share of the building-hardware custom of the city. At a season of great prosperity, like the present, when so many improvements are being made, the McCLESSES of course are more than usually occupied. Well do they deserve the favor which they enjoy. We say this, let it be borne in mind, knowing well our men.

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A SCIENTIFIC writer, after speaking of a practice among some of our Indian tribes of flattening the heads of infants, says these queer notions of the savages find parallels among civilized nations—for it was the cus-

tom a quarter of a century ago for nurses to bind infants so tightly around the body with swaddling clothes, that the natural form of the chest was altered. Some young ladies still do the same with corsets. We think, however, our fair ones dress very becomingly, and much more freely than formerly.—There can be no question but extraordinary compression of the body is injurious to health, while it destroys to a certainty the beautiful symmetry of the figure. The ladies of Philadelphia generally indicate very good taste in matters of dress; they are, too, very particular in regard to hair, teeth, &c. Touching teeth, nothing whitens them so admirably as ZERMAN's famous Tooth Wash, nor is there anything of the kind which imparts a more kissable fragrance to the mouth. This preparation is manufactured at Ninth and Catharine streets, and may be had of all the druggists in town.

WE VISITED Dr. Jackson the other day; his business is daily increasing. The increase, too, is a legitimate and substantial one; not of mushroom or ephemeral growth, such as is too common with dealers in prepared medicines. The Doctor has an admirable prescription, truly, in the "German Bitters." Before they were introduced in this country, they enjoyed a very high and extended fame in Europe, their author, Dr. Hoofland, being one of the most distinguished of German physicians. These "German Bitters" are capital in all diseases of the liver and their attending ills. They purify the system, and do it we would add without causing any prostration of the same. Dyspeptics cannot find a better medicine; this is conceded by hundreds who have used the Bitters.

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THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

"Well, Mr. P." "Well, Mrs. P." "That last spat of ours was terrible." "Horrible, Mrs. P., horrible; the very worst we ever had. One or two more such, and our union will be severed. To be called an ugly old—ah! Mrs. P., your tongue is very abusive when you are in a passion." "Never mind, Mr. P., you provoked me, when you said young Rice was a fool. You knew I would have married him, had you not come along." "My dear Mrs. P., you talk too much about young Rice. Husbands do not like to hear their wives forever talking about young men."—"Mr. P. you are a quarrelsome ugly old—" "Mrs. P., to be thus twitted of my age by a young girl I married out of charity"—"Mr. P. you are a brute." "You never called me a brute before, Mrs. P.; now I will go; we

must meet once more an hour hence in this place and then—part forever." "As you please, Mr. P." The hour elapsed. "Well, Mrs. P., it is useless to waste words, we can't agree—good bye." "Good—bye, Mr. P." Mrs. P. snivels—"but before you go, take with you what belongs to you." Mrs. P. held her own miniature in her hands which were placed behind her. "I will take it, Mrs. P., as a peace-offering at parting—forever—but you must also accept a peace offering from me."—Mr. P. held his miniature also behind him. Mrs. P. consented, and after a good deal of sighing, choking and blowing of noses, the pictures were exchanged. Then such a kissing as there was of pictures first, and originals afterwards; and then Mr. and Mrs. P. were happy.

SICKNESS AT HOME.

Events occur sometimes of much greater than ordinary concern to the family, and then the spirits of all are raised far above or sunk much below their customary pitch. Sickness is one of these events—sickness in all its forms, but especially when sudden in coming, and violent in kind.

Thus, behold what a few days may bring forth! A little while ago, health, perfect health, was yours. Life ran through your veins in a clear, refreshing current. Your nerves gave out gladness at the simple touch of Heaven's free breezes. The very play of joint and muscle was a pleasure. It was joy even to breathe. To-day, feeble, restless, racked with innumerable aches, you are stretched on a sick-bed, unable even to lift your bewildered head from its pillow.—Heaven's blessed light must be shut out from your eyes, for it brings them anguish. Its sweet airs must not breathe upon you, for destruction to you is in their breath. The very voices of friendship and affection, the inarticulate murmurs of your little babe, must be hushed in your presence, for they jar painfully on your morbid hearing. To move a muscle, or even to draw a breath, is distressful or laborious.

But home sometimes presents a spectacle even sadder than this, for those at least who are old enough to reflect. It is when severe sickness gets hold on the little child. When in health, the child is of all human kind the most nearly complete within itself in its resources for enjoyment. It little needs depending on others or looking far for its pleasures. So tempered is its spirit by the Creator, that all things, even the most trivial, wake it to joy.

But the child sick has few visible resources for its present needs. Reason is not yet sufficiently trained for its helper. Patience and the kindred virtues, with their manifold aids and alleviations for seasons like this, are not to be looked for at its years. In appearance the little creature is the unresisting, unprepared victim of the terrible enemy. And how wide the contrast between the healthy and the sick child!

To us, whose life moves on at a sober, uniform pace, what mystery is there more delightful, than that child of three or four years old? See him waking at early morning—no matter how cold and dismal the morning is—absolutely running over with life and glee! See him so eager to be up out of his warm, snug nest, when no mortal can say what he would be at! Behold him thenceforward, the live-long day, gambolling and frolicking, rolling over and over, up stairs and down stairs,—nobody can tell why,—mad, seemingly, with joy, at the mere motion of his muscles

—now shouting, and now singing with the unmeasured, giddy tones of a bird—can you name a spectacle at once more delightful and more unaccountable to us of adult age?

Sad, sad sight, that same little one stretched out on a sick bed! The very restlessness, that before was pleasure and found vent in motion of every kind, is now turned into a source of all the keener pain. The little frame tosses from side to side, but finds no easier position. The little hands push aside the covering clothes in a vain groping after coolness. The plump ruddy cheeks become thin and livid-white. The smooth forehead gathers up into a knotty frown, and on the face, lately so dimpled and shining with glee there becomes fixed an expression strangely distressful. For the lively prattle, joyous shout, and ringing laugh, is heard now the discordant scream wrung out by some sharper pang, and now that low, continual, doleful moan, of all sounds most piteous to hear, and to the parent's ear, especially, indescribably mournful. And who ever saw—what is sometimes witnessed—that little darling gaze into the faces of the surrounding circle with that look beseeching help, which outruns and strikes dumb all sounds in the intenseness of its pleading, without feeling, for the time, as though that look would through life take the place of all other sights? And such sounds and sights, as these, often last for weeks before banished by returning health or the pitying Death-angel.

Said we not truly, then, that the main feelings and interests, to which the great world gives scope, are also viewed in one or another way within the little sphere of home? Where are hope and fear roused more intensely than by the sick bed of parent or child? From what department of the big world's pursuits comes a satisfaction purer, more genial, and wholesomer than a parent gathers from the blooming beauty, the chatty vivacity, and the merry pranks of his healthy child? And from what one among reverses in the world's affairs flows grief or anxiety deeper, more engrossing, or less alloyed with selfishness, than is often felt by the home-circle from sympathy with the suffering, the danger, or the disappointment of one of its members?

But it should not be overlooked, that the vicissitudes chequering domestic life, like those of the great world, furnish means of discipline and impose various momentous obligations. Sickness in the family demands special attention from each of its members to many different circumstances.

For example, a gentle, quiet, subdued manner in speaking, in moving, and in doing whatever is needful, is of prime importance, and should be observed alike by children and adults. The invalid is in a very sensitive state, is disturbed by the slightest things,

and is therefore made worse or better by what, at other times, would be trifles.

Cheerfulness is another item of consequence in the sick room. Though we may be very sad at the invalid's sufferings or alarmed at his danger, we should strive so to control ourselves, as not to let such feelings appear. They agitate him and aggravate his malady.

We should also beware of annoying him by frequent questioning how he feels, what are his present symptoms, how they differ from yesterday's, and the like. The exertion of definite thinking, remembering and describing is painful and injurious to him.

So, again, if we talk to or with him, we should not expect him to reply much or often. It were better, if convenient, that two or more friends should carry on some light, pleasant, cheerful conversation in his hearing—often, though not too long at once—thus furnishing him, without effort on his part, a kind of cordial at once soothing and gently exhilarating.

In short, nobody without experience can imagine what a different effect two different individuals exert on a sick person. They may be equally kind and equally desirous of being serviceable. Yet the one, from a sort of unrestrained, perturbed demeanor—a hurried way of moving, and of doing every thing—works positive harm to the patient by making him uneasy and restless. The other, by a calm, steady, self-possessed manner and a perfect composure in look, speech and movement, exerts on the patient's mind a soothing and tranquillising influence, which goes far of itself towards counteracting the bodily disorder.

It appears, then, that a sick room furnishes occasions of discipline to those of all ages.—For children it is especially useful. The circumstances of the place are suited to fix their attention notwithstanding their volatility, and to make them forget themselves to no slight degree, much as they are apt, at their age, to be engrossed by their own concerns. By a little judicious instruction, therefore, given at the time, the parents may do something—often a great deal—towards training the child to have regard to others, as well as to himself, in what he purposes and does—in a word, towards impressing on his mind the second "great commandment"—the law of social love—the disposition of Christian benevolence. A sick room so used is like the other ills, darkening at times, both the great world and home, "a blessing in disguise."

A great deal of judgment is requisite for dealing wisely with children sick. When a child is somewhat indisposed, or is even seriously ill, we would recommend it as a general rule, while rendering a careful and sympathising attention to his complaint or cries, to preserve, at the same time, a composed

manner free from all signs of alarm, and seeming to indicate that we do not consider the matter of any very serious consequence. This manner we believe to correspond most nearly to the fact in the majority of instances, besides that its influence on the child is of exceeding value. For children naturally make quite sufficient ado on any such occasion; and an injudicious sympathy not only tends to raise their outcries above what the case warrants, but, if habitually bestowed in large measure, to form in them the custom of complaining and making a disturbance for trivial, not less than adequate causes.

In mature life, simple politeness—not to mention the Christian benevolence, which teaches to avoid annoying or making others unhappy—constrains us to bear a thousand inconveniences, annoyances and even pains, without manifesting what we feel by word or look. We cannot, therefore, begin too early to form in the young this essential habit of self-command and silent endurance. And, at the very outset, we should take heed not to encourage and even excite them to complaint and noise-making by our prodigal sympathy with their trifling ills. Rather should we help their feeble self-control by exhibiting, on such occasions, a calmness which acts as a gentle yet effectual rebuff to their exaggerated sensibilities. A word of simple explanation, at these times, may often enhance the effect of our unmoved, quiet demeanor.

By these and similar expedients, long and uniformly persisted in, the child is likely to acquire such self-control and presence of mind as both to suffer less himself in sickness and on other trying occasions, and to cause less trouble to others. This latter consideration merits special notice. To the sick, undeniably, there pertain certain duties not less than to the well. They should occasion as little trouble as may conveniently be, and make as light as possible the necessary burden of attendance upon them. An illness long protracted, or an habitual state of imperfect health, is, from the nature of the case, a severe trial to the other members of the household, as well as to the patient. For health and sickness naturally stand in decided, not to say violent, antipathy to one another. The well person is hardly aware he has a body, and dwells little on its sensations and goings-on, but is alive to and mostly occupied with things bearing no relation to his material organization.

On the contrary, the invalid has his attention, perforce, drawn much to his corporeal sensations, and no small share of the time is mainly engrossed thereby. And even when other things attract his notice, his mode of contemplating them and his feelings concerning them can scarce be otherwise than affect-

ed by his physical state. So that the healthful and the sick person's very condition of existence is as much opposed as can easily be imagined. In order, then, that the two may go along harmoniously in company, the wide space between them must be so far diminished as to bring them into somewhat of sympathy. The well person is obliged to traverse most of this interval, it being taken for granted that the other is unable to do it.

Now, if the invalid will consider how hard it must be for one in health to put himself in the sick one's place, and be (so to speak) sick in thought and feeling; and how much of principle and kindness is required to make this exertion habitual—he must be satisfied that some effort is demanded of him to avoid increasing the difficulty. To be perpetually fretting and complaining—never content with what others do for him because either better or more is not done—inflicting the account of ailments and pains unseasonably or over frequently—this, even in the worst-suffering invalid, is wholly unjustifiable and selfish, and he commonly reaps the ill-consequences by alienating partially, if not totally, the sympathies which would also have been his.

But uncomplaining patience and fortitude amid debility and pain; a cheerful readiness to enter into what interests others in despite of so much calculated to depress one's self; these traits not only draw others to us, but even awaken tenderness and pity and admiration in our behalf, thus doing their hearts an independent good, while prompting them to make strenuous additional efforts for our solace and relief. By wise management much may be done to form in children the habit of conducting themselves when ill in this proper and christianly way.

We perceive, then, that sickness in the family brings, like every thing else, its duties both for the sick and the well. According as it is accepted and dealt with, it may call out the worst traits in both parties and almost annihilate the peace and happiness of the household; or, it may summon into exercise many of the noblest sentiments and dispositions, and thus in the result, exalt immeasurably both the character and the happiness of all concerned.

And, finally, let us remark, that as there exists no home where sickness and pain do not sometimes enter, so it is the true interest of all to be prepared for its appearing and to make the best and most of it while it is present.

VERGISS-MEIN-NICHT.

There is a simple tombstone at Mayence, on which is inscribed the single word *Rodolphe*.

It was the name once borne by a German minstrel—a musician and a poet—and as his verses were all in praise of women, especially of Marie, he was called *Rodolphe Frauenlob*: that is to say, the poet of women. When he set out poor to traverse Germany, and to seek his fortune by his genius and his songs, it was not for himself that he sought either gold or glory.

Gold is desirable—when it can serve to adorn the woman you love, as the Italians deck their Madonnas; when it enables you to spread rich carpets under her feet, which the touch of the rough earth might wound;—to shed around her perfumes less sweet than her breath.

Glory is desirable—when the poet may place on a gentler head the crowns which fall upon his own—when his praises reach in sweet harmony the ear of the woman he loves.

But to the poet without love—to him whose soul is crushed beneath betrayed affection—gold is nothing but gold—nothing but a metal, like lead or iron. Praise is but an oppressive incense which fatigues the brain; crowns of flowers are crowns of thorns, which cover his pale face with sweat and blood.

Rodolphe left behind him, at Mayence, a young girl, who awaited his return—who watched through the stormy nights, and prayed for him.

After three years he came back, rich and renowned. Long before his return, Marie had heard his name mingled with praise and admiration; and by a noble confidence, she knew that neither praise nor admiration had given to her friend as much happiness and pride as would the first look of the young maiden who had so long awaited him.

Rodolphe arrived, and that evening towards sunset the bells chimed gaily to announce the marriage of Rodolphe and Marie at tomorrow's dawn.

At that moment they were walking alone together, upon a path which stretched by the shore of the Rhine.

They sat down close to one another upon a carpet of moss, and passed long and fleeting moments in gazing upon each other—in pressing hands—without breaking the silence by a word. That which filled their souls could not have been translated into human words. The purple tint which the sun had left upon the horizon was fast paling, and shadows advanced across the heavens, from the east towards the west. Both felt that they must arise and depart. Marie wished to fix the remembrance of this happy evening, and pointed with her hand to some forget-me-nots upon the margin of the stream. Rodolphe understood her, and gathered the flowers; but his foot slipped, and he disappeared beneath the water; twice the wave was agitated, and

he re-appeared, struggling, foaming, but twice the water seized back its prey. The second time he turned a last look towards the bank where Marie was, and stretching out his arm, threw her the forget-me-nots he had gathered for her. He tried to speak, but the water suffocated him; he disappeared; the stream took its course; and the waters were again as smooth as a mirror. Thus died *Rodolphe Frauenlob*. BEPPO.

LONGING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTTE.

What vague and ardent yearning
So stirs my troubled breast?
Why this perpetual burning
For something unpossesst?
My heart—my heart is swelling
And struggling to break free,
And bounds of human dwelling
Are all too strait for me.
See! there the clouds are veiling
The rocks with dusky shroud;
Would I were with them sailing,
Would I might be a cloud!

The ravens now are winging
In air their social flight;
And, up on pinions springing,
I with their train unite.
'Round mount and wall decaying,
We wheel in giddy mase;
Below, a maiden straying
Alone attracts my gaze!

She cometh there to wander;
And I, on pinions fleet,
A bird of song, to yonder
Dim, bosky dell retreat.
She, lingering, listeneth meetly,
And saith, with smiling glee,
"He singeth, O, how sweetly,
And singeth all for me!"

The parting sun, suffusing
The heights with golden red,
Breaks not the maiden's musing.
She heeds not he hath sped.
She roameth o'er the meadows,
Along the racing stream,
While deeper grow the shadows,
That round her pathway teem.

At once to heaven up-glancing,
I shine, a twinkling star;
What light is o'er me dancing,
So near and yet so far?"
And hast thou then my shining
Admiringly confest?
Lo, at thy feet reclining,
I now, indeed, am blest!

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The following is a part of a letter we received, not long ago, from a person, with whom we are acquainted, and on whose word we place the completest reliance. He assures us that the occurrences recorded below actually happened to himself. He had given us a *viva voce* account of them, with which we were so much struck, that we requested him to write them down. He complied; and we now submit the relation to the reader without comment. At a time when so many tales of "spiritual communications" through various mediums are afloat, possibly some one versed in that lore, may be able to explain the why and wherefore of these phenomena. We omit some preliminaries and commence "*cum mediis rebus*."

For several days I had not been in my usual health. I was nervous and somewhat languid, though not to a degree that entirely precluded my attending to my wonted avocations. I did not, however, on finishing these employments for the day, feel like doing anything else, but sat listlessly in the public room of my hotel, till again summoned away by indispensable duties. Sitting thus, in the latter part of one Saturday afternoon, my attention was roused from the paper I was trying to read, by hearing my name distinctly pronounced. I looked about on the numbers of persons, who were seated in the room or were entering or leaving it, but could discover no one, who appeared to have addressed me, or, so far as I could judge, to have been speaking about me. The thing was repeated so often without my being able to find any clue to its meaning, that I became seriously annoyed, as well as astonished, and gave my whole powers of hearing and sight to the attempt at detecting the cause of this phenomenon. I was sitting by a window, and after listening intently for a few minutes, I was forced upon the conclusion, that, if my senses were to be trusted, the pronouncers of my name were close behind and on either side of me. For not only did I hear more than one person utter my name, but I distinctly heard a considerable company of persons talking with each other; calling each other by name; and at intervals speaking about myself. I looked through the window behind me, but no one was within possible hearing distance. I looked to my right hand and left, but no one was near; no one was in sight, who could have been concerned in this matter. And yet this talk continued to go on and was heard by me as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life. And, still more, I heard two or three names called, in the addresses of one to another, which belonged to persons I had formerly known, and who had been for many years dead! You may laugh

at the conclusion I now felt compelled to adopt, but that conclusion was, that I was surrounded by spirits, whose voices, from some abnormal state of my system, I was able to hear. Perhaps I should not so readily have adopted this opinion, but for several strange former experiences of my life.

But what was their object in besetting me thus? I listened carefully for some time, and from numerous remarks and indirect hints passing between them, I learned that they were members of a band of malignant spirits, whose office and whose delight it was to tempt men into wrong courses, by acting on their constitutional weaknesses and besetting appetites; that this was not the first time they had assailed me with mischievous intents, but that to their instigations were owing many severe trials of my self-control, to which in past time I had been subjected; and which my strength, in too many instances, had proved inadequate to resist; and finally, that they were, at this moment, deputed by the superior fiend, who, it appeared, had the command of them, to take advantage of my present nervous, languid, debilitated state, and incite me to use brandy, as a cordial and remedy for it. As I listened to this talk interchanged among them, a flood of light was poured over many past events; for it was vividly brought to my mind how instinctively and by what a strong impulse I had been, for some years, accustomed to resort to brandy for any casual ailments,—(which were mostly those of languor and nervous debility)—though experience had taught me, that I did so at my great peril. And now, if I could credit these ghostly whisperings, a troop of demons had been long hovering about me, prompt to seize the occasion of my peculiar physical state to urge me to that, which, they trusted, would be my destruction.

At first, it seemed they felt so confident I would take brandy, as a relief for my present sensations, that they deemed it unnecessary to employ any other incentives to this act than what flowed from their own presence, with the burning atmosphere surrounding them, naturally creating inflammation and inordinate thirst. This I gathered from many intimations, and especially from the fact, that, every time I stepped into the adjacent bar-room, which I very frequently did, for a glass of iced water to quench the raging thirst, that tormented me, I heard them exclaim eagerly, "now he's going for brandy!" And each time, as they perceived me take water alone, they cursed and blasphemed in their disappointment.

This state of things continued for some time; it being evident, meanwhile, that they were not aware I could hear their voices, but supposed they were inaudible, as well as in-

visible to me, as they actually are to most men always, and to all men except on special occasions. Better for me that I had let them remain in this ignorance, as thus I should have escaped most terrible sufferings. But imprudently I accosted them; manifested my knowledge of their present purpose; and recklessly bade them defiance. I thus stood before them in the light of a spy in their camp; for, if I had the gift of knowing when the demon tempters were present, and of overhearing their conferences, it was plain the rod of their malignant power was broken, so far as concerned myself, and perhaps others also. No sooner had I addressed them, than they evidently became greatly excited, and one of them was sent to summon their superior. He soon arrived, as I could judge from several sounds, and brought an additional throng of demons with him. After some conversation with him,—he, meanwhile, seeming, like the rest, to know my name and my antecedent history,—I asked his name. He told it, and I remembered it as that of a deceased member of a respectable Boston family. I shall call it, by way of disguise, George Howard. The arrival of these fresh numbers, with their sultry encircling sphere, augmented the feverishness and thirst, which was consuming me, and I was obliged, every few minutes, to go for a glass of iced water. Besides this indirect action upon me, Howard tried many direct means to prevail on me to take brandy. They were of that subtle nature, of which it is impossible to give any adequate description by words. One, however, of his devices was to assume, not in terms but in reality, that it was a settled fact, an inexorable fate in no way to be evaded, that I was to drink and to terminate my life by intemperance; and that, therefore, it was worse than idle to resist and delay, as I was now doing, since I was subjecting myself to needless suffering, which could by no possibility render me any service. To their diabolic ranks I was to belong; this was my doom, and the wiser way was to submit at once.

As I still resisted his multiform provocatives, I heard him say angrily, "Well, we must call William!" A moment's thought recalled to my mind a brother of the speaker, William Howard, a college cotemporary of mine, who had, many years before, died young, after a life made infamous by dissolute excesses. He soon arrived, and I found it was the veritable person, now raised to a "bad eminence" over his demon associates by superiority of intellect and wickedness. I felt the influence of his burning sphere in the increased inflammation of my system, with its accompanying thirst. He also entered into conversation with me, and tried means direct and indirect akin to those em-

ployed by his brother, though enhanced in subtlety and force, to induce me to resort to brandy. Worried and tormented by these protracted assaults, I saw not where they were to end or how I was to get rid of my assailants.

As their efforts for my subjection had as yet proved futile, I heard the leaders, after holding a consultation, say, "Well, we must call such and such a one" (naming sundry deceased persons, of whom I had heard) "and we'll overcome him yet!"

All this while, I may mention, this diabolic troop had cursed and blasphemed more wickedly even than men are wont to do, if this be possible; their oaths being mingled with the most outrageous and violent abuse of my poor self, qualified, however, with not a few expressions of unwilling admiration of the firmness, with which I had resisted and the penetration, which had seen through their wiles. "We must have him" (they exclaimed) "or he'll do us infinite mischief; he'll betray us to the world and we shall lose all our power over men, &c., &c." Another remark I would make is, that, by some sort of faculty, they evidently saw every thought and feeling, how slight or shadowy so ever, as it rose in my mind, and at once uttered it aloud. This was terribly annoying; for it was the case of a deadly foe overlooking all the preparations one was making for his defence, and even his meditations on what preparations it was best to attempt making!

Every moment new spirits arrived, and, as before, their torrid atmosphere enhanced the violence of the fever-flames, that preyed upon me. Like those who preceded them, every new-comer seemed to take for granted the impossibility, that, in my then corporeal state, I should long persist in abstaining from the brandy so easily accessible in the adjoining room, and thus looked, from moment to moment, to see me yield. Every time, therefore, they saw me—which was very often)—go for water, they felt confident of my fall; and when they found me taking water merely, their execrations of me were absolutely frightful. Instead, however, of desisting, they were stimulated to new efforts against me. Thus, at one time, as I sat by the open window, they planted themselves in a mass just outside of it, and breathed unitedly and forcefully upon me, in the hope that this fiendish, inflaming breath might so exhaust me, as to make a stimulating cordial indispensable. And I did in fact become so debilitated, so trembly weak, that I felt well nigh desperate. But resolved, as I was, that I would not touch brandy,—least of all at the suggestion of such counsellors, I told my tormentors I would not, though death should be the result. It was curious to hear

their utterances of admiration, mixed with hate and wrath, at my stubborn refusal, in the height of the agony which they evidently saw I was enduring, to taste what would so quickly have brought relief; to be had, as this was, by the mere extending of my hand.

But I suffered in mind too, as well as body, placed in this anomalous condition; feeling myself growing continually worse; knowing no method of escaping the presence of these demons or of counteracting their devices; the horrible thought came over me, that the Divine Being had forsaken me! From the depths of my soul went up again and again unspoken entreaties to Him for deliverance from the assaults of this diabolic crew. But no sign appeared of a favorable response, while my unuttered petitions were repeated aloud with mockery and laughter by my malign tormentors!

Finding I was growing more and more exhausted, and determined to change my sensations, if possible, even though I could do no more, I sallied forth for a walk, knowing air, as well as water, to be one of God's remedies for bodily disturbance. But the spirits accompanied me. Incessantly were their odious voices heard before, behind, and on either side of me, conferring among themselves; execrating, vituperating, and sneering at myself; and alluding to theatres and other places on the way, as scenes of their former successes in snaring men by their evil arts. "Let's keep with him," I heard them say, for he's going to indulge at some drinking saloon,—we'll have him yet!" Onward I walked, square after square, companioned by this "hideous rout" striving to urge me into every saloon I passed; breaking out into shocking execrations as I passed each without stopping; and attempting to apply the torch in turn to each and every forbidden appetite. Several times portions of the band proposed relinquishing the attempt upon me as impracticable; but two or three insisted on its further prosecution and still halloed forward the deathful chase.

After walking a mile, I turned back, still beset by the same unwelcome company. Before proceeding far, the query chanced to arise in my mind, who a certain member of the band was, whose baptismal name I had several times heard pronounced among them; when instantly occurred the thought, that it must be a young man I had formerly known, who had died early of desperate inebriety. The moment this thought flashed across my mind, a blast of blasphemous wrath from this very person proved me correct. There seemed no bounds to his fury at my detection of his identity and present condition. It seemed to me as if, forgetting his want of a material frame, he had tried to dash himself upon me and rend me. Certainly he hissed, serpent-

like, in my ear, and put in action a new engine of diabolism. He made a sound, as if spitting at me; and he no sooner did so, than I heard the others exclaim, "that's right,—that will weaken him!"—from which exclamation I inferred that, until now, they had forgotten to employ this device against me. He repeated the act again and again, and I fancied it did have the effect to increase my debility, so that I was glad to get back to my hotel. But his malignity, super-fiendish as it was, pursued me thither; and I no sooner sat down, than he apparently stationed himself behind me, and began blowing a stream of hot breath continuously on my head. I could distinctly feel the deadly simoom go through and through my brain burning and stinging, while before my eyes there was a wavering and shimmering, as of heated air-currents. How dreadful was the complication of my sufferings! The rest of the very demons themselves remonstrated with McCune—(this is a feigned and not a real name)—for his worse than diabolic cruelty to one, who, at least, had never injured him. But in vain. He still breathed upon me this fatal breath. Again and again I implored relief from on high, but as yet no relief was given.

At last, from inability to sit up longer, I went up to my bedroom, with how much of awful foreboding you may possibly conjecture. "Now we'll finish him," was the exulting cry I heard from my tormentors, while ascending the stairs. I anticipated a night of horrors, though unable to guess what shape they would assume, nor was I disappointed. I expected to be assailed at every point of body and soul; and especially to be urged by every species of device to suicide by the razor, for I heard this suggestion whispered among them. However I left my razor in its usual drawer, and made such preparations for the night, as were in my power, of a conservative kind. Thus, my windows being opened, and a complete draught through the room established, I placed a table near my bed-head furnished with lights and books. First bathing from crown to sole in cold water, I then dipped a long night dress in the same, and put it on dripping. Finally, I dipped a large towel in water; put it round my head; and then stretched myself, book in hand, on the outside of my bed.

Sounds from various quarters of my room; from outside the windows and from the entry passing my door, soon showed the mustering of the demon hosts to their work. First were heard all sorts of lascivious sounds and words, apparently in the opposite and contiguous chambers; designed—(as I learned from the conversation of the actors)—to make a breach in the firmness of my resistance to

the evil they would fain involve me in, by arousing other propensities also forbidden and destructive. This first attempt, however, was soon abandoned, for they perceived at once I told them truly, when I said it was futile. Next they essayed to break me down by terror, that, being thus thrown off my poise, I might lie open to their machinations. Thus, they kept uttering my name aloud, as that of a person guilty of every species of baseness and crime; and soon, therefore, I heard the hotel-keeper threatening to turn at once into the street the man thus charged, as being, to say the least, a very suspicious case. Again, I heard a crowd of people thronging the entry, talking loudly of the police being in pursuit of an atrocious murderer, who had been traced to this house, and even to this very entry! A thousand such devices succeeded each other, all contrived and carried out with more than mortal subtlety. At times I was agitated not a little, but on the whole I was able, I cannot tell how, to hold myself tolerably firm and fearless.

But, ere long, they relinquished these alternating attempts, and applied themselves to the grand demonstration, which, they seemed to think, could not fail,—the ordeal by fire. I felt that a considerable number of them,—I judged full a dozen or more,—ranged themselves on each side of me, from head to foot, and each, selecting some single point of my body, began breathing on that point a continuous stream of flame! The first breath struck on each spot precisely like the touch of a live coal, and I started from it exactly as one starts from the casual contact of such a coal. I could hear them respire, each and all of them, as distinctly and almost as loudly as a tired sleeping laborer, and every one of these full respirations was like a gush of flame cast upon me. It seemed to me that it was utterly impossible I could endure through the long, lingering night these diabolic breathings, which, at the very outset, stung and burned me almost beyond bearing. Wrung with anguish and well nigh despairing, I again implored Divine aid. But no such aid came, nor the slightest tempering of this fiery bath. Still the thought of yielding to my tempters and seeking the relief they had been so long urging, was rejected more indignantly than ever.

I strove to fix my attention on a volume, in which I had lately got much interested—(it was, I think, the life of Madame Guyon)—but a jet of fire, darting incessantly into either eye, made seeing well-nigh impossible, even had I been less distracted by the fierce tortures I was enduring. On—on—monotonously, sonorously on—went these fiery respirations, till without and within, from the

head to the feet, my whole frame felt as if, like that of Kehama in Pandalon, it were transmuted into one living coal! My dripping envelopments ere long became so heated, as to feel like cloths dipped in boiling water, and again and again was I obliged to get up and redip them in water directly from the hydrant.

To be concluded in our next number.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

The Annual Commencement of Harvard College was observed at Cambridge on Wednesday, the 21st inst. The Graduating Class was the largest that has ever graduated from the Institution, numbering 90 members.—There were also 11 graduates in the Divinity School. The degree of M. D. was conferred upon 37 candidates; that of Bachelor of Science upon 1; "L.L. B." on 46 young gentlemen; and "A. M." upon 18 candidates in course, and 3 others out of course. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University; Hon. Thomas Bell Monroe, of Kentucky; Hon. Benjamin Robbins Curtis; Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts; Isaac Dean, Esq., of Pennsylvania; Francis Guizot, Alexis de Tocqueville of France.—Commencement at Brown University took place at Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, July the 14th, and is said to have been a very interesting one as far as the literary exercises were concerned. There was not the excitement of old-times commencements, the season of the festival having been recently changed; but there was quite as much of every thing desirable calculated to exalt the occasion.—It is said that a Yankee has invented a potato digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling "Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.—The Hon. Charles H. Warren and Mr. Webster met, not long since, on board the Old Colony train out of Boston. Mr. Warren, after some conversation upon general matters, gravely turned to the Secretary of State, and, with much apparent concern, exclaimed,—“Mr. Webster, I hope it is not true that you intend visiting Nova Scotia at this season.” “Why Judge,” inquired Mr. Webster; “do you think the climate would disagree with me?” “No, sir,” said the Judge; “it is not that. But I fear that it would be dangerous to your liberty for so expert a fisherman as you are to be caught near the ‘three mile’ line.” Mr. Webster laughed

very heartily and acknowledged the ‘hook.’” So says the Boston *Courier* of the 26th ult.

—One firm in Boston sold 1700 barrels of rum within a week preceding Thursday, the 22d, the day of the beginning of the Maine Liquor Law, and another \$3000 worth of liquors on Wednesday, more than the same concern had sold in one day for forty years that it had been in the trade. The Yarmouth *Register* says there has not been so large a quantity of liquor in that town during the last ten years as there is at this time.—

The Staunton, Va., *Spectator* states that the work on the Blue Ridge Tunnel is steadily progressing. The mountain has been penetrated on the west side some 500 feet, and on eastern side about 600 feet. Three sets of hands are engaged alternately during the whole twenty-four hours.—It has lately become the practice on the Austrian railways to place a looking-glass on the top of the locomotive, inclined in such a way as to enable the engine driver to see the whole train reflected, so that he can at once stop in case of accident. This plan has just been adopted on the railway from Brussels to Antwerp.

—Mr. Bartlett, the Mexican Boundary Commissioner, was at Camp Yuma, at the last accounts. Lieut. Page, 2d Infantry, with a command of 27 men, had been detailed by Major Heintzleman to escort him to the Pimos Villages, on the Gila river, distant from Camp Yumas 240 miles.—It is shown by a parliamentary paper just issued, that in the month ending on the 5th of June, there were only 594,187 gallons of wine imported, whereas in the corresponding period of 1851, there were 1,182,801 gallons imported into England.—The Pennsylvania *Inquirer* of the 27th ult. says:—“On Saturday evening, two young men, in Stewart street, Moyamensing, made a banter with each other as to who could drink the most liquor. One of them drank a pint, when he became sick and threw it up. It, however, gave him an attack of *mania a potu*, from which he was suffering, on Sunday, and he was still unwell yesterday. The other rash young man, whose name is William Gallagher, elated with his triumph in the contest of folly, continued to swallow the poisonous stuff until he had taken nearly a quart. He was seized with alarming symptoms, and yesterday morning expired. An inquest was held by the coroner. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the facts. Young Gallagher was about 23 years old.—William Bremer, who kept a store at Feyler’s Corner, about two miles from Waldoboro’ village, Me., blew up his building, about 5 o’clock on the morning of the 19th ult., by touching off a keg of gunpowder. The house was entirely demolished, and Bremer was found in a dying condition, but able to explain what he had done. He

had paid about \$150 in fines for selling ardent spirits, which preyed on his mind, and made him deranged.—M^{rs}me. Bishop will be the prima donna of an English opera troupe, which is to appear at the Broadway, New York, early next season. Caroline Richings, the Seguins, and Braham will also be in the company. A new opera composed by Mr. Jas. Maeder, has been accepted, we learn.—The *Vienna Gazette*, of the 29th ult., contains the following sentence of the Vienna court-martial:—"Catharine Ketred to fifteen stripes with rods, three weeks' imprisonment, with one fast a week, for having offended the police by word and deed." Noble Austrians! you still continue to whip females!—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that 1,300 barrels of oysters in the shell were opened during the past oyster season at two houses in that city, viz: the St. Charles and William Tell, and estimates that 40,000 cans were disposed of at the various establishments in that city. They generally went from Baltimore.—"One of the most important events," says a Paris correspondent, "is the return of that female politician, the Princess Lieven, from the baths of Germany, where she has been pleading the cause of the President with the Empress of Russia. Nothing has yet transpired as to the success of the Princess's mission."—Mr. S. H. Clark informs the Ogdensburgh (N. Y.) *Daily News*, that on the 6th instant he sent from the Madrid station, in ice cars, to Boston, 44,000 lbs. of butter and cheese—the greater portion being butter—and since the 18th of June, one hundred and four and a half tons of these articles, mostly butter.—The Hon. J. P. Kennedy, the new Secretary of the Navy, on Monday the 26th, entered upon his duties, and will, doubtless, make a most excellent officer. He was visited in the course of the day by many of his old friends, and by the officers immediately connected with his Department.—A child was born in Newark, Del., a few days ago, having one tooth, and another nearly through the gums. As incredible as this may seem to many persons, the like has occurred before, as physicians are very generally aware, though they may not have been witnesses to the fact.—The Annual Commencement of Columbia College, New York, took place on the 28th ult.,. The exercises were held in Metropolitan Hall. The graduating class numbered twenty-six. The degree of A. B., was conferred upon the graduates of the present year. And the degree of A. M. on seven of the Alumni of three years standing or more. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on John Rowland, of New Jersey, and R. P. Jenks of New York. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. William McMurray, of the diocese of Toronto, C. W.,

the Rev. William Walton, an alumnus of this College, and a presbyter of the diocese of New York; the Rev. John L. Watson, of the diocese of New Jersey; the Rev. Jesse A. Spencer, an alumnus of this College, and a presbyter of the diocese of New Jersey; and the Rev. Samuel G. Brown, Professor of Belles Lettres in Dartmouth College. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Stephen Alexander, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the college of New Jersey.—The annual commencement of the Delaware College, at Newark, Del., was held on the 21st ult. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Hon. George R. Biddle and Dr. A. H. Grimshaw, of Wilmington, and T. Carey Callicot, of New York; and the honorary degree of LL. D. on the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. The degrees of A. M. and A. B., were also conferred on a number of gentlemen in course.—At the grand Lundy Lane Whig demonstration, not long since, at Niagara, according to the papers, there was one procession, formed of boys, to the number of some 300, which created much amusement. They bore banners with a bronzed painting of a large cent, and red and white striped sticks of candy, with the motto of "We buy our own candy and go for Scott." They took up a platform on the grove alone, and had juvenile oratory. Men will sometimes be boys, and it is therefore right that boys sometimes should be men!—A Colored Convention met at Baltimore last week, and adjourned on the 28th. The platform of principles takes ground in favor of emigration to Liberia. It also proposes measures for the education and elevation of colored people, and the obtaining of proper information in relation to Liberia, the West Indies, and other points of emigration. The Convention adjourned to meet next year.—A country editor says, as this is the season for blackberries, the following will be found of use:—Ripe blackberries will not bear washing; pick them over nicely, dredge them with flour, mix them (for one pie) four or five large tablespoonsful of fine white sugar, four if you use white, five if you use brown; turn them into a deep dish (a soup plate) lined with paste, wet and pinch together the edge of the paste, cut a slit in the top crust through which the steam can escape, and bake forty-five minutes.—On Saturday, the 24th ult., the solemn rite of matrimony was celebrated at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in New York, between Nehemiah Denton and Miss Louisa A. Frishie, both deaf mutes, the Rev. Henry S. Wilkins, of Brooklyn, officiating. Mr. Denton possesses considerable wealth, and is a grandson of the late Mr. Nehemiah Denton, of Brooklyn. Dr. Peet translated the service and the reverend gentleman's remarks into the sign language.—We learn

from Paris, says the *New York Tribune*, that notwithstanding the police are continually on the alert, still a multitude of writings are diffused in all quarters, in which the Government is most powerfully attacked. At the present time several pamphlets are in circulation, which condemn the proceedings of the second of December with exceeding severity, and an enmity until now unknown.

—The *Presbyterian*, a religious paper of high character, publishes a letter, said to be from Dr. Junkin, from which we ascertain these facts: "General Scott is a Protestant Episcopalian, and worships at St. John's Church, Washington. Mr. Graham is by birth and education a Presbyterian, though not a communicant of any church; and as his lady is a member of the Baptist Church, he worships, part of the time at least, with that denomination. General Pierce is by education a Congregationalist, though not a member of the Church. Mr. King is a Protestant Episcopalian in his preferences."—A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from Niagara Falls, says: "By-the-by, I heard from one of the guides, that a young English lady had a narrow escape on Friday morning. Perfectly enchanted with the scene, and anxious to possess some memento of her visit, she, assisted by the guide, stepped off the ridge on Goat Island, familiarly known as 'The Hog's Back,' from rock to rock, until she reached the large slab which divides the American sheet of water, and in the crevices of which grew a small tree. From this, gathering a branch, she proceeded on her perilous return journey—the boiling rapids at her feet, within two yards of taking their mad leap, and the spray flying around her. At the second step, the rock being wet and slippery, she fell, but fortunately the water here was shallow, and formed an eddy. The guide stood firm, and she retained her grasp of his hand, and thus escaped with 'an awful fright,' and a thorough baptism in Niagara's stream, obtained, perhaps, nearer the extreme edge of the falls, than was ever previously managed, without loss of life. She neither screamed nor fainted when she reached *terra firma*—but, like a sensible woman, felt thankful for her deliverance, and proud of her trophy, which she had retained all the time."—Four valuable pieces of plate presented to Capt. Wylie, of the steamship *City of Glasgow*, in commemoration of his successful command of the first steamer that ever ran between Liverpool and Philadelphia, are on exhibition in Liverpool.—The city of Santander, in Spain, has presented to Gen. Concha a magnificent sword of honor, for his conduct during the Lopez excitement. On the hilt of the weapon is the inscription—"City of Santander, to Don Jose de la Concha, Captain General of Cuba in 1851."—

Two Englishmen, J. D. H. Browne, artist, and Mr. Goodall, of the engineer corps, with a party of four guides, have succeeded in making another ascent of Mont Blanc.—

The Scotch elections have passed over quietly. The Representative Peers who served in the last Parliament are re-elected. Macaulay, the historian, has been placed at the head of the poll as a member for Edinburgh.—The India mail brings accounts of sanguinary battles in the East; also of the murder of the captain, officers, and part of the crew of the American ship Robert Bowne, on the coast of China.

—There had been very serious riots at Limerick, Cork, Belfast, and elsewhere, connected with election movements, religion (?) being mixed up with politics.—Hong Kong dates of May 24th give particulars of a tragical event in the case of the American ship Robert Bowne, Captain Bryson, bound from Amoy to California, with about 400 Coolies, who, after a few days departure, took the vessel, having murdered the captain, officers, and part of the crew. The vessel was retaken, after a large portion of the Coolies had landed on an island off Formosa, and brought back to Amoy, with 21 Coolies still on board. The Hon. Company's steamer *Semiramis* and her Majesty's brig *Lily* left Amoy in search of those who had landed, but bad weather obliged the former to return to Hong Kong; the latter got into safe anchorage. The *Semiramis* left again for Amoy on the 1st May. Her Majesty's brig *Contest*, from Shanghai, joined Her Majesty's brig *Lily*, and succeeded in taking most of the Coolies, and brought them to Amoy. The alleged cause of disaffection among the Coolies, was the cutting off their tails and other ill-treatment, but there were some desperate characters on board, who, it is reported, shipped with the view of taking the vessel.—We learn through the medium of the *Paris Patrie* that the Russian government has made known to its agents abroad that competitors of all nations may send their productions to the great exhibition that will take place at Moscow towards the close of the year; but they will be required to conform to the laws of the Empire, and to the special regulations that have been determined upon.—The editor of the *Claiborne (La.) Advocate* has been favored with the perusal of a private letter from Covington county, Mississippi, which states that considerable excitement prevails there in consequence of the reported discovery of rich deposits of gold. The letter says it is reported there that a "Mr. James Johnson, living on Black Creek, in Marion County, has found a gold mine where he can get it by the cart load, but he conceals a knowledge of its locality. He is closely watched by numbers of people; but as yet no clue has been had to guide them

to the bed of treasure." It states further, that a company had left Covington county, with the intention of camping out and searching on Black Creek for gold.—The Canadian Parliament has been summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 9th of this month.—The *Paris Siecle* has a long article, in which it states the annual revenue and expenditure of France from the year 1801 to 1853 inclusive. In only ten of those years was there an excess of revenue; and the total excess of expenditure over revenue during the entire period is about £33,780,000. The statements for 1852 and 1853 are as follows: Revenue, 1852, 1,449,413,604 francs; expenditures, 1,503,398,846. Revenue, 1853, 1,446,129,431; Expenditures, 1,487,055,488.—Rumor begins to point to the approaching *fête* in Paris, on the 15th of August, with the same omen it did to the 10th of May, as a day on which some great *coup d'état* may be attempted. Gen. Schramm, former Minister of War, Gen. Castellane, commander-in-chief at Lyons, Gen. St. Arnaud, and Gen. Magan, are spoken of as likely, on that day, to be appointed Marshals of France. A report is also in circulation that a certain number of the representatives, who were exiled after the events of 2d of December, will be allowed to return to France on the same occasion.—Amongst others spoken of is Victor Hugo.—It is also said that several more members of the Mountain party are prepared to become supporters of the present government.—Another point of interest is the rapid revolution that is going on in emigration, occasioned by the discoveries of gold in Australia.—Crowds are seeking passage to the new El Dorado, while the returns of emigration from Liverpool to the United States, in the month of June, show a decrease of upwards of six thousand.—The government returns show that the emigration from Liverpool to the United States, during the past month, was 20,847, a falling off as compared with the month of June, of last year, of upwards of 6,000—the emigrants being chiefly Irish of the poorest class. Emigration to Australia continues to flow without abatement.—“Though lost to Sight, to Memory Dear,” as Jones said when Brown ran off, and left Jones to pay the bill.—The poetical works of O. W. Holmes are all the rage in England. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that no American has attracted more attention for many years. His admirable lines, “On Lending a Punch Bowl,” have been, and are so popular, that many persons print them on a handsome sheet at their own expense, and circulate them far and wide.—Douglas Jerrold and his friends, are in raptures over the new volume, and Holmes’ name is now in the mouths of all the wits and scholars in London.—Francis I. asked

one day of Dutchatel, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman. “Sire,” was the prelate’s reply, “in the ark of Noah there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I am descended.”—The British *Army Dispatch*, in speaking of the several speeches lately made at Mr. Peabody’s great Fourth of July dinner in London, thus alludes to that of Judge Kelley of our city: “The most eloquent speech of the evening was undoubtedly that of Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia. This gentleman, in the happiest language, and with a delivery worthy of a great actor following the advice of Hamlet, justified American independence, and claimed for it the heartfelt approval of the English people. He spoke of the war likely to rage between freedom and oppression, free conscience and the Papacy, and in language that seemed inspired by the grandeur of his subject, pictured England and America doing battle side by side for the liberties of mankind. The war of independence was not a national war of England—it was the folly of a tyrant, and the wickedness of his ministers. While listening to this orator, we seemed to hear sentiments long cherished in our own breast, to which we have sought ever and anon to give expression, endued with new vitality and exhibiting new features.—Our heart felt full as we listened to him with pride and satisfaction—pride at the greatness of a people planted by England on the great continent of America—satisfaction at the thoughts of the destiny they are likely to fulfil, and their just conceptions and noble enthusiasm. The separation of the American States from England was indeed possibly fortunate both for parent and offspring. We shall watch the career of Judge Kelly, who is a young and self-made man, with great interest. We fully believe, ere long, he will play a very prominent political part in America. The breed of great men will not be extinct in that country while she can boast of men so enlightened, so just, and so eloquent as we deem him to be, and Philadelphia has already reason to boast that she was the State of his early adoption.”—A young fellow, imprisoned at Xenia, Ohio, for passing counterfeit money, broke jail, (for the eighth time in his life,) a few days since, leaving the following note: “O. Shepherd begs leave to inform the citizens of Xenia that he leaves—on this Wednesday evening—for his health—expects to spend the season at some noted watering-place. Adieu!” He was about 20 years of age.—A curious work, by a Catholic clergyman of standing and talent, has just been published, in which it is argued that Mr. Brownson is an atheist.—New Jersey is set down in the census as having 135 public libraries, with 90,185 volumes; 324 private libraries, with 170,831

volumes. Whole number of libraries, public and private, 459, with 261,006 volumes.—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator vouches for the merit of the following recipe for making vinegar: "Take and mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of (rain) water, and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand for four weeks, and thee will have the best of vinegar."—The Postmaster General has directed that documents and speeches may be franked separately, and when tied in bundles, that the direction on the outer document alone shall be required.—There have been very serious election riots in Limerick, Ireland.—Michelet, the historian, is living in close retirement, at Nantes, engaged in completing the sixth volume of his History of the French Revolution. As the volume in question describes the War in La Vendee, he has deemed it advisable to consult on the spot the documents, &c., relating to the interesting episode of the siege of Nantes.—The Sea Serpent has turned up again. He has lately been seen off Halifax, N. S., doubtless on his way to look after the interests of our fishermen.—Mr. Webster will remain at Marshfield, for some weeks; meantime, documents, maps, &c., touching the Fisheries, have been forwarded to him from Washington.—The celebrated Arab chief Bou-Maza, who has been long a prisoner in France effected his escape not long since. He had recently been permitted to visit several localities in the departments of the Somme and the Oise, and managed to give his guards the slip in the forest of Compiègne, Oise. The most stringent orders have been transmitted to all the railroad stations and ports of France to prevent his quitting the country.—At a grand ratification meeting at Lewistown, Me., a few days since, the *Portland Advertiser* says a loaf of *Graham* bread and a generous bowl of soup, with a wooden spoon in it, stood on each side of the desk, with which the speakers occasionally regaled themselves, and which was pronounced fully equal to hard-cider, for "*campaign*" purposes.—The *Bee* tells of a meeting at Lewistown, Me., recently. One of the speakers, after eulogizing Gen. Scott, exclaimed: "As for Daniel Webster, he is *said* to be a great man, but what has *he* done? To be sure, he has made a great *dictionary* and a *spelling-book*, but what of that? Others have done as much in their day, and why should *he* be made President of the United States for it."—M. de Rotours, Auditor of Council of State under the Empire, died the other day at the age of 72.—During the middle of July, various parts of France were visited by severe thunder storms. A singular story obtained credence in Paris to the effect that Arago, the astronomer, had prophesied the most terrific storm that had occurred was

about to break over the city! To such an extent did the wonder grow, that the Day of Judgment was definitely set down for the 15th ult.; but we believe, circumstances over which the public had no control, prevented its coming off.—The Bank of France has established a Branch at Toulon.—M. Morry has returned from London.—Admiral Arnon De Sausaves, formerly Governor of Guadaloupe, is dead, at the age of 74.—Said Pasha, son of the late Mehemet Ali, has returned to Paris from England, on his way back to Egypt.—A mutiny broke out, but was suppressed, on board the convict ship conveying the Lyons' prisoners to the Marquesas penal settlements.—It is again stated that Gen. St. Arnaud will take the command of the autumn expedition to Kabylia, Algeria, probably to give him an opportunity of winning his baton as a Marshal of France. Latest accounts from Algeria are to the 5th inst. At that date quiet was restored in both the Eastern and Western Provinces.—"If you can't keep awake," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" The shrewd reply was, "The snuff should be put into the sermon."—A servant maid in a small town in Herefordshire lately left her situation in consequence of her being incapable of "reconciling her feelings to the very bad grammar spoken by her mistress."—Mr. Hogsflesh, for many years a draper at Hastings, England, has lately gone through the requisite process of law to have his name transferred from Charles Hogsflesh to Charles Hoxley.—A London paper says the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park is being rapidly pulled to pieces, and may now be fairly likened to some stately and gallant ship buffeted by the tempest, and compelled to scud under bare poles. The glass roof and frame-work is to a great extent removed, and nothing remains standing along the north and east sides of the building but the tall taper iron columns, which still indicate the great expanse they enclosed, and remain firm and unyielding to the last. There are now between two and three hundred workmen employed in the work of demolition, which will probably not be completed till the end of August. There appears to be as much, if not greater, difficulty in taking to pieces than in putting together, and the labor of extracting the sheets of glass in the roof from the frame-work is so great that either the glass must in many instances be sacrificed, or the glaziers must bestow more time upon the task that the material is worth. The splendid transept is nearly all unroofed, and the north end removed; and so great is the quantity of glass and timber constantly falling that visitors are cautioned, by printed notices, to walk, in all cases, under the shelter of the galleries.—The following

story of a lizard in a mill-stone, as the papers say, "wants confirmation:"—A short time since, as David Virtue, mason, at Auchtertoo, a village four miles from Kirkaldy, in Scotland, was dressing a mill-stone from a large block, after cutting away a part, he found a lizard embedded in the stone. It was about an inch and a quarter long, of a brownish yellow color, and had a round head, with bright sparkling eyes. It was apparently dead, but after being about five minutes exposed to the air, it showed signs of life. One of the workmen very cruelly put snuff in its eyes, which seemed to cause it much pain. It soon after ran about with much celerity; and after half an hour was brushed off the stone and killed. When found it was coiled up in a round cavity of its form, being an exact impression of the animal. There was about fourteen feet of earth above the rock, and the block in which the lizard was found, was seven or eight feet deep in the rock, so that the whole depth of the animal from the surface, was twenty-one or twenty-two feet. The stone had no fissure, was quite hard, and one of the best to be got from the quarry of Cullaloe, reckoned, perhaps, the best in Scotland.—Somebody gives the following advice touching dahlias: Tie the plants securely as they advance in growth. The side branches will soon become heavy, particularly when the foliage is charged with rain, at such times the wind has much power over them, and they are easily broken. Stir the surface round about the stem with care, the young fibres should not be disturbed or broken.—Hoe between the rows to keep down weeds. If dry weather, give water at the root, and after the sun is off them, syringe the foliage.

BIZARRERIE.

VERY OBLIGING. In the advertisement of the Cunard Line of Steamers we are now told, that,—“By order of the British Treasury, watches of foreign manufacture, bearing the names or marks of English manufacturers, will hereafter be received in transitu for the United States and other countries. In consequence of which French and Swiss watches may be shipped at Havre for New York or Boston via Liverpool, without incurring the risk, as heretofore, of being seized by the English Custom House.” This is vastly convenient for our American dealers in counterfeits of English watches. It is quite a “business facility.” When French English watches came in French ships the illusion was not so perfect; and the obliging order of the British Treasury will aid the French and Swiss in their disinterested compliments to British skill in horology. We would like to know if the courtesy is recip-

rocated. Many watches purporting to be French and Swiss are manufactured in England, and if they get a turn on the continent it may improve their resemblance to the real article.

GIVE US A CIGAR! Some one has made a calculation of the great good which might be done with the large sum of money which is annually consumed in tobacco, and puffed away in smoke. The argument is that if this said sum were expended for Bibles it would almost furnish the world in the course of a few years—if applied to missions it would nearly maintain the missionary force of the various societies: or if expended in any other patriotic, philanthropic or Christian mode, it would accomplish a vast deal of benefit. No doubt.

But there are two sides at least to all subjects. Does the grocer through whose hands the cigar goes to the consumer—or the retail tobacconist who may be the furnisher do nothing for his country—for philanthropy or Christianity? Do the sailors who transport the unmanufactured leaf, or the finished delicate roll—do they nothing for society? Or suppose, as is most likely, that the thing is of American manufacture, are the thousands of operatives, male and female, who live by the weed, of no use in the scale of being? Is it not possible that some of these many thousands who derive a living from the preparation of a comparatively harmless luxury, may perform useful parts in the world, and do good in their day and generation? Nay, through them do not many offerings go forward to the support of religion, literature, and good government? Or, in the words of the play, may we ask most literal carker—“Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?”

There is a great deal of second-hand and very narrow-minded—what shall we call it—cant?—in the world. The supply of superfluities, to those who are willing to pay for them, feeds the laborers who are willing to work. In this is one advantage of civilization over barbarism and ignorance. It is better for the rich to support thousands of tobacconists and other suppliers of non-necessaries, than it would be to maintain the same number of people as retainers and men-at-arms—freebooters and cattle-stealers. In one way or other the masses must be fed, and if we all go back to wheat or rye pounded between stones, and washed down with water—to seethed kids, and other impromptu dishes, we must turn Arabs and Ishmaelites. If we love an absolutely naked fare, that fare must be stolen by a part of the world, at least—for no mode will be left for people to earn a living. There is no compulsion to smoke tobacco—but when that is abolished,

our word for it a worse mode of amusement will be substituted. So, give us a cigar!

EQUANIMITY AND CONTENT are rare virtues, though few possess them. The poet Cowley "had a notion" of what a man should be who would be happy—for he says: "There is some help for all the defects of fortune. If a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy—by cutting of them shorter!" A very good thought, very well put; and precisely the conclusion to which all must come at last, whether with a good grace or bad. Youth's flights of fancy are high. Manhood's ambition is tempered, or at least confined to practicable good. And in old age men look back—so far as this world is concerned—like "westerling shadows." Happy he who has a calm sunset.—Happy he who can be in this world as not in it—taking a reasonable and proper share in its enterprises—keeping read up to its progress—yet still not so much absorbed that he cannot enjoy his own peculiar, let who will be President! There are many things we might be tempted to alter, if we had the power—but after all the expediency would be doubtful. There is nothing without evil and it is better

"To bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

A calm and even temper makes small grievances tolerable; and reduces the sorrow of great ones. *Bizarre* is determined to cultivate this equable temper, and to press it on his readers. He will not be *pierced* with sorrow whether the democratic candidate is elected or defeated. And he will go *scot-free* from harm, no matter what success or ill success the whigs encounter. The fishing difficulty down East will no doubt be peaceably adjusted—after serving for a time to bring sword-fish to the nets of our news-contemporaries, and giving them something to vary their discussions withal. Too much electioneering matter is worse than a foreign war.

MARRIAGE AND MURDER.—As clever an analysis of the drama as was ever written, is contained in the annexed paragraph from *Rosseau*. It comes cleverly to the point, without any pedantic discussions about "the unities," &c:—"In comedy the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy it turns on murder.—The whole intrigue, in the one and in the other, turns on this grand event; will they marry? will they not marry? will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage; there will be a murder; and this forms act the first. There will be no marriage; there will be no murder; and this gives birth to act the second. A new mode of mar-

rying and of murdering is prepared for the third act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last the marriage and the murder are effected, for the benefit of the last act."

LADIES' DRESSES, they say, men have no business to talk about—or to think about. Nevertheless men will see whether a woman keeps the proprieties of costume—the proper blending or contrast of colors—the right shape and finish for the form and figure, etc., etc. They may not be able to say what is wrong, or to direct what should be right and becoming. They may not know how to describe what they like or to point out what they dislike in terms. So one who knows nothing of architecture as a science, or of the rules of proportion in building, or of anatomy in the human body, can still be offended at a bad structure, or displeased at an ungainly form, and *vice versa*. There are rules and a good discretion to be observed in costume. One style will not answer for all women—and for all to follow the same fashion is to turn out as many shocking frights as well dressed ladies. The French understand the thing best; and Goldsmith points out why. "A French woman," Oliver well remarks, "is a perfect architect in dress. She never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty."

E. A. C. sends us the following, which we presume will much gratify the lady concerned, as well as all readers of good taste:

IMPROMPTU TO SARAH W.

For thee, dear friend, may smiling fate
A life of joy prepare—
May ne'er a cloud of sorrow wait
To shroud thee in despair.

No worldly cares, or thoughts of ill,
E'er may thy bosom know—
May those bright eyes of thine ne'er fill
With sorrow or with woe.

May peace and love on thee attend—
Thy paths be strewn with flowers—
And virtue, too, thy dearest friend,
Aye guard thy youthful hours.

And when long happy years have fled,
Which God to thee hath given,
May angels hover round thy bed,
And waft thee home to heaven.

THE FETE OF THE SAUSAGE.

In good old Knickerbocker days, New York had the same fever for great occasions it now has. There were then, as now, men who ached to be conspicuous. The slightest occasion for a public parade was improved, as it is in our day. Sometimes a distinguished Hollander would arrive, when he was taken up at the quay, and paraded through the streets with all the circumstance of marshals seated on prancing horses, and all the noise of brass and sheep-skin. Processions were formed in which marched doughty citizens, four or five abreast, walking as nimbly to the measure of the music as their short legs and numerous small-clothes would allow.— Sometimes the leaders were so hard put to it, for subjects of glorification, that they would manufacture them. Once upon a time, one of these lulls in great events occurred.— There was not the slightest chance for a feting and feasting. The Brammerhoofs, and the Sladderslantzes, all of whom fattened on

that kind of notoriety, found themselves falling fast into oblivion, so they summoned their glory-loving fellow-citizens, and called a conference in the Stadt-House yard. Here a dispute arose as to what should be made the object of the demonstration. The Van Brooms advocated the manufacture of a mammoth sausage; a sausage that should be the largest ever made; a sausage that should hand the name of all concerned in its manufacture down to the remotest generations; a sausage of which every man, woman, and child in New Amsterdam should have a bite. The Sladderslantzes and Brammerhoofs at first opposed the proposition of the Van Brooms, because they could not exactly fancy any idea, calculated to call out an occasion, which they did not originate. A compromise was finally made by an agreement to appoint a Sladderslantz marshal and a Brammerhoof orator of the day. Many hours were expended, however, by the



DUTCHMEN IN CONFERENCE;

During which the more idle and gossiping people, who had of course heard of the meeting, were in awful suspense. Mynheers Van Snortz and Blondell Toughbreeches were deputed to go to the Van Brom farm in the Highlands—for be it known the Van Brooms

were extensive pork-dealers—where they were to select the fattest swine they could there find, weigh them, and drive them to town. This they did, with an air of gravity, kindred to the nature of their honorable mission, as may be seen by the following truly



ANIMATED PICTURE.

The next thing was to despatch Nantz Snoffer and Peter Hoffer for the sage and

the salt; the honor of wheeling it home being claimed by Nantz and performed by him;

while Peter walked calmly and lasily by his side Nantz never puffed and blowed harder in his life, than he did while struggling home in the performance of his honorable office. In truth no man ever waddled under such



A HEAVY LOAD

Of honors. Now this surprised many people, for Nantz was never known to do a day's work in his life. He was fond of hanging about beer-houses, and whenever he was asked to drink, he always made it a practice after scratching his head and giving his body a good shake, to say "Yaw! yaw!" Next came the grand scene of



CHOPPING AND PREPARING THE MEAT.

Then followed



THE DAY AND THE PROCESSION.

The sausage, three squares in length, was borne on the shoulders of five hundred citizens through all the principal streets of the city, preceded by one of the most brilliant processions ever seen. All the little-great men, and the great-little men had full opportunity to display themselves, and there was such a time! The children of the schools

had places assigned to them; so had the teachers of the schools; so had those citizens who owned fire-buckets—for there were no engines or hose-carriages in those days—so had the mayor and corporation, the justices of the peace, and all public officers. Every where, especially, might be seen something calculated to honor the getters-up of the *fête*.

At last the *cortège* arrived at the Stadt

House, and after the oration of Mynbeer Brammerhoof, during which the greater part of the assembly took occasion to enjoy a nap, all adjourned to a large hall, where the mammoth sausage underwent the fiercest attacks from saws, axes, knives, and other sharp utensils, until there was not a morsel the size of a piece of chalk left, to tell the tale of its former dimensions. In truth it was the



DEMOLITION OF THE SAUSAGE.

The moral of our sketch is that the Van Broms got rid of their pork at good prices, the Brammerhoofs and Sladderslantzes had glory enough to keep their names before the world at least until another demonstration was called for; while the people, good honest souls who liberally contributed to the funds, or as many of them as could squeeze and push and wrangle their bodies through the crowd, got every man a *small slice* of the mammoth sausage! We had forgotten to add

that in addition to all these gettings, two of the Schmitts and four of the Van Deusens got blown to pieces by the bursting of an old swivel, with which they were saluting the procession as it passed the Bowling Green, while a piece of the fiery wadding finding its way through Burghomaster Schnapps' barn loft door, lodged in the hay-mow, and at night there broke out a fire thence, which consumed one-eighth of the city, rendering houseless and homeless many a family!

AUNT PHILLIS' CABIN.

THE OTHER SIDE OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of this city, have in press a work from the pen of Mrs. Eastman, entitled "Aunt Phillis' Cabin, or Southern Life as It Is," many of the sheets of which we have been permitted to read. A more faithful picture of Southern life we have not seen, nor do we recollect to have read a story of its kind containing a greater amount of interest. The book will be published next week, and will be found to contain a refutation of many of the extravagant pictures in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We recommend it to lovers of truth wherever they may be, whether at the North or the South. We have been permitted to enrich the pages of *Bizarre* with the following hurriedly gathered extracts from AUNT PHILLIS, in advance of its issue, the enterprising publishers having kindly furnished us with the copy.

"You rode too far this afternoon, Alice, you seem to be very tired," said Mr. Weston.

"No, dear uncle, I am not fatigued; the

wind was cold, and it makes me feel stupid."

"Why did not Walter come in?" asked Mr. Weston. "I saw him returning with you by the old road."

"He said he had an engagement this evening," replied Alice as she raised her head from her uncle's shoulder.

"Poor Walter!" said Cousin Janet; "with the education and habits of a gentleman, he is to be pitied that it is only as a favor he is received, among those with whom he may justly consider himself on an equality."

"But is not Walter our equal?" asked Alice. Cousin Janet held her knitting close to her eyes to look for a dropped stitch, while Mr. Weston replied for her:

"My love, you know, probably, that Walter is not an equal by right of birth to those whose parents held a fair and honorable position in society. His father, a man of rare talents, of fascinating appearance, and winning address, was the ruin of all connected with him. (Even his mother, broken-hearted by his career of extravagance and dissipation, found rest in the termination of a life that had known no rest.) His first wife, (not

Walter's mother,) a most interesting woman, was divorced from him by an unjust decision of the law, for after her death circumstances transpired that clearly proved her innocence. Walter's mother was not married, as far as is known; though some believe she was, and that she concealed it in consequence of the wishes and threats of Mr. Lee, who was ashamed to own the daughter of a tradesman for his wife."

"But all this is not Walter's fault, uncle," said Alice.

"Assuredly not; but there is something due to our long established opinions. Walter should go to a new country, where these things are not known, and where his education and talents would advance him. Here they are too fresh in the memory of many. Yet do I feel most kindly towards him, though he rather repels the interest we take in him by his haughty coldness of manner. The attachment between him and my son from their infancy draws me towards him. Arthur writes, though, that his letters are very reserved and not frequent. What can be the meaning of it?"

"There was always a want of candor and generosity in Walter's disposition," remarked Alice's mother.

"You never liked him, Anna," said Mr. Weston; "why was it?"

"Arthur and Walter contrast so strongly," answered Mr. Weston. "Arthur was always perfectly honest and straight-forward, even as a little child; though quiet in his way of showing it, he is so affectionate in his disposition. Walter is passionate and fickle, condescending to those he loves, but treating with a proud indifference every one else. I wonder he does not go abroad, he has the command of his fortune now, and here he can never be happily situated; no woman of delicacy would ever think of marrying him with that stain on his birth."

"How beautiful his mother was, Cousin Janet!" said Mr. Weston. "I have never seen more grace or refinement. I often look at Walter, and recall her, with her beautiful brown hair and blue eyes. How short her course was, too! I think she died at eighteen."

"Do tell me about her, uncle," said Alice.

"Cousin Janet can, better than I, my darling. Have you never told Alice her history, cousin?"

"No, it is almost too sad a tale for Alice's ear, and there is something holy, in my mind, in the recollection of the sorrows of that young person. I believe she was a wife, though an unacknowledged one. If the grave would give up its secrets—but it will, it will—the time will come for justice to all, even to poor Ellen Haywood."

"That young creature was worse than an orphan, for her father, thriving in business

at one time, became dissipated and reckless. Ellen's time was her own; and after her mother's death her will was uncontrolled.—Her education was not good enough to give her a taste for self-improvement. She had a fine mind, though, and the strictest sense of propriety and dignity. Her remarkable beauty drew towards her the attention of the young men of her own class, as well as those of good family; but she was always prudent. Poor girl! knowing she was motherless and friendless, I tried to win her regard; I asked her to come to the house, with some other young girls of the neighborhood, to study the Bible under my poor teachings; but she declined, and I afterwards went to see her, hoping to persuade her to come. I found her pale and delicate, and much dispirited. Thanking me most earnestly, she begged me to excuse her, saying she rarely went out, on account of her father's habits, fearing something might occur during her absence from home. I was surprised to find her so depressed, yet I do not remember ever to have seen anything like guilt, in all the interviews with her, from that hour until her death.

"Ellen's father died; but not before many had spoken lightly of his daughter. Mr. Lee was constantly at the house; and what but Ellen's beauty could take him there! No one was without a prejudice against Mr. Lee, and I have often wondered that Ellen could have overlooked what every one knew, the treatment his wife had received. You will think," continued Cousin Janet, "that it is because I am an old maid, and am full of notions, that I cannot imagine how a woman can love a man who has been divorced from his wife. I, who have never loved as the novelists say, have the most exalted ideas of marriage. It is in Scripture, the type of Christ's love to the church. Life is so full of cares; there is something holy in the thought of one heart being privileged to rest its burden on another. But how can that man be loved who has put away his wife from him, because he is tired of her? for this is the meaning of the usual excuses—incompatibility of temper, and the like. Yet Ellen did love him, with a love passing description; she forgot his faults and her own position; she loved as I would never again wish to see a friend of mine love any creature of the earth."

"Time passed, and Ellen was despised.—Mr. Lee left abruptly for Europe, and I heard that this poor young woman was about to become a mother. I knew she was alone in the world, and I knew my duty too. I went to her, and I thank Him who inclined me to seek this wandering lamb of his fold, and to be (it may be) the means of leading her back to His loving care and protection. I often

saw her during the last few weeks of her life, and she was usually alone; Aunt Lucy, her mother's servant, and her own nurse when an infant, being the only other occupant of her small cottage.

"Speaking of her, brings back, vividly as if it happened yesterday, the scene with which her young life closed. Lucy sent for me, as I had charged her, but the messenger delayed, and in consequence, Ellen had been some hours sick when I arrived. Oh! how lovely her face appears to my memory, as I recall her. She was in no pain at the moment I entered; her head was supported by pillows, and her brown hair fell over them and over her neck. Her eyes were bright as an angel's, her cheeks flushed to a crimson color, and her white, beautiful hand grasped a cane which Dr. Lawton had just placed there, hoping to relieve some of her symptoms by bleeding. Lucy stood by, full of anxiety and affection, for this faithful servant loved her as she loved her own life.—My heart reproached me for my unintentional neglect, but I was in a moment by her side, supporting her head upon my breast.

"It is like a dream, that long night of agony. The patience of Ellen, the kindness of her physician, and the devotion of her old nurse—I thought that only a wife could have endured as she did.

"Before this, Ellen had told me her wishes as regards her child, persuaded that, if it should live, she should not survive its birth to take care of it. She entreated me to befriend it in the helpless time of infancy, and then to appeal to its father in its behalf. I promised her to do so, always chiding her for not hoping and trusting. 'Ellen,' I would say, 'life is a blessing as long as God gives it, and it is our duty to consider it so.'

"Yes, Miss Janet, but if God give me a better life, shall I not esteem it a greater blessing? I have not deserved shame and reproach, and I cannot live under it. Right glad and happy am I, that a few sods of earth will soon cover all.'

"Such remarks as these," continued Cousin Janet, "convinced me that there was grief, but not guilt, on Ellen's breast, and for her own sake, I hoped she would so explain to me her past history, that I should have it in my power to clear her reputation. But she never did. Truly, 'she died and made no sign,' and it is reserved to a future day to do her justice.

"I said she died. That last night wore on, and no word of impatience or complaint escaped her lips. The agony of death found her quiet and composed. Night advanced, and the gray morning twilight fell on those features, no longer flushed and excited. Severe faintings had come on, and the purple line under the blue eyes heralded the approach of

death. Her luxuriant hair lay in damp masses about her; her white arms were cold, and the moisture of death was gathering there too. 'Oh! Miss Ellen,' cried old Lucy, 'you will be better soon—bear up a little longer.'

"Ellen, dear,' I said, 'try and keep up.' But who can give life and strength save One? and He was calling to her everlasting rest, the poor young sufferer.

"Miss Ellen,' again cried Lucy, 'you have a son; speak to me, my darling;' but, like Rachel of old, she could not be thus revived, 'her soul was in departing.'

"Lucy bore away the child from the chamber of death, and I closed her white eyelids, and laid her hands upon her breast. Beautiful was she in death: she had done with pains and tears forever.

"I never can forget," continued Cousin Janet, after a pause of a few moments, "Lucy's grief. She wept unceasingly by Ellen's side, and it was impossible to arouse her to a care for her own health, or to an interest in what was passing around. On the day that Ellen was to be buried, I went to the room where she lay prepared for her long last sleep. Death had laid a light touch on her fair face. The sweet white brow round which her hair waved as it had in life—the slightly parted lips—the expression of repose, not only in the countenance, but in the attitude in which her old nurse had laid her, seemed to indicate an awakening to the duties of life. But there was the coffin and the shroud, and there sat Lucy, her eyes heavy with weeping, and her frame feeble from long fasting, and indulgence of bitter, hopeless grief.

"It was in the winter, and a severe snow-storm, an unusual occurrence with us, had swept the country for several days; but on this morning the wind and clouds had gone together, and the sun was lighting up the hills and river, and the crystals of snow were glistening on the evergreens that stood in front of the cottage door. One ray intruded through the shutter into the darkened room, and rested on a darkened ring, which I had never observed before, on Ellen's left hand. It was on the third finger, and its appearance was so unexpected to me, that for a moment my strength forsook me, and I leaned against the table on which the coffin rested, for support.

"Lucy,' I said, 'when was that placed there?'

"I put it there, ma'am.'

"But what induced you?'

"She told me to do so, ma'am. A few days before she was taken sick, she called me and took from her bureau-drawer, that ring. The ring was in a small box. She was very pale when she spoke—she looked more like death than she does now, ma'am.

I know'd she wasn't able to stand, and I said, 'Sit down, honey, and then tell me what you want me to do.'

"Mammy," said she, 'you've had a world of trouble with me, and you've had trouble of your own all your life; but I am not going to give you much more—I shall soon be where trouble cannot come.'

"Don't talk that way, child," said I, 'you will get through with this, and then you will have something to love and to care for, that will make you happy again.'

"Never in this world," said she; 'but mammy, I have one favor more to ask of you—and you must promise me to do it.'

"What is it, Miss Ellen?" said I; 'you know I would die for you if 'twould do you any good.'

"It is this," she said, speaking very slowly, and in a low tone, 'when I am dead, mammy, when you are all by yourself, for I am sure you will stay by me to the last, I want you to put this ring on the third finger of my left hand—will you remember?—on the third finger of my left hand.' She said it over twice, ma'am, and she was whiter than that rose that lays on her poor breast.'

"Miss Ellen," says I, 'as sure as there's a God in heaven you are Mr. Lee's wife, and why don't you say so, and stand up for yourself? Don't you see how people sneer at you when they see you?'

"Yes, but don't say any more. It will soon be over. I made a promise, and I will keep it; God will do me justice when he sees fit."

"But, Miss Ellen," says I, 'for the sake of the child'—

"Hush! mammy, that is the worst of all; but I will trust in Him. It's a dreadful sin to love as I have, but God has punished me. Do you remember, dear mammy, when I was a child, how tired I would get, chasing butterflies while the day lasted, and when night came, how I used to spring, and try to catch the lightning-bugs that were flying around me—and you used to beg me to come in and rest or go to bed, but I would not until I could no longer stand; then I laid myself on your breast and forgot all my weariness?—So it is with me now; I have had my own way, and I have suffered, and have no more strength to spend; I will lie down in the grave, and sleep where no one will reproach me. Promise me you will do what I ask you, and I will die contented.'

"I promised her, ma'am, and I have done it."

"It is very strange, Lucy," said I, 'there seems to have been a mysterious reason why she would not clear herself; but it is of no use to try and unravel the mystery. She has no friends left to care about it; we can only do as she said, leave all to God.'

"Ah ma'am," said Lucy, 'what shall I do now she is gone? I have got no friend left; if I could only die too—Lord have mercy upon me.'

"You have still a friend, Lucy," I said.—One that well deserves the name of friend. You must seek Him out, and make a friend of Him. Jesus Christ is the friend of the poor and desolate. Have you no children, Lucy?"

"God only knows, ma'am."

"What do you mean?" I said. 'Are they all dead?'

"They are gone, ma'am—all sold. I ain't seen one of them for twenty years. Days have come and gone, and nights have come and gone, but day and night is all the same to me. You did not hear, may be, for grand folks don't often hear of the troubles of the poor slave—that one day I had seven children with me, and the next they were all sold; taken off, and I did not even see them, to bid them good-by. My master sent me, with my mistress to the country, where her father lived, (for she was sickly, and he said it would do her good,) and when we came back there was no child to meet me. I have cried, ma'am, enough for Miss Ellen, but I never shed a tear for my own."

"But what induced him, Lucy, to do such a wicked thing?'

"Money, ma'am, and drinking, and the devil. He did not leave me one. My five boys, and my two girls, all went at once. My oldest daughter, ma'am, I was proud of her, for she was a handsome girl, and light-colored too—she went, and the little one, ma'am. My heart died in me. I used to dream I had killed him, and I would laugh out in my sleep, but I couldn't murder him on her account. My mistress, she cried day and night, and called him cruel, and she would say, 'Lucy, I'd have died before I would have done it.' I couldn't murder him, ma'am, 'twas my mistress held me back."

"No, Lucy," said I, 'twas not your mistress, it was the Lord; and thank Him that you are not a murderer. Did you ever think of the consequences of such an act?'

"Lor, ma'am, do you think I cared for that? I wasn't afraid of hanging."

"I did not mean that, Lucy." I meant, did you not fear His power, who could not not only kill your body, but destroy your soul in hell?

"I didn't think of any thing, for a long time. My mistress got worse after that, and I nursed her until she died; poor Miss Ellen was a baby, and I had her too. When master died I thought it was no use for me to wish him ill, for the hand of the Lord was heavy on him, for true. 'Lucy,' he said, 'you are a kind nurse to me, though I sold your children, but I've had no rest since.' I

couldn't make him feel worse, ma'am, for he was going to his account with all his sins upon him.'

"This is the first time, Lucy,' I said, "that I have ever known children to be sold away from their mother, and I look upon the crime with as great a horror as you do.'

"It's the only time I ever knowed it, ma'am, and every body pitied me, and many a kind thing was said to me, and many a hard thing was said of him; true enough, but better be forgotten, as he is in his grave.'

"Some persons now entered, and Lucy became absorbed in her present grief; her old frame shook as with a tempest, when the fair face was hid from her sight. There were few mourners; Cousin Weston and I followed her to the grave. I believe Ellen was as pure as the white lilies Lucy planted at her head."

"Did Lucy ever hear of her children?" asked Alice.

"No, my darling, she died soon after Ellen. She was quite an old woman, and had never been strong."

"Uncle," said Alice, "I did not think any one could be so inhuman as to separate mother and children."

"It is the worst feature in slavery," replied Mr. Weston, "and the State should provide laws to prevent it; but such a circumstance is very uncommon. Haywood, Ellen's father, was a notoriously bad man, and after the wicked act was held in utter abhorrence in the neighborhood. It is the interest of a master to make his slaves happy, even were he not actuated by better motives. Slavery is an institution of our country; and while we are privileged to maintain our rights, we should make them comfortable here, and fit them for happiness hereafter."

"Did you bring Lucy home with you, Cousin Janet?" asked Alice.

"Yes, my love, and little Walter, too. He was a dear baby—now he is a man of fortune, (for Mr. Lee left him his entire property,) and is under no one's control. He will always be very dear to me. But here comes Mark with the Prayer Book."

"Lay it here, Mark," said Mr. Weston, "and ring the bell for the servants. I like all who can to come and unite with me in thanking God for His many mercies. Strange, I have opened the Holy Book where David says, (and we will join with him,) 'Praise the Lord, oh! my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name.'"

BOOK NOTICES.

PICTURESQUE CAUCASUS. *The Drawings from Nature by Prince Gregory Gagarina. The text by Count Ernest Strackelberg. Dedi-*

cated to his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas I., Emperor of all the Russias. Paris: G. & J. BANDRY. Philadelphia: JOHN PENNINGTON. 1852.

Notwithstanding the progress of science and discoveries we owe to numerous hardy travellers, certain portions of the globe still remain unknown; a mysterious veil depriving the civilized world of the enjoyment and appreciation of the natural phenomena, the history, and the traditions which characterize these unexplored oases.

Distinguished savants have visited Caucasus and published their travels, and yet it still remains a country among the least known to the world. Previous works which treat on this country, being consecrated to some specific object, are not accessible to the generality of readers, and there are moreover in this work descriptions of certain portions of the Caucasian Isthmus which have never before been explored or described. From the long residence of the author in this country, and from the beauty and perfection of the plates, we feel convinced that the scenes from nature, and the types of the native races, are exactly reproduced. The engravings comprise landscapes, costumes, architecture, customs, etc., and also portraits of the celebrated Chamil and his predecessors, with biographical notices. This book will be found to be a new, complete, and authentic account of the manners, belief and history of the Caucasian nation.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER, by EMMA D. E. NEVITT SOUTHWORTH, 2 vols. Philadelphia: A. HART, 1852.

The reader may judge whether this story interested ourselves, from the fact, that we began it on one evening, and never paused until four o'clock the next morning, when we finished it. It is an interesting tale. The authoress writes with clearness, purity, and vigor—is happy in the structure of her narrative, in the invention and evolution of her incidents, and in her sketching of scenery. Her personages also interest us, but it is more because they embody intensity of passion, or energy of character, or iron determination of will, either or all combined, than because we recognize them as veritable men and women. They are, most of them, in extremes; radiant brightness or utter darkness, without the mingling of opposites; the blending of the excess of one quality with the deficiency of another, and the shading off of strength by weakness, which well nigh invariably appear in the human beings of actual life. Here lies, we think, the weak point of our authoress. She presents us exalted and exalted, instead of the persons we associate with or meet in our business or our amusements. This cannot be, we think, from lack of power in

her to create real men and women, but from an erroneous idea of what people generally like best. We venture to say, that if our authoress will sketch the persons close about her, no matter how mediocre they may be, exactly in every particular as they are, and make them the actors in a tale, the public will delight more in them, than in an army of heroes and heroines.

REASONS FOR ABJURING ALLEGIANCE TO THE SEE OF ROME, &c. BY PIERCE CONNELLY, M. A. Philadelphia: HERMAN HOOKER.

Of course we have no thoughts of penning a polemic article either against or for the Catholics; since, even were polemics proper in a journal like ours, we positively have no partisan feeling to prompt us to assault either Protestants or Catholics;—we simply notice this pamphlet because it has been sent to us.

It is truly a curiosity. The author is manifestly an educated man; he writes correctly, and with no slight vigor and fervency. According to his own statement, he was first an Episcopal clergyman in this country; from strong conviction he became a Catholic, and was ordained a priest of that Church. From what he saw, heard, and experienced of that Church, its clergy, its dogmas, and its practical morality, he was so inexpressibly shocked, disgusted, and horrified, as to renounce his new-found faith, satisfied that Catholicism was "of its father, the Devil," and that its champions, from the Pope downward, were the Devil's most efficient servants! This letter was written to an English Catholic Earl, whose private chaplain he had been, as an exposition of his reasons for the course he had taken.

Such is the writer's account of himself and his pamphlet. If the reader peruses this letter, we think he can scarce help being shocked and horrified; though whether these feelings attach to Catholicism or Mr. Connelly will depend on whether he believes its statements true or not true. If he believe in their truth, he must, of necessity, regard the Catholic system as more diabolical and dangerous than the Thugism of the East; since the latter kills but the body, while the former murders the soul! If he believes these statements false, and that Connelly knew them such, then he must conclude him to be a person for whose blackness of depravity no name is sufficiently strong.

We do not pretend to settle the question; indeed we could not, if we would. We most heartily wish some competent Catholic dogmatist would give this pamphlet a thorough examination. We learn it meets with a very rapid sale, at which we rejoice, the publisher being a gentleman of whose friendship we are proud, and in whose welfare we feel the warmest interest.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following extravagance, the theme of which is Tobacco. He writes evidently under the influence of an excitor, but what that excitor is, our readers may for themselves judge: "Who has not felt the inspiration of segars, or the calm sublimity of tobacco? Who has not felt the delightful sensations which the fumes of both produce?—sensations which soothe the wounded feelings, which calm the rebellious passions, and which charm us into reveries that delight, enrapture, and elevate? We are none of those inveterate fanatics who despise tobacco smoking because it is not essential to the happiness of a human being; for we believe it was sent upon earth by some good spirit—some glorious intelligence—on purpose to feast the soul with its inspiration when all other earthly things shall fail. We have always found our imagination rendered more vivid in the conception of those lofty visions which are generated by the smoke of tobacco, and our perceptions of the lovely and the beautiful have been increased to absolute indefiniteness by the same agency. We cannot help breaking out in the rhapsody of Byron, when we take up our glorious pipe, and say,

'Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the Tar's labor and the Turkman's
rest!'

We may be told that this is the very height of enthusiasm—or probably some ill-natured churl may denounce it as the sublime of nonsense; but what care we for such denunciations. We are above their aim altogether. They cannot feel, neither can they imagine our pleasures. They are beyond their appreciation. They are of a different class and character to their own, and we regard neither their frowns nor their smiles. We know there are many of the fair sex who turn up their fine Grecian noses at the very idea of tobacco. There is something unmusical in the name, and to the delicate senses of a lady there may be something equally offensive in the smell of it. At all events, they will tell you it is not natural, it is disagreeable, it should not be tolerated—and why? We rather dislike giving our opinion, for ladies are so fond of sweet smelling flavors, of myrrh, of frankincense, bergamot, and musk. All these things are fashionable, but why may we not suppose that if tobacco were fashionable the ladies themselves would use it. Our fair readers will perceive that this is but a supposition, and we humbly ask, that if scents are so much beloved by our more beloved woman, why should not we be allowed to enjoy ourselves with the inspiring majesty of tobacco? We do not appeal to those old wo-

men in pantaloons, who disclaim tobacco.—*They* are out of the question altogether. But we do think we have as great a right to love tobacco as our fair sex has to love the flavor of patchouly, or the incense of a pastille.—What in fact do they want scents about them at all for? Is there not more sweetness in the breath and loveliness of a woman, than in the intoxicating perfumes of a whole sanctuary of herbs and essences? Ah! a thousand fold; and after we have said all this, we will stake our gold pen, that if the amount of votes could be taken among the ladies for and against tobacco smokers, we should find a majority for those who use the 'delicious weed.'"

—A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance last week, called at a friend's house, where he was introduced to two pretty, but pert ladies. They were seated on a sofa and on being presented, he placed himself between them. As he did so they simultaneously exclaimed, "an ass between two bundles of hay!" "Not exactly," replied our friend, "an ass if you please," bowing very gracefully, "but an ass between two bales of cotton!" The modest feminines blushed exceedingly, but they deemed the retort too well justified to be truly angry if they felt so.—WE PAID a visit to the Yellow Springs a few days since. The journey thither is quite agreeable, whether you take the Reading road to Phoenixville, or the Columbia road to a place called "Steamboat." In either case you have seven miles of stageing; but you are richly repaid for the jolting and squeezing you obtain, by the exquisite scenery you everywhere encounter. We took the Phoenixville route, and were crammed into a kind of Jersey wagon, with we should be afraid to say how many passengers. Our legs were not nimble enough to secure us a place with Sam, Mrs. Neef's coachee, though we ran from the cars as if pursued by a mad-dog, bag in one hand, newspapers and books in the other, while overcoat and umbrella were tucked under either arm. Not attaining a position within or without Sam's *voiture*, we were compelled to take a seat in conveyance No. 2, as we have before stated. Only two or three miles did we suffer such close quarters, for there came along a gentleman in a light dearborn, driving a magnificent horse, whom we hailed, and by whose favor we were landed at the Springs in advance of all our fellow-passengers. You should have seen us, reader, as we passed Sam's equipage, the look of triumph on our part, the envious sorrowings on the part of some of Sam's passengers, particularly of one gentleman, who had leaped into a seat just as we were arranging our inconvincences for the same thing. On went our spirited Chester County *cheval*, and every moment we attained a wider and wider distance from Phoenixville, until, at last, we

arrived at the grand "piase" of the Hotel at the Springs. We had scarcely landed when we were met by the gracious landlady, who allotted to us one of the best rooms of the Washington House. There we quartered for a day or two, enjoying all the delights of fine bathing, fine fresh breathing, and capital feeding. The dips we had in the ever bubbling, ever gushing ice-cold spring bath, it would be almost impossible to detail. We were perhaps one-eighth of the time within the refreshing embraces of water at 50° Fahrenheit. How one is changed under such a constant kissing of pure sparkling water! The appetite grows, the strength grows, glooms disperse, and you are ready to run with a deer, leap with a squirrel, sing, dance, laugh, any thing, all things. Not a rail-fence which you encounter seems too high for you to leap over with a spring. Ah! no one knows the glorious effects of that plunge-bath of German John's, at the Yellow Springs, who has not tried it. Though some days have elapsed since we enjoyed it, during which, too, we have been immersed in the thousand-vapor'd horrors of a crowded city in dog-days, we have the liveliest sense of the inexpressible delight it furnishes.—The news of the death of Judge Lewis H. Sanford, one of the Justices of the Superior Court of New York, has created quite a sensation among the members of the bar and other persons whose professional duties had often brought them into contact with the honorable deceased. The papers state indeed that so deeply affected were some of the Judges that they could not find utterance for the words which would express their feelings. Judge Sanford left New York for the purpose of seeking recreation and improving his health by travel. He reached Toledo, Ohio, where he was seized with cholera, which terminated fatally. He was taken away in the prime of life. We knew Judge S. long before he was honored with judicial appointments. He was then a lawyer, practising in the Onondaga County Courts, and lived at Skaneateles, one of the most delightful villages of Central New York. He was popular with all classes. Many a pleasant hour has the writer passed in his society. His death will be a serious public and private bereavement.—WE HAVE received the August number of Harpers' Magazine, through Mr. A. Hart. It is as usual full of interesting matter. The Harpers have also sent us a number of new works which we shall notice in our next; among them "Hildreth's History of the United States."—THE TERRIBLE affair of the burning of the steamer Henry Clay has thrilled the whole country. The persons having charge of the boat, have a fearful reckoning to settle. They should be proceeded against at once.—A

FRIEND has lately been on a fishing excursion in the northern part of the State, and from all accounts it must have been a delightful one. He says the rattlesnakes were rather abundant on the route he was obliged to take to reach the fishing-ground. He succeeded, however, in keeping them beyond biting distance. There is good fishing near our city, and many sportsmen avail themselves of it. Mr. Levi, the successful Chirapodist, at 21 Sansom street, often steals an afternoon's sport at Fairmount, and we shall not be surprised very soon to be shown a twenty-four pounder of the rock species entrapped by him. He has, as we have before said, a beautiful apparatus, the greater part of it, too, manufactured by himself. Mr. L. is a gentleman of handsome fortune, who follows his profession as chirapodist, as much as any thing else, from a love of occupation. We hoped he might remain many weeks yet in our city, but he tells us he cannot stop much longer than the first of September. *En passant* let us call attention to his advertisement.

—THE LITTLE sketch of Mr. and Mrs. P., which commences our present number, is founded on fact. We could, if we would, state the place where each went to get a daguerrian miniature; and how the artist had great difficulty in keeping the husband ignorant of his wife's presence under the same roof, and *vice-versa*. The romance attached to a daguerrian's life is very considerable, and many an incident may be obtained from it. Our talented friend Root may one of these days furnish us with materiel from his stock. Root is one of the most accomplished artists of the country; the public so pronounce him. His crayons are like engravings, and all the pictures he takes have a superior finish about them.—OUR NEW YORK correspondent furnishes us with the following items for which we thank him:—"The weather, that infallible topic for all ages, sexes and conditions, is now, or soon will be, under the influence of Sirius. Ill-fated season for the canine species! If the sword of Damocles is not suspended over their heads, the shafts of policemen are pointed at their throats. If unmuzzled, they are doomed victims to the despotism of corporate authority.—THIS is the iron age of the Inquisition! "Wars and rumors of wars!" While the mackerel men are fishing in the troubled waters near John Bull's North American possessions, the corps editorial here are fishing for a war with Her Britannic Majesty's Government.—THE LATE awful and heart-rending disaster of the steamboat Henry Clay, with its sad and afflicting consequences, has been doubtless anticipated by you. What a moment of dreadful anticipation and fearful anxiety must have preceded this sudden transition from life to such a death.

"Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave."

—LITERARY lucubrations here, and their passport into books and pamphlets, have been, I am assured, spread before you and commented upon before this reaches you.—Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport have received and issued extensively the August No. of Graham's Magazine, rich with its elegant illustrations and its valuable literary matter. These enterprising publishers have lately issued "The Prairie Scout," a romance of border life, highly graphic in its sketches and delineations of Western character and Mexican recklessness.—SEVERAL ARTICLES, already in type, have been crowded out; among them, an admirable sketch, entitled "Chacun a Son Gout," and four or five book notices; they will all appear in Part 10, which promises to be one of the best BIZARRES we have ever published.—IT SHOULD be borne in mind that BIZARRE is furnished to *country subscribers* only for \$1 per annum. City subscribers invariably must pay five cents the number.

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"Lotus-Eating" by Curtis, illustrated by Kensett; "The Child at Home," by Abbott, and "Anthon's Dictionary of Latin-English and English-Latin."—THE "Democratic Review" for July, lies upon our table, filled with matter, which those who are badly affected with politics particularly relish. It is young America himself.—"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE" for September, filled with admirable materiel, and exquisitely embellished by the Messrs. Devereux, is out. "Graham" well maintains its high reputation.—WE ARE promised an outline report of the doings of the late Educational Conventions, which we shall secure doubtless in time for our next number.—OUR NEW YORK correspondent says:—"In the department of the Fine Arts, the design in *Alto* and *Basso Relievo* of the Welsh block, extended as a contribution to the Washington Monument, now being erected at the capitol of the Republic, constitutes an object of no ordinary attraction and interest. It is by J. C. Jones, Esq., one of our most distinguished sculptors, and is not only strictly emblematical of the nationality of its contributors, but eminently classical in its conceptions and delineations. This work of art is intended to give expression to the patriotism of the Welsh inhabitants of our city, as well as a testimony to the private virtues and public worth of the Father of his Country. The design is appropriate, and most happily conceived by the artist. The old Welsh harp is surmounted by the American insignia of nationality, the Eagle, in the act of alighting on the instrument. At the side of the statue of Liberty, a female figure most exquisitely wrought, is pointing to the volume of inspiration, while on her right are expressive emblems of agriculture, the mechanic arts, and manufactures. On the left industry and fidelity are personified, with strict regard to the traditions of the ancient Britons. The block, or tableaux, is six-and-a-half feet by four in breadth, and reflects the highest honor both to the contributors and the distinguished artist."—JUST AS WE were going to press we received a large rock fish, caught by that second Isaac Walton, Mr. Levi, to whom we have before alluded in these pages. The work was done at Fairmount, where we are assured there are "a few more left of the same sort."

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presenting at a glance the important events in the history of each State, and what will be invaluable to every teacher, a full table of the Educational Statistics of the Union.

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COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

(From H. J. Feltus, Esq.)

Unsolicited by Mr. Levi, I beg leave to testify to his success and skill in having perfectly removed a large bunion of long standing, without causing any pain.

H. J. FELTUS,
Philad., July 27. No. 4 Boston Row.

(From O. A. Norris, Esq.)

Mr. Levi has this day extracted from my foot several corns without any pain whatever.

O. A. NORRIS,
38 Summer st., Philad'a, July 9th, 1852
(From J. D. Evans, Esq.)

Mr. Levi extracted from my feet very troublesome corns and a very painful bunion in a few minutes, in the most skillful manner, and without the least pain, to my entire satisfaction.

J. D. EVANS, 19 Church Alley,
Philadelphia, July 10th, 1852
(From Henry F. Anners, Esq.)

Mr. Levi has this day extracted several corns from my feet, without any pain whatever, to my entire satisfaction.

HENRY F. ANNERS, 4 Ashland Place,
Schuylkill Fifth street, below Spruce.
(From Prince Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic.)

Je certifie que M. Levi enlève les cors avec une extreme habileté.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(From his Grace the present Duke of Cleveland.)

I certify that Mr. Levi has completely cured my corns.
CLEVELAND.
(From the Most Reverend, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh.)

I certify that Mr. Levi extracted the Corns which were on my feet, without giving me any pain.

JOHN G. ARMAGH,
80 Charles st., St. James Square, London.
August 3, 1843.
(From the Most Noble, the Marquis of Lansdowne.)

Mr. Levi extracted a Corn from me with perfect facility and success. LANSDOWNE.
(From Robt. Ferguson, Esq. M.D., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty of England.)

Mr. Levi has most skillfully extracted two Corns from my feet, without giving me the slightest pain. ROBT. FERGUSON, M.D.,
9 Queen st., May Fair, London, March 8, '38.

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ANNUALS FOR 1853.
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Begs leave to call the attention of the trade to the following Annuals, now ready.
REMEMBER ME for 1853.
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NOTINGS OF BUSINESS.

WE HAVE again and again called the attention of our readers to "Zerman's Tooth Wash," one of the best articles of its kind now in vogue. It sweetens the breath, whitens the teeth, and im-

parts a delightfully healthy elasticity to the gums. Zerman is now engaged in the putting up of a fresh supply, and is imparting a new attraction to the bottles by the introduction of the most exquisitely designed wrappers and labels we have ever seen. Orders for the article are rapidly increasing. It may be found at the stores of the principal druggists in the city, and at many of the fancy and toilet-article establishments.

THE BUSINESS season is rushing in upon us, and our streets are hence assuming fresh life. The old thoroughfares of trade show new foot-marks, while business marts such as Arch street, of later birth, are also noisy with buyers and sellers. Arch street two years ago, was hardly known as a business street; now, it has some of the handsomest stores in the city. Among those lately erected there, is that of Conrad Bard & Son—whose advertisement appears in our pages—manufacturers of Silver Ware, &c. Our old friend William T. Fry, No. 227, planted himself in Arch street, on commencing business in our city, and there he sticks. His store is a modest one outwardly, but on entering you find it filled with the most valuable stock of toilet articles, and fancy goods generally. Many of these articles are manufactured by Fry himself, and beautifully finished they are. The writer has a writing-desk, of his make, and by the way it came to him one pleasant morning as a surprise, finished off in transcendent taste. How we like to be surprised in this way, we will not say.

MR. O. B. C. CARTER, Chestnut street above Fifth, whose stock was injured recently by fire and sold off at auction, is now getting in a fresh supply of pianos, to which he invites public attention.

OUR SMILING ever-contented German friend, Conrad Meyer, is getting up some instruments for the coming exhibition of the Franklin Institute, which will surpass those that commanded the medal at the great World's Fair. They will in other words outdo the best of Meyer's heretofore doings. Meyer is the true artist. He works not altogether though, for his present pecuniary interest—when he makes pianos so durable as he is known to do. In other words Meyer's pianos retain their freshness, sweetness, and truthfulness, too long. Persons who buy them, are not compelled to replace them in a year or two. They last a life time!

COL. WILLIAM H. MAURICE, 108 Chestnut street, has no idea of making another trip to Europe, at any rate the present year. His business calls will not admit of his leaving here, perhaps for some time again. He is a lover of pleasure and pastime, is the 'Colonel, but at the same time he is a greater lover of business. He plays in other words, with a *gout* while he works with a greater *gout*. We consider Mr. M. a model for the rising generation. He commenced poor, and he has worked his way unaided by any influences, but those within his own

heart and his own mind, up to his present fortunate position. He is now one of the most prominent men in his line of business, that of stationery, &c.

THE INQUIRER says "We have seen somewhere the account of a deception practised in Paris, in the manufacture of patent medicines, whereby a miserable decoction was passed off as an universal cure. The trick was discovered, and the quacks who conceived it, properly punished. We have, doubtless, many medicines extensively advertised, quite as worthless as the Parisian, the owners of which become millionaires, and, as are all who advance to prominence not in accordance with merit—ridiculously pompous. These men, though native-born simpletons, would never have done anything themselves unaided; but by accident, they draw near them clever men, whose minds they use, and by whose sagacity and industry they rise. When the wherewithal to success is obtained, when they can walk without the prop which has aided them in trudging to the golden fields of fortune, they frequently ungratefully cast it away. While then, there are medicines abroad, the medicines of wealthy quacks, and hence perfectly worthless as to any real good which they do, there are others which are full of merit, well deserving the high favor which they receive. One of the most prominent of these is Hooftland's German Bitters, sold exclusively by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 120 Arch street, and his agents. They cure all bilious affections, acting on the liver with decided power.

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Behold the young mother in the sick chamber of her child! The world abroad may hang out its attractions, but her world is here. All sights and sounds are indifferent to her, compared with her young sufferer's slightest show or sound of pain. Day succeeds to day, night follows night, and sees her rooted to that single spot. Yet her "eye is not dim nor her natural force

abated." The ordinary consequences of toil, anxiety and vigil seem to stand reverently off, as reluctant to mar a spectacle so holy. And what is the principle so potent, as to suspend Nature's customary laws and almost realise the Alchymist's dream of a life charmed against waste and decay? It is only the familiar, universal principle of maternal love!

THE DREAM OF GOLD.

AN EASTERN FABLE.

[From the French of Charles Nodier.]

CHAPTER I.—THE KARDOUON.

The Kardouon, as every one knows, is the most agreeable, the most handsome, and the most courteous of lizards. The Kardouon is clothed in gold, like a great lord; but he is timid and modest, and is always seen alone and retired; this makes him pass for a wise youth. The Kardouon has never done evil to any one, and there is no one who does not love the Kardouon. The young girls are all on fire when he looks at them, as he passes along with eyes of love and joy, straightening his neck sparkling with rubies, and tossing in the rays of the sun innumerable reflections from the marvellous tissue in which he is clothed.

They say to one another: "It is not you, it is me the Kardouon looked at to-day; he found me the prettiest, and I will be his sweetheart."

The Kardouon's thoughts are not on these. He seeks here and there for good roots to feast his comrades, and to enjoy himself with them on a shining stone in the full heat of mid-day.

One day the Kardouon found in the desert a treasure composed of an immense quantity of pretty, polished pieces of gold.

"Virtue of God!" said the Kardouon, "I am much deceived, or here are some precious provisions that I find in time for my winter! They must be slices of that fresh, sugary carrot, which always arouses my spirits when solitude wearies me: only I never have seen it so enticing as this." And the Kardouon glided towards the treasure, not directly, because that is not his manner, but in tracing certain prudent windings; sometimes his head lifted up, his nose in the air, his queue straight and vertical as a stake; sometimes fixed, undecided, inclining by turns each of his eyes to the sun, to apply to the treasure his fine ear of a Kardouon; examining the right, the left, listening every where, seeing everything, becoming more and more composed, advancing a step like a brave Kardouon, retreated with palpitations of terror like a poor Kardouon who finds he is pursued, when far from his village, and then very bold, creeping on all fours, raising his back in a semi-circle, rounding his shoulders, shuffling the folds of his rich apparition, rustling the gilded shells of his coat of mail, undulating, stooping, throwing up to the breeze the dust under his hands, and lashing it with his queue. He was without contradiction the handsomest of Kardouons.

When he reached the treasure, he darted at it a piercing look, stretched himself as stiff as a staff on the sand, and fell upon

the first piece of gold which offered itself to his teeth.

He bit it.

The Kardouon retreated ten feet, returned more reflective, but more modestly.

"They are confoundedly dry," said he—"Oh how culpable are these Kardouons, who amass in this manner slices of carrots for their posterity, not to keep them in a moist place where they preserve their nourishing quality. I must confess," added he inwardly, "that the Kardouon species is but little advanced. As for myself, who have dined to-day, and am not, thanks to heaven, in urgent need of a bad meal, as a common Kardouon, I will transport this provender under that great tree of the desert, amongst the herbs moistened by the dew of heaven, and the freshness of the fountains; I will lie down to sleep by its side, on the fine soft sand, which at the first break of day, begins to warm, and when a clumsy giddy bee, lifting itself from the flower where it has slept, shall awaken me with its buzzings, I will commence the most princely breakfast that a Kardouon has ever made."

The Kardouon I speak of, was a Kardouon in execution. What he said, he did.—By evening, all the treasure transported piece by piece, was refreshing in vain on a beautiful carpet of long silky grass which bent under its weight. Over head an immense tree extended its branches, luxuriant with verdure and flowers, as if to incite the Kardouon by to taste agreeable sleep under its shade.

And the Kardouon wearied, was awfully dreaming of fresh roots."

This is the story of the Kardouon.

CHAPTER II.—XAILOUN.

The next morning came to the same place the poor wood-cutter Xailoun, who was greatly attracted by the melodious gurgling of the running waters, and by the fresh, and laughing rustling of the foliage. This place of repose pleased at first sight the natural indolence of Xailoun, who was yet far from the forest, and who, according to his custom, was not extremely anxious to reach it, at too early an hour.

As there are few persons who have known Xailoun in his lifetime, I will tell you that he was one of those children disgraced by nature; whom it seems to have produced only to live. He was ill-made in person, and backward in mind; for the rest, a simple, good creature, incapable of doing evil, incapable of thinking it, and even incapable of understanding it; so that his family had seen nothing in him since his infancy, but a subject of sorrow and perplexity. The mortifying repulses to which Xailoun was continually exposed, had early inspired him with the taste of a solitary life, and on this account

the profession of a wood-cutter was given him in default of others, the infirmity of his intelligence prohibited to engage in; for his only title in the village was silly Xailoun. Indeed the children followed him in the streets with wicked laughter, crying "Clear the way, clear the way, for honest Xailoun, Xailoun, the most amiable wood-cutter that has ever handled an axe, for see, he goes to talk of science with his cousin the Kardouon, on the lawn of the forests. Oh the worthy Xailoun!"

And his brothers withdrew from his path, blushing with haughty shame.

But Xailoun pretended not to see them and laughed at the children.

Xailoun was accustomed to believe that the poorness of his clothes had great influence in the motives of this scorn, and these daily derisions; because no man is carried so far as to judge disadvantageously of his own mind; he had therefore concluded that the Kardouon, whom he supposed the most beautiful of all the inhabitants in the world, when he struts in the sunshine, was the most favored of the creatures of God; and he promised himself in secret, if he could get into the good graces of the Kardouon, to array himself in some cast-off gown of his holiday wardrobe, to strut out into the country, and fascinate the eyes of the good people with such magnificence.

"Besides," added he, when he had reflected as much as his judgment permitted him, "the Kardouon, it is said, is my cousin, and I perceive this by the sympathy which attracts me to this honorable personage. Since my brothers repulse me with scorn, I have no relation so near as the Kardouon, and I wish to live with him, if he would receive me well; and in such a case, I would only be useful to him, to make every evening a large litter of dry leaves for his bed, and to warm his chamber with a bright and pleasant fire, when the weather becomes cold. The Kardouon will grow old before me," pursued Xailoun; "because he was already nimble and handsome, when I was yet very little; for my mother would show him to me saying: 'see, see, there goes the Kardouon!' I know, thanks to God, the attention due to a person when he becomes sick, and the little favors to amuse him. It is a misfortune, but he is a little haughty!"

Indeed the Kardouon generally gave a bad reception to the advances of Xailoun. At his approach he disappeared like a flash of lightning in the sand, and stopped only to turn upon him from behind a tree or stone, two black eyes, whose sparklings the carbuncle might envy.

Xailoun would then look at him with a respectful air, speaking with his hands joined:

"Alas! my cousin, why do you fly from me, your friend and servant? I only ask to follow and wait upon you, in preference to my brothers, for whom I would wish to die, but who appear to me less gracious and less amiable than you. Do not reject as they do, your faithful Xailoun, if you have need, by chance, of a good servant."

But the Kardouon always walked away, and Xailoun would go home to his mother crying, because the Kardouon, his cousin, did not wish to speak to him.

This day his mother had driven him away, striking him with anger, and pushing him by the shoulders.

"Go, miserable!" she said to him, "go and join your cousin the Kardouon, unworthy as you are to have other relations!"

Xailoun had obeyed her as ordinarily, and sought his cousin the Kardouon.

"Oh! oh!" said he, coming under the tree with large branches, "my cousin, the Kardouon, asleep in the shade by the fountains, though it is not his custom. A beautiful occasion to talk with him as soon as he is awake. But what the deuce he has here and what does he pretend to do with all these queer little things of yellow lead, if he has not prepared them to ornament his clothes? Perhaps they are for his wedding. They sparkle so that I can hardly look upon my old iron buttons, and there is not one piece on the old doublet of my cousin, that is not worth a thousand times more than mine. I will wait however, till he tells me his intention, if he is in a more speaking humor than usual; for I will sleep conveniently at this place, and as I have a light sleep, I will awaken as soon as he."

At the instant Xailoun went to lie down, he was suddenly struck with an idea.

"The night is cool," said he, "and my cousin the Kardouon is not accustomed like myself to sleep on the brink of the fountains, and in the shelter of the forests. The morning air is not healthy."

Xailoun took off his garment and spread it softly over the Kardouon, taking every necessary precaution not to awaken him. The Kardouon did not awake.

When he did that, Xailoun slept profoundly, dreaming upon the friendship of the Kardouon.

This is the story of Xailoun.

CHAPTER III.—THE FAQUIR ABHOC.

The next morning came to the same place the Faquir Abhoc who pretended to go on a pilgrimage, but who sought in fact some of that good luck which always befalls a Faquir.

As he approached the fountain to rest himself, he perceived the treasure, gazed

upon it with eagerness, and calculated promptly its value on his fingers.

"Grace unhelped for!" cried he, "this the all-powerful and all-merciful God at last accords to my piety after so many years of trial; and to render its acquisition easier, he has deigned to place it under the simple guard of an innocent Kardouon, and a poor weak boy!"

I must tell you that the Faquir Abhoc knew perfectly by sight, both Xailoun and the Kardouon.

"May heaven be praised in all things," added he, advancing a few steps. "Adieu to the robe of a Faquir, the long fasts and the rude mortifications of the body. I will change my country and my mode of life, and in the first kingdom in which I find myself suited, I will buy a great estate which will bring me a vast revenue. Once established in my palace, I will only occupy myself henceforth in enjoying myself in the midst of my pretty slaves, amongst flowers and perfumes, and in lulling softly my spirits to the sounds of their musical instruments, drinking exquisite wines out of massive golden cups; I will become old in time, and good wine makes old men merry. Only it appears to me that this treasure will be heavy to carry, and it would be bad in my case, for a grand lord of landed property as I am, who has an innumerable number of domestics, to humble himself to the duty of a porter, when indeed I ought hardly to be seen. In order that the prince of the people may obtain the respect of his subjects, he must be accustomed to respect himself. One would think then that this clown was sent here for no other end but to serve me; and as he is as robust as an ox he will easily carry all my gold to the next town, where I will make him a present of my old robe, and some small change."

After this beautiful internal allocution, the Faquir Aboc, very certain that his treasure had nothing to fear from the Kardouon or Xailoun, (who knew its value as little as the Kardouon,) yielded himself without resistance to the sweets of sleep, and he slept proudly, dreaming of his estate, of his harem filled with the rarest beauties of the east, and of his wine of Schiraz foaming in cups of gold.

This is the story of Faquir Abhoc.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR ABHAC.

The next morning came to the same place the Doctor Abhac, who was a man well versed in all the laws, and who had lost his road meditating on an obscure text, of which the jurists had already given a hundred and thirty-two different interpretations. He was just on the point of seizing the hundred and thirty-third, when the sight of the treasure

carried his thoughts upon the law of discovery, property, and the public treasury, and drove it entirely out of his mind. It was so completely annihilated in his memory, that he would not have found it in a thousand years. It is a great loss.

"It appears," said the Doctor Abhac, "that it is the Kardouon who has discovered the treasure, and therefore, he cannot be excluded, I agree from reclaiming, upon the right of discovery, his legal part in the division. To prevent the disputes between these three persons when they awake, it would be an innocent, lawful, and even humane act in me to take this treasure away from here, if I was only able to carry it. For a most happy instance as an illustration is in actual occurrence; this stream of flowing water forms the boundary, if I am not deceived, between two hostile nations, and thus prevents many long and bloody wars, which would otherwise arise in terrible conflict. Or perhaps these two adventurers, of whom the one appears to be a vile wood-cutter, and the other a wicked Faquir, (a people without name, character or importance,) have merely laid them down here to proceed to-morrow on a journey; and at any rate they know neither the law nor the commentators. But as they come upon me, on account of the great contention of mind, that this affair has given me, I shall take actual possession by placing some of these pieces in my turban, so that the priority of my right may stand forth evidently and peremptorily in court, if indeed it will be necessary to refer it to the judge: he who possesses the thing by the desire to have, tradition to have had, and of being first occupant, is presumed to be the proprietor, for so it is written."

And the Doctor Abhac filled his turban to the brim with gold.

"I am not at all embarrassed about wakening;" he said placing the back of his newly shaved head, upon the swelled turban which served him for a pillow: "these fellows will be disputing at the break of day, and they will only be too happy to have a doctor of laws at hand to accommodate them."

After which the Doctor Abhac slept masterially dreaming of law-suits and gold.

This is the story of the Doctor Abhac.

CHAPTER V.—THE KING OF THE SANDS.

Towards the close of the next day came to the same place, a famous bandit, whose name history has not preserved, but who was the terror of all caravans, for he imposed upon them enormous tributes. He was called the King of the Sands, if the history of this remote period is to be relied upon. He never before had pierced so far into the

desert, because this route was little frequented by travellers, and the sight of this fountain and the shade gladdened his heart, (generally insensible to the beauties of nature,) to such a degree that he determined to loiter there a moment.

"Truly I have not come here in vain," murmured he between his teeth, as he beheld the treasure. The Kardouon is watching this gold, his office is only that of a guard. The other three have come in company to divide it. If I load myself with all this booty whilst they sleep, I shall not fail to awaken the Kardouon, who will rouse these wretches, and I shall have to deal with the Kardouon, the wood-cutter, the Faquir, and the lawyer, who are all robust and capable of defending it. Prudence teaches me to pretend to sleep by their side, till the shades of night have fallen, (since it appears that they intend to pass the night here,) and I will then profit by the darkness to kill them one by one with a good blow of my kangiar. This place is so unfrequented, that I have no fear of being prevented from carrying these riches away to-morrow, and I propose even not to set out without having breakfasted upon this Kardouon, whose flesh is generally very delicate, from what I heard my father say."

And he slept in his turn, dreaming of assassinations, robbery, and roasted Kardouons.

This is the story of the King of the Sands.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SAGE LOCKMAN.

The next morning came to the same place, the Sage Lockman, the philosopher and the poet; Lockman the lover of mankind, the preceptor of the people, and the counsellor of kings: Lockman who sought often the most remote solitudes, there to meditate upon nature and upon God.

And Lockman walked with slow steps, because he was bent with age, for he had attained that day the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman stopped at the spectacle which he beheld under the tree of the desert, and reflected an instant.

"The picture which thy divine goodness shows to my eyes," he cried at last, "affords, O divine Creator of all things, unspeakable instruction; and my soul is overwhelmed, in contemplating it with admiration for the lessons which result from thy works, and with compassion for the foolish, who know thee not.

Here is a treasure, which has perhaps cost its master much repose, both of mind and body.

Here is a Kardouon who has found these pieces of gold, and who, enlightened by the

feeble instinct with which thou hast provided his kind, has taken them for slices of roots withered by the sun.

Here is the poor Xailoun, whose eyes the lustre of the Kardouon's garments has dazzled, because his intelligence could not pierce the darkness which surrounds him, to ascend to thee, and to adore thy all powerful hand.

Here is the Faquir Abhoc, who has trusted to the natural timidity of the Kardouon, and the imbecility of Xailoun, to remain sole possessor of all this wealth, to render himself opulent in his old days.

Here is the Doctor Abhac, who has relied upon the dispute, which the division of these riches, at their awaking must excite, to make himself a mediator between the disputants, and to take a double share for himself.

Here is the King of the Sands, who came last of all, revolving fatal thoughts and projects of death, the accustomed manner of these deplorable men, whom thy sovereign grace abandons to their earthly passions, and who resolved perhaps, during the night, to cut the throats of those who opposed him, as well as I can judge from the desperate violence, with which his hand has clenched his kangiar.

And all five have laid them down in their last sleep under the poisoned shade of the Upas, the fatal seeds of which, a breath of thy anger has swept hither, from the depths of the forests of Java!"

When he had spoken these things, Lockman fell upon his knees, and adored God.

And when Lockman arose, he passed his hand through his beard, and continued:

"The respects due to the dead forbids us to leave their bodies as prey to the beasts of the desert. The living judges the living, but the dead belongs to God."

And he took from the girdle of Xailoun his pruning-knife, and dug three graves.

In the first grave he placed the Faquir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed the Doctor Abhac.

In the third grave he interred the King of the Sands.

"As for thee, Xailoun," resumed Lockman, "I will carry thee beyond the mortal influence of the poisoned-tree; so that thy friends, if there is one on the earth may come to weep without danger at the grave where thou shalt repose; and I will do so my brother, because thou hast spread thy cloak over the Kardouon asleep, to preserve him from the cold."

Then Lockman bore Xailoun far from thence, and dug him a grave in a little flowery ravine, which the fountains of the desert continually bathed, without ever in-

undating, under the trees whose leaves waving in the breeze diffused around them nought but freshness and perfume.

And when this was finished, Lockman passed his hand a second time over his beard, and, having reflected a little, he went for the Kardouon who lay dead under the poisoned tree of Java.

After which Lockman dug a fifth grave for the Kardouon, by the side of that of Xailoun, and said:

"May God preserve me, from separating even in death, those who were friends!"

And when he had spoken thus Lockman passed his hand a third time over his beard; and, reflecting a little, he returned to the foot of the Upas tree.

He then dug a deep pit, and in it he buried the treasure.

"This precaution," said he, smiling within, "may save the life of a man, or that of a Kardouon."

After which Lockman bent his steps with great fatigue, towards the grave of Xailoun, and ere he arrived there he became faint on account of his great age.

And when Lockman reached the grave of Xailoun, he swooned immediately, fell upon the earth, lifted his soul towards God and died.

And this is the story of the Sage Lockman.

ANOTHER STORY OF DEMON-HAUNTING.

Several of our friends having expressed great interest in the narrative of the "Demon-Haunted," comprised in our two preceding numbers, we asked the gentleman, who furnished it, whether he had any other "of the same sort." For we knew him to have been, his life long, an indefatigable reader of men and things not less than of books, and to have been peculiarly interested in all those mysterious and exceptional phenomena, which Mrs. Crowe gathers up under the phrase, "Night-Side of Nature." He replied, that he thought he had among his papers some narratives akin to the former. If so, we might have them.

The story that follows is the fruit of his search; and he moreover tells us, that he is pretty confident that he either possesses, or can procure from the actual subjects of the occurrences, several other narrations equaling, if not transcending in their singularity, either of these two. We cannot but regard such phenomena as worthy the careful consideration of thinking men. A characteristic common to all these relations, as will be noted, is, that the subjects of them appear firmly convinced, that their tormentors are

malignant spirits, or veritable demons, and not mere imaginations produced by morbidly affected nerves.

As in the former case, we omit all preliminaries, and go at once to the "heart of the matter."

It was in the month of March. I had travelled day and night, without stopping, four hundred miles from the sunshiny, warm South towards the bleak, boisterous North, and had finally reached a populous city near the head of steam navigation, on the Hudson river. My health was somewhat impaired and this long journey had been dreary beyond measure. From first to last a cloud of gloom had hung over and encompassed me, and a "certain fearful looking for" of some coming evil, whose nature or origin were both in utter obscurity, pressed heavily upon me.

I remained through Sunday in the city I had now reached, and was to start at midnight on the hundred miles' stage-coach journey, which still remained to be traversed in order to attain my place of destination. I went early to bed anxiously hoping I might enjoy the rest I so much needed. But rest for me there was none. Numerous apartments apparently surrounding my own seemed to be filled with what I at first supposed to be men and women, noisy, indecent and foul beyond all description. But a slight examination showed the fallacy of my idea, both as the apartments and their occupants. Of the former there was but one contiguous to my own and that was entirely vacant. And yet, as I said, there seemed all about me to be rooms crowded with the most utterly abandoned and dissolute of both sexes, loudly interchanging the most horribly obscene conversation, jests and exclamations, and roaring out ribald songs of a quality, which I, at least, can scarce believe could ever have passed human lips. Mingled with all these things, and continually recurred to as a sort of key note, were execrations, jeers, accusations and most hideous-sounding laughter, of which I was myself the centre and subject. In short, the hotel seemed a veritable Pandemonium with its demon-inhabitants all deep in their proper orgies.

As may well be believed, the arrival of the stage-coach was an inexpressible relief, even though setting forth on a cold March midnight, I had before me a hundred miles' ride over miserable roads. But we had no sooner started, than I heard, first outside on the coachman's box and then inside the coach, human-sounding voices taxing me with every imaginable vice and crime, and especially charging me with having perpetrated a most atrocious outrage in the very city we were leaving. "Villain," "monster," and many

a kindred epithet were heaped upon me without stint. Nor was this limited to the coach either within or on the outside. At every stopping-place through the day and all along our line of travel these voices encompassed me with a storm of denunciation and most vehement abuse.

I cannot describe how strangely I was affected at thus finding myself an object of measureless horror and condemnation, even though its authors were beings I saw not and knew not. So far was I depressed by it, as to shrink with a sort of terror from all companionship or social contact; so that, although the weather was excessively cold, and I was faint from inanition, I ventured neither to go to the table for food, nor approach the fire, nor even step within doors, throughout the entire day. In fact, I anticipated nothing less than to be ejected from the coach and abandoned to perish on the highway, as this was repeatedly suggested and recommended on the most urgent grounds by the voices both without and within, and it never once occurred to me, that the human occupants of the coach could not hear them equally well with myself.

All that interminable day was a continuation, without the slightest interruption of incidents like these. I bore up against the pressure till nightfall, when feeling incapable of proceeding to the usual halting place of the coach, I stopped at a tavern six miles short of it.

Retiring at once to my chamber, in which a fire had been lighted, I sat down and endeavored to compose my perturbed feelings with a book. This endeavor was frustrated by the sounds of vehement altercation in a contiguous chambers. The disputants seemed to me,—I know not for what reason,—to be the landlord on one side and a son and daughter on the other. The two latter were my deadly foes, charging me with criminal enormities and monstrous vices of every kind and reiterating the recent atrocity above mentioned in the city, and on these grounds insisting, that I should be at once thrust out of doors into the bitter night-weather. The father, on the contrary, seemed actuated by friendly feeling, employing all the ordinary arguments, drawn from the absolute universality of human frailty, in behalf of showing me compassion, even supposing me to be as guilty as they said. He questioned, moreover, the truth of a tithe of the charges brought against me, and positively refused expelling me from his house to perish with the cold. Long, long they thus argued and wrangled, going over the same ground again and again, till the contest ended with the young man swearing, with a volley of execrations, that he would, at all hazards, devise some way to eject me.

Immediately on the cessation of this disturbance my attention was drawn to a different quarter. Happening to lift my eyes, as I sat fronting a window that looked out into the open country, I was startled at beholding, through this window, a lofty, spacious edifice standing apparently at some fifty feet distance. There was no such edifice visible, when I first looked forth upon the landscape. In its front appeared broad and high folding doors, now standing wide open and permitting me to look some way within until the vision was swallowed up in darkness. From the threshold of these doors a platform or bridge equalling their own breadth extended from their threshold downward to my window, where its nearer extremity was supported by something two or three feet below the sill. A procession of men and women, clad in similar long, loose, black robes, emerged from the obscurity of the far interior; came down on one side of the bridge; passed by my window, all turning their faces directly towards me; and then, moving up on the other side of the bridge, disappeared in the building. It was a strange, awful spectacle, this dumb, spectral procession! The white glitter of the eyes alone broke the uniformity of the dark-flowing, interminable stream. For a considerable time this ghost-like, noiseless march went on, till at length a single female figure, paused close by my window and gazed fixedly in my face. How was I astounded to recognise there the features of my mother, of whose decease in a far distant place I had recently heard! The face was deathly-pale and inexpressibly mournful and the eyes were glassy and unmoving. While, with audible beating heart, I looked on, she turned slowly away and moved forward in the procession. A moment after, a second female figure paused in the same place and manner; and in the thin, pale, melancholy countenance and large, bright, tear-surcharged eyes, I recognised my wife. Ere long, her place was occupied by a third female figure, with an infant in her arms. In these my, straining eyes recognised the nurse, who had long lived in my family, and my beautiful boy-baby, whom, three months before, I had left playing at home. In him alone of that whole endless train I discerned a trace of kindly regard towards myself, or in fact of living human emotion itself. For he smiled at the sight of me; the same well-known, gleeful smile, which had ever been called forth by his father's caresses. That smile brought gushingly, blindingly to my eyes the tears, which hitherto had been frozen at their source. So soon as I could again see, I found they had gone, and that standing in their place was a young man with his face distorted by hatred, malignity

and wrath, and holding a rifle, at some four feet distance, pointed straight at my head, with his finger on the trigger. I recognised in him no one I remembered ever to have seen, and yet, for what reason I know not, I at once supposed him to be the landlord's son, whom I had recently heard denouncing me with such bitter rage. His appearance and attitude left no doubt of his purpose, even had he not, as he did repeatedly, exclaimed, with the most furious execrations, "—him, I'll kill him!" I fully believed my last moment had come, and I resolved, at all events, to die manfully and without flinching. I therefore looked him in the face steadily and with mute sternness for some two minutes, and then shutting my eyes awaited calmly the fatal shot. Strangely enough, while thus waiting I found myself speculating on what would probably be the sensation when the bullet struck me, whether or not the pain would be great, whether I should be conscious of it at all or not, &c., &c.; from which I could easily credit accounts I have read of physicians, who, while dying, have been sufficiently self-possessed and cool to record their successive sensations and emotions, until they could hold the pen no longer. In this waiting attitude I remained several minutes, and yet the anticipated crisis came not, when, on hearing my enemy angrily exclaim, with a volley of most blasphemous curses, "there's no such thing as scaring him," I opened my eyes and he was gone, and with him the edifice and its funeral train.

I now had some hope, that my torments for the present were ended and therefore lay down to rest. But rest came not nigh me. At once the dispute recommenced between the landlord and his son and daughter, with quite as much vehemence as before. In the course of it, my whole life inward and outward from the very cradle was brought up for examination, and by my two antagonists all its evils were exaggerated beyond measure, while all, that heretofore I had supposed good in it, was so misconstrued and perverted, as to wear the semblance of evil. The landlord still was my champion to a certain extent,—so far, at least, as absolutely to interdict my being turned out of doors or in any way physically maltreated. All night long this fierce conflict went on, with not an instant's cessation, precluding the slightest sleep or repose.

With the earliest twilight of the succeeding morning I arose, and with a cumbrous cloak on my shoulders, a heavy valise in one hand and a large umbrella in the other, I rushed from the hotel, as if the "avenger of blood" were behind me, and walked twenty-two miles, with but a single pause of a few minutes on the roadside. The sun was hardly

above the horizon before the road was melted into a river of mud, into which I sank ankle-deep at every step, with my feet protected only by the thin shoes I had worn in the Southern country where I had passed the winter. It is a striking illustration of the tenacity of life, and the capacity of endurance possessed by the human frame, that I survived this long and excessively fatiguing walk, super-added to the inanition produced by want of nourishment. For, as on the whole preceding day, my sole food was a single dry cracker, washed down by a glass of water; so through all this day there was absolutely nothing passed my lips, save two or three draughts of water from the wayside streams. I did, indeed, several times turn up towards the farm-houses on the road to procure, if possible, a tumbler of milk or a crust. But the voices of the preceding day denouncing, accusing, maligning, were again, at every step, before, behind, and on either side of me, and I felt sure that the occupants of the farm-houses I approached, must hear their atrocious charges against me, and thus, that I should risk incurring even worse usage from them than the simple denial of my request. So, in each case, I turned empty away, and dragged onward in the mud.

This day, in fact, more than realised to me the wildest, strangest tales I had ever heard or read, of apparitions, sorcery, magic, and the preternatural in all its other manifold spheres. I was completely self-possessed, so that I could examine and reflect and reason on whatever passed before me; and my senses were all perfectly undisturbed, as well as clear, alert and active even beyond their wonted degree. So that I saw and heard whatever occurred visibly and audibly about me, precisely as usual, and quite as well in all respects as usual. At the same time, I saw and feared, with no whit less distinctness, these *exceptional* sights and sounds, of which the reader must give his own exposition; but which I myself could not then, as I can not now help attributing to disembodied spirits as their causes.

Much of the day I was followed, at a few yards' distance, by two West Point cadets, wearing the grey dress and the cap, which then made their uniform. One of them was my friend, and the other my enemy, and for hours I could hear them canvassing my life and character, bringing forward in the discussion, matters I thought known to myself alone, and things which had long been sunk in forgetfulness till thus recalled to my memory, and vehemently contending, the one against me and the other in my behalf.

All this while, too, the air about me seemed crowded with spirits, both the evil and the good, and all busied in waging the same conflict against and for my unhappy, perse-

cutted self. The freezing sarcasms, the ruthless sneers, and atrocious misrepresentations of the demons were such as even a *human slanderer* could scarce transcend, and were uttered in tones, whose strange peculiarity made my flesh creep and my blood curdle; while the voices of the angels, my kind, pitying defenders, were the veriest music to my ear. That war between the principles of good and evils of which every human bosom is the field, was in my case made the subject of a sort of *scenic representation*; wherein the acts, thoughts, and desires of life, alike the most *secret* and the most *public*, were by some mystic agency summoned to appear on behalf of one principle or the other.

It would require a volume to register, one by one, all the incidents of that day. Indeed, had I a volume at my disposal, there are many I could not record for want of *fitting words*. They existed then and they exist now in my mind, as a sort of *strange impressions*, half thought and half feeling, which are utterly incommunicable by any language at my command. Omitting, therefore, these, as well as a multitude of other things akin to those already described, I hurry to my conclusion.

Just before night, at twenty-two miles distance from my morning's starting-point, I stopped at a roadside inn in very desperation, determined to apply for a night's accommodation, although, from these accusing voices accompanying and going before me into the house, I dreaded a refusal. I did apply, and to my no small astonishment, received an affirmative reply.

I retired immediately to my chamber, after having tried in vain to take some food. Another terrific, bewildering night!—long hours of assaults more violent and malignant, than those of the day just past, and also differing from them in this, that *now* all were against me, and not one compassionate angel uttered a word on my behalf. The chamber above mine and those on every side of it seemed crowded with malignant beings, all busied in heaping upon me the most unsparring abuse, and in transmuting all I had ever done, said, thought, felt or imagined, into the very "blackness of darkness." Till far on towards the morning hours this fiendish work was incessantly plied, and at length it seemed to me, as if both body and soul were so much exhausted by this protracted torture, that I must be hanging over the very brink of the grave. At last, however, without the slightest premonition, and while the demons were at the very acme of their torturing appliances, I dropped into a sleep as dreamless and deep as that of death itself. For hours and hours I slept on, and when, late in the next forenoon, I awoke; I was once more among mortal men, and beyond

the *perceptible* reach of spirits, who have put off their clay.

I have already casually intimated what I believed to have been the nature and origin of these incidents, and I now submit them to the reader without further comment.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY ELLA.

Lull me to sleep once more, mother,
Upon thy-loving breast,
For I can ne'er forget, mother—
The days I there found rest.
Oh! sorrow has been my boon, mother,
Since the day that I parted with thee,
Then gladness and joy departed,
Bring them back with your smile to me.

And I have learned to doubt, mother,
My heart's once cherish'd friends,
Come to me then, for trust and love,
Thy presence ever lends.
Oh, put thine arms around me, mother,
Let me rest my head on thee,
And whisper soft the loving words,
You once did say to me.

And now that the dreams have passed, mother,
The glorious dreams of youth,
Come speak to me and comfort me,
For *thy* words are words of truth.
Thy heart will ne'er deceive me,
Thy voice will ne'er grow cold,
In thy heart's holy shrine, mother,
Thy love will me enfold.

Oh, I can well believe, mother,
The tales that sages tell,
Of angel hearts in human forms,
Sent down to comfort men;
For I have known thy love, mother,
And seen thy gentle smile,
And looked in the depths of thy earnest eyes,
When you spoke to me the while.

Then lull me to rest, my mother,
Sing to me some glorious lays,
Of the truth, and love, and chivalry,
Belonging to olden days.
Nor wonder I want you here, mother,
My gentle one and true,
The world to me is a dreary place,
When far away from you.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

Somewhere about the year thirty-five of this nineteenth century, there was in the commercial metropolis of our country a cer-

tain street, which on grounds sufficiently strong was entitled "cheap and nasty." "For a rayson that we have," we feel a very violent antipathy to the second of the two adjectives above-named, notwithstanding its frequent use in first-class English books, even though written by ladies; so that, if our reader please, he will permit us in the following discourse to represent the same by its bare initial, thus making the phrase read "cheap and n——." We solicit this favor of our reader, because, for several years following, the phrase forced itself upon our thoughts, at sundry times and places, in a manner exceedingly distressing, and yet with a pertinacious force utterly beyond our capacity to resist. To speak the whole truth, after once walking through said street, the association between the two words, "cheap and n——" (as per stipulation) became so inseparable in our minds, that, according to our best judgment, the link is even now unbroken. It does indeed seem, as though events had ever since deliberately and inexorably conspired not merely to preclude the effacing of this impression, but to deepen and magnify the same. We will state a few of these events, as specimens of the rest.

Not long ago, there flourished or resided in one of our large cities a *soi-disant* tailor, who named his sartorial establishment, (we will suppose) "Hickory Hall." He was a person of great energy and no small originality, since without much, if any capital, and with no more knowledge of tailor-craft proper, than you or we, fair readers, he got up a tremendous excitement in garment-vending, and kept up the same for years, and, for aught we know, may be "going-ahead" even now. In fact, he was pronounced the "Napoleon of Tailors."

His chief instrument of success was advertising both in all the papers of the city and country. You might travel east or west, south or north, by whatever conveyance you would; and wherever you picked up a newspaper, or even a magazine, in some conspicuous place therein or thereupon, the words "Hickory Hall" and "Reform your Tailor's bills" stared you in the face after a fashion there was no escaping, except by reading through every syllable of the same. It was an awful temptation, running over that list of prices, wherein the handsomest and most durable of garments were offered, in capital letters and gigantic figures, at rates frightfully and even fabulously low. One could not avoid "feeling uneasy in his mind," at these sleepless, ferocious assaults upon him in whatever direction he might be constrained to travel.

But all this did not "fill up the measure" of this man's devices. If, by the stress of

fate, you chanced to find yourself in the city of his sojourn—it mattered not in what street of the same—you would, within an incredibly short time, behold the most gorgeous and dashing of cabs pass by you, with a splendid ribbon-garnished horse in its shafts, a "colored brother" in gold-embroidered livery and gold-bound hat upon the driving seat, and gold-lettered inscriptions of the most aggravating tenor all over the sides, front and back of the vehicle.

Now man is mortal—at least from some incidents in our own history, we have gathered certain impressions to this effect. Charles Lamb "took his stand upon roast pig." Our own stand—or fall—generally follows upon *pressing, protracted solicitation*. We are like the traditional young Lady, who "married her suitor to get rid of him." Like Macbeth we thought we had "done all that might become a man," and that, to resist this pressure longer, "we should be none." We "leaned," therefore for "Hickory Hall," saying to ourself as we paced

—“Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black *Hecate's*
summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy
hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done
A deed of dreadful note.”

As we said, we paced thitherward as rapidly as our limbs, which are not the longest or the smallest recorded in history, would carry us. We arrived there in a mood of desperate resolve. For, during our mile's walk, we had said over and over to ourselves, if, according to the man's advertisement, we can "get the *handsomest and most wearingest* pants in the city for *three dollars*," we'll shut our eyes and clench our teeth, and face the expense like men. One reason additional for this tremendous resolution was, that in our view, any candid, judicious person, who had carefully examined the inexpressibles actually encasing us, would have said, that a new pair would, if tolerable, be an improvement on the veterans now doing duty. In fact we feel confident, that such would have been the impression of a majority of sound-judging persons. Our own conviction, we remember, was so decided on the whole question, that we determined irrevocably, that if we ever got the old pair supplanted by a new, we would leave the former where they fell. For, to borrow the powerful New England vernacular, "we were all-fired ashamed of them." And this resolution—we challenge fearlessly the credit of once fulfilling a resolution—we did rigorously carry out to the letter. We abandoned them, gentle reader, where and when they dropped.

and sternly bent our spectacles in the opposite direction until we had vacated "Hickory Hall."

But, friend reader, the story did not end here. Embellished with this new, glossy garment, we turned our specs down towards our extremities, and were painfully startled by the vehement incongruity between the antiquated boots thereon, and the shining garment rising above them. It was throughout a day of wonders. For, stepping into a reading room on leaving the tailor's, we saw, in one of the city papers, a most impressive advertisement offering to purchasers boots and shoes of a quality unspeakably fine, at a price atrociously low. We instantly puffed our way to the shop indicated, and out of the residual three dollars in our purse we disbursed one and a quarter, and a most brilliant-looking pair of Wellingtons became our own. As before, we left the veterans on the spot where they were discarded, and looked not upon them again.

Feeling mightily lifted up by the change in our exterior man, we resolved to hie forthwith to the house of the friend, where we were then stopping, and exhibit ourselves for the admiration of the family. We had got about half way thither, manifestly producing a sensation in all we met, for they gazed at us with looks not to be misconstrued, when suddenly the contents of both pockets of our new garment fell jingling over our boots on the pavement. Yes, reader, the seams of both those receptacles had absolutely ripped from one extremity to the other! Nor was even this all—on a slight investigation, we discovered half a dozen other rips in various places, besides the loss of two suspender buttons. We leave the sympathetic reader to imagine our emotions, for no language could depict them. Only we will remark, that those old words of doom, "cheap and n—," flashed luridly and blighting across our mind, and with drooping eyes and lagging pace we moved on.

Before getting far, two concurrent explosions drew our gaze downward, and lo! both our new Wellingtons had split out from toe to heel, one on the outside, the other on the inside of the foot. If they were not a spectacle, we are no judge. Already too far prostrated to be sensitive to a new shock, we merely groaned meekly, "cheap and n—," and trod gingerly onward. Gingerliness was, indeed, an absolute necessity, since at every step we experienced a mortal dread, lest before reaching our friend's, both our "newnesses" would dissolve utterly,

"And, like the ripping texture of a vision,
Leave not a scrap behind."

How we finally extricated ourselves from this embarrassment, and what sums we dis-

bursed to the disciples of St. Sartorius and St. Crispin, for repairing damages so far as to permit our reaching our home, we pass over in silence. Nor shall we narrate how often our bitter personal experience has given us occasion to repeat the formula, "cheap and n—," in application to almost every article we are accustomed to purchase. The sum of our total experience is this solemn conviction, that wherever the word "cheap" is used, the word "n—" should be linked with it. Not, indeed, that the rule has no exceptions, but we hesitate not to say, that the exceptions are as few to this, as to any rule within our knowledge.

And now to the real purpose of this illustrative poem. We wish the reader to believe this absolute verity, that the formula under discussion belongs as well to letters, as to aught beside. "Cheap" literature, as a general rule, is "n—" literature. The argument from analogy would have satisfied us beforehand, that it must be so. But we have been far from relying on this exclusively. We have read this literature largely—we doubt if any in the country have read it more extensively—and we have found our anticipations fully confirmed. The bulk of it, as all know, is fiction imported hither from Great Britain and the European continent. Obtained gratis by our publishers and by them, for the most part, wretchedly printed, it can of course, be vended at cheap rates. But we do assure our countrymen, that they will find it, in the end, the costliest bargain they ever struck. Its writers are mainly literary hacks eternally goaded by hunger *in case or posse*, superadduced to a most ruthless competition, and they must turn out what will sell, or die. So they aim primarily and indeed exclusively, at producing something pungent, exciting, startling, and if they can achieve this, the morality, the instructiveness, and the style of their books are to them a matter of total unconcern. Hence it is, that the prisons, the hulks, the stews, the haunts of crime and vice in all their shapes, are resorted to for themes and heroes. These themes are handled and the imagined lives of these heroes are narrated, with all that unmitigated grossness and unrelieved foulness, which more than intimate the taste of the writers to be akin to that of the creatures they portray.

Have any other than ourselves chanced to go through that enormous mass of "cheap literature," which boasts the parentage of G. W. H. Reynolds, Esq.? If not, we can inform them, that the staple and almost the total of this mass, consists of the lives and feats of murderers, robbers, burglars, thieves, trulls,—in short, of persons smirched with every species and hue of crime and vice, which an ancient, three-million peopled city

like London can generate or contain. And these people and their deeds are so described, as to make on the reader the same impression, which their companionship would make. True it is, a few men and women are introduced, who are evidently regarded by the author, as specimens of the good. But they are creatures such as never did, will or could exist, for both they and the imaginary conditions of their development and action, are totally aside from nature and possibility. So these phoenixes of virtue do not counteract in the least the baneful influence of the multitudinous bad, their cotemporaries. That there is power in these works is undeniable—great power—but it is the power of the “under fiends,” a breathing from Pandemonium’s abyss.

Now we beg of the reader to consider what must be the probable effect of such reading on boys of that transitional age, when the passions are beginning to stir and crave, and conscience sways but feebly, and the views of life with its duties and responsibilities are confused, unsettled, perpetually shifting. Must it not be bad? How can it be otherwise than bad? It must be bad as possible—so bad in fact, that we wonder they are not utterly demoralized and gangrened by this single poison-dose. And so they would be, but for that counter-working influence of the “Preventing God,” which we so seldom recognize, and think of so little.

But why dwell with such emphasis on the books of a single writer? They are, after all, but a few drops of a total Atlantic of the same foul element. What say you of Paul de Kock’s novels, on the whole the most unblushing specimens of lewd indecency within our recollection? True it is, there are many other books more bald in their indecent portraiture and narration. But red-nosed carbuncle-visaged, loud-blaspheming, frowzy-drabishness is in no wise attractive, but, on the contrary, is irresistibly repulsive. Paul de Kock has talent—genius even—and he puts forth his utmost force to make his pictures fascinating and seductive, while carefully avoiding mere verbal vulgarity and coarseness in representation. Virtually he brings the most guarded home-privacies of handsome, well-bred people, out into the fields and by the roadsides, for the beholding of all comers and passers-by.

Charming books these, O! parents, for the perusal of your young boys and girls! Girls? Yes, it cannot be denied, even these sometimes read them—not, we trust, of premeditation, but from accidentally lighting upon them and commencing the perusal before knowing their character.

But why dwell either on this single writer? There are thousands of other books—no matter by what names prefixed—working either

in the same direction, or to other issues baneful enough, if not equally so.

In a word, we entreat our countrymen to consider seriously this tremendous fact, that myriads of foreign works are turned yearly out of our cheap presses, at the price of one, two, three or four shillings, for what originally made three volumes; works, whose influence is licentious, and in all other ways immoral; whose tone is most emphatically anti-republican, crowded as they are with details of a life the most frivolous, insane and useless possible, and with the sayings and doings of a class, who worship rank, title and wealth, and look contemptuously down on poverty, labor and the “vulgar herd,” that is, the immense majority of God’s creatures. How can it be otherwise, than that such works should sap and undermine all private morals, as well as all those ideas, on which our country’s institutions are built, and out of which its proper destiny must be wrought, if wrought at all?

But we must not lay the whole burden on the foreigner. At home, too, a considerable class of cheap literature has sprung up under the titles of “Tales of the Mexican War, of the Ocean, &c. &c.” Of these, for the most part, nothing worse can be said, than that they are bald nonsense written in bad English. They have little other baneful effect on the reader, than to waste his time, and indispose or perhaps incapacitate him for all solid, manly, useful reading, thought or action. In short, they affect the mental digestion, as green fruit and unlimited quantities of slop-drinks do the bodily. If, in the phrase of Job’s friend, “a man fill his belly with the east wind,” to say nothing of his probable discomfort, there will be no room for anything better.

Now who is censurable for the existence of this wide-washing deluge of cheap literature, with all its harmful effects?

Is it the publisher? He replies no—he is a God-fearing, law-abiding moral man, and this is his mode of procuring subsistence for himself and his family.

Now, without asking whether he is not virtually begging the question, when, although pursuing such a vocation, he entitles himself a “moral man,” we would simply remark, that we are not his judges. And thankful are we, that so it is, for we like not the office. In this discussion we not only disclaim all personal references, but we ignore the existence of persons altogether. Our eye is on facts and principles exclusively.

If, however, our publisher please, we should like to ask him a single question. Do you, sir, grant to all others without exception the benefit of your own plea? That is, may the rum-seller, the pimp, the abandoned

woman, and all others, who pursue vocations which poison men's bodies and souls, plead availingly, that they practise such vocations to earn their living!

For the present, however, we must be content with having briefly stated the existence of the evil with its nature and effects; and not enter on a consideration of remedies. But one thing in closing, we must suggest without enlarging upon it. If our countrymen would but awake to the tremendous perils, with which they are menaced by this deluge from abroad, and pass an International Copy Right Law, these perils in no long time would be among the things of the past.

WHAT IS A SNOB?

Snob is a word not found in Johnson. To define it lexicographically would be difficult, as it would be also to say how it arose, and where it began. It would seem to be a word of British origin, and as we have a notice in another place of a book upon English "Snobs," a few words may not be out of place upon the American variety of the creature. Perhaps we should say varieties—for there are many specimens of the species.

We understand by a Snob:

The man who strives hard to arrange his business for a two weeks' absence, more or less, that he may, like young Rapid in the play, "sink the shop." Now there is certainly no harm in this. If he wished to run away from dollars and cents for a little while, and take shelter with the "old folks at home," going quietly down to the nook where he was born, or seeking improvement and relaxation in travel, without pretence and without making himself ridiculous; that would be praiseworthy. But the Snob has no such common-place notions as these. He sinks father and mother, as well as shop. The old folks are not "genteel" enough for him. So, as we said, he squeezes out two weeks interregnum somewhere among his notes payable, and prepares. Perhaps his wife goes with him; perhaps not. Perhaps he has none. We will leave all that to the imagination of the reader.

Well, having studiously given short change for a year or so, paid three levies with thirty-six cents, and exacted thirty-eight when receiving money, sold his pattern cards to little misses for patch-work, and drilled his shop-boys diligently into saving all the pieces of twine; watched the coal-scuttle that no cinders are thrown away among the ashes, and pursued all other of the "poor Richard" injunctions on economy, behold our Snob ready for Cape May, New-

port, or some other "fashionable place,"—for your Snob affects fashion. The pre-engaged cabman calls for him, at a price stipulated. He sallies out in his well-polished boots—well-polished, for he did them himself—and as he seats himself in the cab, almost fancies that he keeps a coach. Now, who so grand as he? But he is not quite ready to put on all the steam, so compels the cabman to take his trunk aboard the steamer as part of the bargain, and inwardly condoles with himself over that quarter withheld from the porter, as the last he shall save for ten days.

He quotes poetry—he grows sentimental—he talks with Jones, whom he recognizes among his fellow-passengers, about relief from business, &c.; and Jones observing him, gives a boy a fippenny bit for the *Ledger*, and "never minds the change." The boat is off, and he is in ecstasy. He is "bound to be a gentleman" for the next fortnight, and leaves the shop behind with all the self-denial of a martyr. Take care, servants! Take care, principals! Take care every body! Snob is abroad, and determined to enjoy himself. At table he calls about him as lustily as he thinks a gentleman should call, when determined to make it obvious that he is somebody. He bribes servants—he smokes like a volcano—he drinks like a fish—he is ever ready to "stand the damage." He makes himself as selfishly disagreeable in some respects as possible, and is hardly less disgusting in his profusion on other occasions. He gambles, and watches who else does, that he may know whose paper it is safe to buy—for ten to one, Snob is a shaver. He worms himself into unsuspecting confidences, that he may devour at his leisure. In a word, Snob is a great man at a watering-place—great to those who do not understand his snobbish nature. Finding his money wasting, he hurries back—for he has received important intelligence—back to blacking his own boots, counting out market money to his wife in smooth quarters, cheapening his wash-woman, bringing sample shirts for his wife to make the rest by, poking his nose in the dust hole, and generally laboring to

—Defraud his daily cheer
To boast a "genteel" outbreak once a year!

Now Snob is not a Snob for practising proper economy. He is not to blame for Tittlebat-Titmousing his clothes, if he finds it necessary and prudent. He is not a Snob for having an industrious calling—for that is laudable and respectable. But the snobbishness is in the airs he puts on abroad. Why cannot he go to a watering-place, or any other rendezvous, and behave like a sensible human being? We do fear, however, that there

is infection in watering-places, so called—a snobbish atmosphere. They are—we mean as regards the company—un-American and ridiculous. Their frequenters might much better be at home, minding their legitimate callings, than drowning care through the day, to dream at night of the skinning and accommodation notes they must worry through on their return, to make good these deficiencies.

Again, we understand by a Snob:

A man who is like friend Barnum's Feejee half-fish, half-flesh—a scaly sweater of sixpences before dinner, and a long-haired ape after. He dines at a shilling ordinary, or goes home to pork and beans—at twelve. He dines “constructively” at three. That is to say, he would be supposed to dine at that hour, and therefore “has his horse brought round” at a quarter to four. Look at the animal—all fire and life! Let down that check-rein, take off that flashy harness, look the creature straight in the eye. Now do you know him? He was either taking home tea, coffee and bar soap, sardines, olives and cheese, all the morning, or perhaps he was toiling through the streets between the shafts of an advertising van. Now reined up and polished up, he becomes a trotter on the avenues or the Gray's Ferry road. Goldsmith speaks of a chest contrived a double debt to pay. We might—if we were a Goldsmith, celebrate the double debt of many a horse, a noble draught horse in the morning, the fast horse of a fast man in the evening.

Again, we understand by Snobs:

The whole race of puppies on two legs, whose cravat ends protrude, starboard and larboard, like the arms of a spritsail-yard, with a square knot in the middle as large as a buckwheat cake. Snobs wear coats cut short—vulgarly called monkeys—and vulgarly fitting vulgar little bodies, sorely tempting the boot-toe of the cynic, to touch the undefended place, where Hudibras supposes honor to be lodged. Snobs have buttons as large as the circumference of an old-fashioned country-house ink-stand. Snobs wear checks which make it necessary that a familiar should go with them and exhibit the pattern, no man's continuations being large enough to display the full square. In a word, Snobs of this sort are disgustingly ridiculous.

They are Snobs:

Who build castles with no better foundation than human bowels; practising on the medicine-swallowing mania of the public, drawing the pence of the poor from their pockets, by appealing to their fears, or deluding their hopes;—acquiring princely fortunes by vending nostrums, and then putting on the airs of aristocrats, forsooth! Their

life is a lie and a cheat, and if they were not Snobs, they would require dose upon dose of their own specifics, to guard against turning sick on their own stomachs—nauseating whenever they look within.

But the Snobs are too many to be treated in one article—and we may not return to the subject again, for it is not worth pursuing. We regard all pretenders to what is called “gentility” as Snobs. The very word is snobbish. Let Americans honestly pursue honest callings, and neither be ashamed of their business, nor affect the cast-off airs of valets and dancing-masters. Foppishness, loud talk in public places, ridiculous airs, all smell of the old coster-monger's ditty:

“Gardon-stuff, you fright!
You vulgar, low-life shockhead!
If you mean to be perlite,
Say wedge-ables, you blockhead!”

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

AIR—CARRIER DOVE.

Fling out to the winds our banner bright,
In the wide blue air let it wave;
For, wherever is seen its starry light,
It gleams with a power to save.

To the north and south, to the east and the west,
It marshal's in victory's path;
A beacon of hope to the wronged and oppressed,
To oppressors a herald of wrath.

God's benison cleave to the flag unfurled
By the hand of Washington;
May it float in the breeze, till the whole broad world
Lies basking in Freedom's sun.

Let it fly o'er the ocean to every strand,
Where his restless surges roll,
From the isles of eternal summer bland,
To the ices of either pole.

Aye pointing afar, o'er the Atlantic's foam,
To the Eden-land of the west,
Where the wronged of all nations may find a home
With freedom and plenty blest.

Then out with our flag to the dallying breeze,
Its folds let the sunbeams kiss;
For the sun in his whole long journey sees
No gladsomer sight than this.

Let it fly where men in bondage pine,
And their ruthless tyrants shall flee;
And the rising day-star shall only shine
On a race of the happy free. I.

CR., BY CASH IN FULL;

OR, SILVER SPEARS THE BEST OF CONQUERORS.

We have placed at the head of our dissertation, a stereotyped expression in mercantile parlance, and the crowning beauty to a long-drawn account of sundries in the way of trade. The sub-caption, (shall we call it,) or the second heading of our article, Silver Spears, &c., is quite a classical idea; nay, a little more, quite an oracular response. When Philip of Macedon, in his full career of encroachment upon the property of his neighbors, took the city of Crenides, he was so fortunate as to discover in its immediate proximity a gold mine. The first thing he did, of course, was to call the city Philippi, after himself, and the second thing, to work his mine with all the energy of a Californian, perhaps we should say of an Australian. His net proceeds amounted yearly to one hundred and forty-four thousand pounds sterling. And he found it valuable, gentle reader. That yellow mine was the thing. Fleets and armies were made doubly impressive and efficacious by the *dust*, we were going to say by the *tin*; but that would be too derogatory a soubriquet. In negotiating treaties, the cash acted the part of a charmer, and no deaf adder of an ancient diplomatist ever stopped his ears to the tune of the Philipian mine. Once he was about entering upon some projected expedition, and not to be foolishly expeditious, he thought he would go to the good old oracle of Delphos and interrogate the priestesses as to the feasibility of the movement. The women were well posted as to the state of things with their illustrious consultant, and hence their spontaneous verdict was, that "with silver spears he should conquer all things." This very oracular response was after all only a good mercantile suggestion. Those young ladies of the tripod were more matter-of-fact girls than the aggregate body of the old Greeks thought they were, and they uttered on the occasion referred to, an axiom which in every latitude holds indisputably correct, and thus proved themselves to be, despite their asceticism and seclusion, practical women of the Hellenic empire. So much for the caption of our disquisition. And we invite you now, gentle readers, to some desultory remarks on the great subject which it involves and exemplifies. We may perhaps be somewhat discursive in the prosecution of our theme. We may meander in our course; but we will always keep within sight of the light-house, and pull up just at the sticking-point. The word Cash we believe to be a Hebrew word, or at least there is a Hebrew word which is pronounced Cash—we will not introduce the oriental letters, for that might savor of pedantry, and we might be branded as belong-

ing to the genus sciolist, which genus we eschew with a hearty good will.—The Hebrew word Cash signifies stubble. Do you not perceive at a glance the appositeness of the meaning? Stubble, if it be dry, will consume with wonderful rapidity, and the way Cash slips through the fingers is a caution to any poor fellow who holds that awful post, second to nothing else but the consulship, the post of housekeeper. We therefore think as the philologists, that the word Cash was transferred bodily from the Oriental lexicon into the English, and was clothed of course with other significations less grovelling than the one before alluded to. Its sound is peculiarly expressive. It has the hard, sonorous ring of the genuine specie. It rolls from the tongue with the unquestionable solidity of a sound, compact Mexican dollar. It is a brief word containing only four letters, but they are the four points of the compass, and he would be a hardy mariner who would venture out to sea without the guidance of that indispensable appendix to a nautical apparatus. The word Money is not half so prolific of gushing emotions as Cash. A bank-note is money, but still it is only—I or we promise to pay—and there is the standing contingency of bankruptcy on the part of the chartered institution; and then you may roll up your paper and substitute it for a lucifer match while you isochronously wish all the bank directors in the regions of that remarkable individual after whom the match is named. But cash in hand is money of another stamp. If your half-eagle, or whole-eagle be genuine, there it is in the hollow of your hand as snugly encoined as a lover in the encircling arms of his fair Desdemona. And that half-eagle, although his is only half-grown, will, you may depend upon it, catch his game. From his eyrie, he will scan the catalogue of good things, and secure them to his liege lord with all the ease and gracefulness of a chivalric courtier. From that homœopathic coin, the three-cent-piece, up to that noble one, the double eagle, (the Siamese twins of a Wall Street Broker,) we say from the smallest bit to the largest legal tender, cash in all its ramifications is possessed of the real grit and sinew of availability. It cannot break nor suspend payment. It has all that *weight* of character which attaches to a solid tangible substance. It has the length, breadth, and *thickness* which constitute the demensions of extension agreeable to the man of business, and wherever it goes it will recommend itself, whose look goes it will recommend itself, whose look goes to your inmost heart, fills you with the same pleasurable sensations which pervaded the bosom of the Macedonian when he beheld his priceless mine admitting gaze. And his enrapture.



A SCENE AT NEWPORT,

On the night before the Maine Liquor Law took effect. Punch abundant; pipes ditto; conversation miscellaneous and thick-tongued. A decided resolution has been formed with the majority not to go home till morning. Some few married gentlemen having the fear of offended wives before their eyes, can't exactly decide to make a

night of it; it is to be presumed however, that they will take courage with their further imbibations from the punch-bowl. He is truly ferociously brave, who can fearlessly encounter the bitter tongue and flashing eyes of a wife, who has been driven to jealousy by a punch-bowl. She likes ardent love but dislikes ardent spirits.

head of our diffusive disquisition we say "Cr., by Cash in full." We will take the words up seriatim, as the honorable Representatives say when they wish to spin out the discussion of a subject and desire to show their skill in polemical and metaphysical anatomy, and comment briefly on each. Cr. There it stands at the head of the newly opened account current, in all the majesty of old Selkirk, when he contemplated the area of freedom on the island of Juan Fernandez. There it stands "all along," as the nurse says to the wee bit young one whom she is trying to initiate into the art and mystery of peripetetics. There it stands in the ledger, looking down calmly and resolutely on the long white line with its blue lines, all situated at regular distances from each other, and looking like the bank and file of a well-drilled company of Philadelphia volunteers on a parade day. There it stands, saying nothing, dint thinking unbecomable things. On the tinner side of the page the word Dr., in bold tography. Does

tenant colonel on a parade day? Below it, you have the regiment of entries. On such a day, Dr. to Crackers; on such a day, Dr. to Mackerel, until, finally, the whole folio begins to look black at you, and you simultaneously begin to change another color, while anticipating the probable dunning process to which you feel yourself at the present tide in your affairs legitimately subjected. However, one day, your uncle Sammy, or aunt Tabitha, sends you a little memento of affection in the shape and guise of a bank-note or a double-eagle. If the latter, you first bless your kind old uncle or aunt, then bestow a blessing on the bird of heaven who has so opportunely flown to your exchequer; or, perhaps, we ought to say, perched upon your standard in token of victory over your fears and consternation; and thirdly, and finally, wend your way to Thomas G—, retail grocer. You look up to the sky when you are fairly out in the street, and positively the atmosphere is deliciously clear, and the sunlight most enchanting. Every object in the

street looks bright. The little whiff that yesterday barked at you till you were ready to hand him over to the tender mercies of the catcher of canine quadrupeds, now seems like a sweet little affectionate companion, as he fondles at your boot-heels, and rubs some of his hair on your lower vestments. You stoop down to pat him, and call him Philip or little Philly. Your mind is instinctively musing on that gold mine of the Macedonian conqueror, and you are so brim full of the hero and the dust, that you make a puppy out of him before you realize that you have been guilty of a very unclassical trick, to say the least of it. You finally bring up anchor at the grocer shop. The proprietor has seen you through the window, and knowing from your phiz that cash makes you so light on the heel, he jumps round his counter, knocking off sundry packages by his evolutions, and gives you a hearty grasp of the hand, complimenting first your appearance, and then the weather. It is drizzling a little at the time; but that yellow piece has transferred its hue to the hazy atmosphere, and all looks charming to you both. With considerable gravity you bring out of its hiding place your coin, and deposit it in his hand—the hand of the proprietor. He loads you with thanks, takes down his ponderous ledger, and before you leave the premises, he credits you by cash on account. Now that old lieutenant colonel at the head of the page, has one staunch soldier to fight beneath his flag, and he will overlook him till the arrival of some fresh recruits. Once in a while the Cr. leers his eye to his competitor the indomitable Dr., and finds his ranks rapidly filling up with loyal subalterns. He waits, however, patiently for another accession to his slim-body-guard, and is just about getting out of conceit with his position, when you, the indebted individual, walk in with another instalment which is forthwith entered upon the page of white, or at least the page which is so nearly white, that, adopting the oriental usage, or idiom, or idiomatic usage to get the thing straight, you might as well call it white. A month or two rolls round; and you come fairly running into the grocer's establishment. You are actually out of breath. Recovering yourself with ceremonious precision, you draw out your pocket book, and in a bold, manly bass, ask the proprietor to see what is the balance of your bill. The old grocer rubs his glasses, adjusts them to his orbs of vision, takes down his book of fate, pencils up the columns, and graciously hands you a little slip of paper on which is marked the information you solicit. You open your treasury and lay upon the counter a first-rate note, which exactly covers the demand. And then, with flourish of his steel pen, which said flourish sends the dew-

drops of the ink bottle partly on his own rubicund phiz, and partly on the ledger, "the man of sundries" closes your account with Cr. by cash in full. He thanks you with as benign a smile as ever rested on the brow of an Apollo, invites you to buy out half his store, urges you to make a larger bill the next time, assures you that your credit is with him of the first water, compliments your honest appearance, eulogizes the honest man as the noblest work of God, scruples not in citing you as a living exemplification of the poet's remark, and fairly floods you with encomiums on your family, till in modesty you withdraw for fear he will wind up by calling you Philip of Macedon. You go up stairs when you reach home, and meditate on the oracular response of the Delphian priestesses. Yes, you ejaculate, with considerable earnestness, yes, those Grecian girls were right for once in their decision. "Silver spears are the best of conquerors." We now dismiss yourself and the grocer, and submit another illustration. A certain person belonging to the B— persuasion, is instinctively prejudiced against those who hail from the Church of E—. Cousin Sally never could see much religion in adhering so pertinaciously to such a grotesque custom or such a silly ceremonial. Sally is always kind to her neighbors in the common intercourse of society. Few can lay claim to a heart whose pulsations are more in time with philanthropy of the highest order. She would do a good turn to a Turk if it lay in her power, or help a poor Jew out of the ditch in spite of his phylacteries. But still there is about her a certain revulsion of feeling, when she comes to compare notes with her dissenting brethren. A certain circumstance occurs, however, which puts matters all right. There is a project on foot to collect funds for the construction of a call for lectures, or to purchase a flag for the young volunteers, or to send help to the Feejees, or for any other purpose of beneficence which appeals, and never in vain, to woman's noble and generous sensibilities. Cousin Sally gets her bonnet. It is plainly trimmed, but she looks sweet in it. Whom shall she solicit? There is Squire R—; but he is a kind of a freethinker, and Sally has a kind of an involuntary dread of *id omne genus*. Still the squire is a gentlemanly man, and will treat our cousin politely if she favors him with a call. She resolves to go. The said functionary receives her gladly, contributes liberally, assures her that he is happy to forward her project, gives her as fine a parting bow as she can receive. Sally goes home and tidies the tea ready. When the family are all planted on the board, and the odor of the Claret looks so cozy and the little apartment fire and warm window snug, with its

curtains of glowing red, Sally looks up from her saucer and says to mamma, "Ma, I have an idea that people accuse Squire B— of being a free-thinker, when he is quite as orthodox as those who berate him so harshly." Mamma smiles a little, and whispers: "Why the Squire has made quite an impression." And then Sally quotes the oracular response, and acknowledges that silver spears are the best of conquerors. It was said by a very facetious fellow, that money was a kind of chemical mixture that took the stains out of one's character; but we heard of a case where a man's features lost their pristine irregularity, by his settling an annuity upon an old lady who had previously contemplated the phiz of her benefactor with an aversion akin to terror. She importuned him to present her with his portrait, or miniature, or anything which exhibited his gracious features, and gave the same pleasant expression of countenance which did her dear old heart such good. And when she got possession of the breathing canvas, who could convince her that Lawyer J— was not a right down beauty? Sometimes a witty urchin would venture an expression in the presence of old grandmother, relative to the pug nose, and the round shoulders, and the hair which borrowed its prevailing hue from a coal of fire; but he would be abruptly chidden by the enamored devotee, who always would wind up the comment with words like these: "Why, child, you don't know what you are talking about. Do you think I have lived to be seventy-two, and can't judge consarnin regilar features? That nose is the curve of beauty; that head o' hair, I guess, many a one would be proud to own it; and that heart, if it could only be painted, and I am sorry it can't, would right away warm up the picture into a perfect blaze o' charity. No, my child, Lawyer J— is as well-formed a man as ever plead a cause before the jury; and if old Judge Wilks had as good a profile, he'd a riz on the bench he sot on to show himself off to the whole company. I don't know why no body else but me can see any thing striken and sweet-like in that are picture; but as for me, my old eyes are never off it, and I'm sartin sure I am a good jedge of beauty. Some people have the impudence to tell me that the painter ought to have flattered the old lawyer a little. Flattered him, indeed! He couldn't do it without makin an angel o' light of him, and he was too devout a christian to do that. No, my darlin, (and here the old lady would benignly place her hand on the top of the chin's head.) No, my darlin, it's any thing but a beauty; and if my little friend grows upt ugly; and if my little friend grows up to be as likely a man, many's the sheep's head that'll be cast at him afore he is on the wrong side of thirty." And

then the old lady would bring down her staff on the floor with an unmistakable emphasis, and screech in a regular falsetto, as the little fellow was hurrying off for fear he would get the worth of the wood on his ill-fated shoulders. "Ugly, indeed—let 'em dare to say it." Ah, silver spears are the best of conquerors. We might bring an illustration from the sanctuary, were we not afraid of being considered undevout in spirit. Let us then just whisper in your ear, (at the same time making the distinct proviso that you will not betray us), that the Rev. Dr. Amos was once principled against sundering the tie which bound him to his fold in the sequestered village of Belville, and he has just astonished his friends by accepting an invitation to a theological professorship. We are inclined to think that when his merciless and remorseless pursuers failed to catch him in the lasso they threw a silver spear at him, intending thus to harpoon him like a whale, and this was efficacious. We do not censure him for bettering his temporal condition; rather the reverse. He has a wife and family, and he cannot for bread give them a stone. Imperious necessity demands that he should make a change, and we would be the very last to put a patch on his back because he appreciates the value of coin and respects the art and science of numismatics. Still we would rather you would not betray us, since we have let you into the secret. The other day, we saw a beautiful collection of the coin of various countries in a kind of show case, each distinct piece bearing the paternal soubriquet of the clime it hailed from. To our friend who stood beside us, the case was only a case, and the coins were only coins; but to us deep-reaching psychologists the case was a complete arsenal, and the coins were the ammunition. Spears, javelins, and darts, all looked out through the glass, and we could almost fancy we saw the exceedingly great army which they had effectually vanquished in the moral arena years and years ago. Oh, but they looked like warriors taking their rest with their metallic cloaks around them. They had to us more of the air of Mars than all the embalmed bodies of the Charles Martels, and Tamerlanes, and Cæsars would have dared to assume under any circumstance. Good bye, old warriors, we ejaculated as we left them. Good bye. If ever you are collected and put in a funeral urn, we will call out the whole regiment by special order, and inter you with the honors of war, for sink or swim we will persist in our dogma, that "Silver spears are the best of conquerors."

Of course, the reader by this time must agree with us in the sentiments that we have expressed, if he does not, we have labored in vain.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A PAPER-CUTTER OF SANDAL WOOD.

It is the sandal-wood,
That the Hindoo pilgrim knows,
A holy wood that hath power to charm
As long as the Ganges flows.

And the charm is for thee,
And for thee is the pearl inwrought
O never the perfume shall pass away,
From the grove of Shiraz brought.

And of that charm, this sign:
That whens'er thine eyes behold
Its slight and fragile form, thy heart
Will *One* in memory hold.

BOOK NOTICES.

LOTUS-EATING. BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

It would require a good many words, if not pages, to state all the thoughts suggested to us, by reading this and the other books of Mr. Curtis. They are original, undeniably, both in thought and manner; we have nothing else like them in this country. For ourselves, we have been exceeding charmed and delighted with them, but this must not blind us, as honest critics, to the fact, that there are two sides to the case. Our author appears to us a man of great purity and refinement of mind; of much elegant culture and reading, of no small practical genius, and of a genial, critical acumen, so far as the *belles lettres* and the fine arts are concerned. In fact, his books are really and simply poems unfettered by rhyme.

But his poems have the defect which belongs to many of Shelley's; they are bodiless. And, therefore, though you go through them with the same sort of delight which you feel in listening to fine instrumental music, you find on laying them aside, that you have gained few ideas to incorporate with your previous stock. He has given you few, if any germs to grow up in your own mind into fruit-bearing plants or trees. It is not thus with great poets. You are the richer in thought, the manlier in character, the better fitted to do and endure, from a faithful study of their poetry. Whereas we fear, that much dwelling on Mr. Curtis's writings would really exert upon us the enervating effect of "Lotus-eating."

After all, we admire our author much, and are grateful for the pleasant hours he has secured to us. The present book touches on several noted places in this country, as his others dealt with famed spots in the old world. It is beautifully printed and illustrated, and would be a fitting ornament for the centre table.

THE CHILD AT HOME. BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.
New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

Every one, who has read a few of this writer's books, can tell pretty nearly what qualities any succeeding one will possess. His books are all good, and good in the same way. He never writes above his theme, the object he aims at, or the persons he addresses. Abundance of thoughts of a simple, intelligible kind, numerous apposite anecdotes and illustrations of all sorts, breaking the continuity of the didactic strain, and preventing its becoming tedious; a style, plain, direct and lucid, as water itself, with its words drawn almost exclusively from the Saxon part of our language; these are properties distinguishing all Mr. Abbott's books, which are known to us. They mark the present no less, and we can honestly pronounce it a most excellent manual for children. A child, familiarized with it from the first, must be very strangely perverse, if he be not essentially benefitted by it. We suppose parents generally need little else than to learn the existence of this book by Mr. Abbott, to induce them to purchase it.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS. BY W. M. THACKERAY.
New York: D. APPLETON & Co.

One of the most amusing, as well as wisest books we ever read. It is made up of papers originally contributed to the London *Punch*, which, as all acquainted with it know, is one of the most powerful auxiliaries to the cause of humanity and social amelioration in Great Britain, combining, as it does, with the most genuine and pungent wit and humor, a sound sense, an affluence of thought, and a geniality of spirit, rarely equalled. Thackeray always writes well, but here we think, he has surpassed himself. He "runs a muck" against what he names Snobism, in all its multitudinous forms, and never was the object of his assault so belabored before. It would occupy more space than we can spare, to enumerate all the varieties of folly and malfesance, to which he applies this name. One, however, is that universal worship of rank, title, station and wealth, which make the English appear to strangers the most servile of people, while claiming to be the most independent. Most mercilessly does our author lash this cringing propensity, as he does every other sort of meanness, rascality and folly. He spares neither church nor state, neither aristocracy, nor wealth, neither army nor navy, nor literature, in his universal onslaught. But there is no malignity in him. On the contrary, his feelings are manifestly genial and kindly, as his views are elevated and noble. How the English people stand this tremendous severity of speech, we know not. It is the best token we know of their essen-

tial manliness. But our readers must all buy and read the book. Like our almanac, it is calculated for more than one meridian. We mistake greatly if others do not think with us, that this writer is a true, sound, and wise man.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY; 1st. Home and Social Philosophy, from "Household Words;" 2d. Arctic Journal, by Lieut. S. OSBORNE. New York: G. P. PUTNAM.

Our friend Putnam has already won so high a reputation by the previous numbers of this bi-monthly serial, that it is praise enough to say of any new issue, that Putnam "holds his own" therein. We can say this in all sincerity of the two numbers specified above. In different ways both are very interesting and very useful.

In fact, the first of the two could not well be otherwise than excellent, since it is composed entirely of selections from Dickens's "Household Words;" and since in more than fifty-two numbers of that paper, read by us article by article, we have never yet found a bad or an indifferent piece. To make selections then from a work, all of which is good, seems indeed a little as though our friend would "Gild refined gold and paint the lily," but we have no title to complain.

The Arctic Journal is a neat and graphic description, by an eye-witness and actor, of that wild, wondrous, terrific world of cold and snow, and ice, which has long been the scene of daring adventures, heroic deeds, and resolute endurance, which, in no age or region of earth have ever been surpassed, if they have been equalled. We cannot say with Burke, that "the age of chivalry is gone," while we see such numbers, comprising not merely naval commanders, but common sailors and scientific men, ready at a minute's warning to volunteer for an expedition, which may shut them up for years in that pitiless clime of half-yearly night, where eternally the

—"Ground

Burns froze, and frost, performs the effect of heat."

The heroes of chivalry and of the crusades, for courage unsupported, save by itself, and for manhood resolved into its simplest elements, must give place to the long roll of Arctic heroes, among whom we are glad to know, our own countrymen are not undistinguished.

The gallant Lieutenant has here wielded his pen for such efficient purpose, that we shall scarce hold him excusable, if he fails to take it up again.

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS
B—, NATIONAL EDITED BY PROFESSOR
RESERVATORY. New

York: D. APPLETON & Co.

Quite a readable, agreeable volume for hours when we crave simply to unbend and be moderately entertained by methods, which tax neither the thinking powers nor the sensibilities. The substance of the book consists of the ordinary goings-on of a country family, through each of the four seasons, with the every-day incidents which might be supposed to occur to them. A brief episode, describing some of the occurrences of a trans-Atlantic voyage, is to us the least interesting portion of the work, and considering the nature of the theme, must be pronounced a failure. We wish, moreover, our author would avoid attempting the comic, unless he can do immeasurably better. Neither do we relish such words, as "boost," "chap," &c. &c., when introduced as they are here. They are vulgar without being funny. On the whole, though we have been entertained, we must characterize the volume in the words of Mrs. Binder, in "Bleak House,"—"Not so good as might be, and then again, not so bad."

A LATIN-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. BY CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

If the lads and lassies of the present day fail of getting a better education than did their fathers and mothers, it will not be because they have not better school-books than their parents. In fact we know of scarce a single particular, in which more numerous and important improvements have been made, than in manuals of education in all its departments. This Latin Lexicon for example, is beyond all comparison superior to the Ainsworth, which twenty and thirty years ago, was almost our sole resource in the acquisition of our share of Latin. In the number of its words, comprising every term to be found in any classic author of repute; in the clearness and precision of its definitions, with the superaddition of their authorities; and especially in the copiousness of its proper names both of persons and places, a point wherein Ainsworth was very deficient; Dr. Anthon's Dictionary will be found all that the ordinary student is likely to require. We can therefore cordially recommend it to all engaged in mastering this noble language. If, with its helps, our lads do not become better Latinists than their fathers, it will be their own fault.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & Co.

This book has won considerable reputation with the reading public, and we are quite willing it should keep it. But, as we are called on to express our own opinion, we must say honestly, that it is not much to our

liking. We have found it tedious and dragging, though containing some interesting scenes and persons; while many of its incidents and characters strike us, as excessively unnatural, overstrained and *outré*. The illustrations however, by Darley, are very spirited and fine, and do not a little to redeem the defects of the book. We are sorry we have not something better to say, but so it is.

1st. HAND BOOK OF WHIST. 2d. HAND BOOK OF DRAUGHTS. 3d. HAND BOOK OF BILLIARDS. Philadelphia: HENRY F. ANNERS.

It is possible our readers have read or heard the old proverb, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." We do assure him, that we can recall few maxims more worthy of being noted and acted upon. Amusement, recreation of some sort, is absolutely indispensable to both body and mind, and neither of them can preserve health, soundness, and vigor, when deprived of it. We might learn this lesson if we would, from the whole animal creation, while in a state of nature, whether inhabiting land, water, or air. These creatures all have their divinely appointed *tasks*, like ourselves; and unlike ourselves, they never fail of performing them. But, after completing their tasks, you find them spending a large share of time in what is simply and solely amusement and diversion.

Now we might profitably study the lower animals in both these phases of their life. And we may rely on it, that, however well we perform our life's *work*, unless we devise some mode of unbending and refreshing the body, or mind, or both, we do not follow the intimations of nature, or, more strictly, the divine leading; and thus, the consequences to us *must*, in one way or another, be evil. The only point, then, to be considered, is to select such amusements, as, while furnishing refreshment and renovation, shall be in no wise injurious to either mind or body—a point, unhappily, which men too often have failed to secure.

The three elegant volumes named above, treat scientifically, and with the minutest detail, of four games, which we can distinctly trace back two centuries, as having been in general vogue; viz, Whist, Billiards, Backgammon, and Draughts, vulgarly called Checkers. They are designed, of course, for mental recreation, and that they are admirably suited to fulfil this design, there is no question. There is some difference of opinion about the *morality*, or more strictly perhaps, the *expediency* of having recourse to some of them, in consequence of their being so terribly perverted to *gaming purposes*. We do not assume to settle this point either way. Every one knows, however, that, were we to argue,

from the *abuse* of a thing *harmless in itself*, against its *legitimate use*, we should be obliged to deny ourselves not only most *luxuries*, but most necessities of life.

But, without pronouncing on any debated point, we can say to those, who like and approve these games, that in Mr. Annens's books they have exactly what they need, if they adopt the excellent maxim, that "what is worth doing at *all* is worth doing *well*." In them are concentrated the best science and skill of those most celebrated for knowledge of these games, and there have been geniuses and enthusiasts in this as in other spheres; men who have devoted their lives to the study and practice of some among them.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE, TO BE NOTICED HEREAFTER.

Dream-Life, 1 vol., Ik. Marvel, Scribner, New York, 1852.

Hungary in 1851, 1 vol., Brace, Scribner, New York, 1852.

Pencilings by the Way, 1 vol., Willis, Scribner, New York, 1852.

Precaution, 2 vols., Cooper, Stringer & Townsend, New York, 1852.

Pynnshurt, 1 vol., McLeod, Scribner, New York, 1852.

Mary Seaham, 1 vol., Mrs. Grey, T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, 1852.

Reveries of a Bachelor, Ik. Marvel, Scribner, New York, 1852.

Summer-Time in Country, Willmott, Appleton & Co., New York, 1852.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

It appears that within thirty years the taxes remitted in England amount to £28,679,980, or over one hundred and forty-three millions of dollars per annum, and nevertheless the real sacrifice of revenue has been only ten millions. The increase of population, and the increase of consumption, has compensated for the reduction of the rate of taxation.—"You didn't go to Cork to-day, Paddy?" "Och, no," said Paddy, "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon *here* to-night, and I staid to see it."—Mr. L. Wayland, son of President Wayland, of Brown University, a young gentleman of superior scholarship, has accepted the office of Greek tutor in the University at Rochester.—Professor Saliman, in a speech before the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale College, remarked that, "the best diploma for a woman is a large family of children and an honored and happy husband." The Professor thought with regard to the degree of Mistress Arts, lately conferred by a Western College, that the title

would be more becoming with a *he* prefixed.—The frontiers are now in a measure free from the incursions of Mexican banditti. On the 24th ult., an inoffensive person, a milkman, named Grieshaber, was murdered by a notorious desperado, named Librado Perez.—Mr. William Moran, of the *Daily Commercial Register*, has been nominated for the State Legislature, on the Whig County ticket. An excellent selection.—The hasty conduct of Lord Derby's Government in regard to the Colonial fisheries, is almost universally condemned by the British public and the British press.—It is rumored that Mr. Thomas Baring, of the firm of Baring Brothers, will proceed to the United States, under the direction of the British Government, with full power to arrange and adjust the fisheries difficulty.—Gen. Urquiza has effected a *coup d'état* at Buenos Ayres. The Chambers of Representatives have been dissolved, and the press gagged. Several influential members of the Chambers has been ordered to quit the country.—Much sickness prevails in London. There were 1124 deaths in one week. Several cases of cholera were reported.—Mr. John Mills, the author of "The Old English Gentleman," and other popular works, has just completed a new novel which will shortly be published under the title of "The Belle of the Village."—The importations at Berout, in Syria, for the year 1851, amounted to the value of \$5,000,000. The exportations were valued at \$2,500,000 for the same period.—With regard to the results of the recent elections in England, a London letter writer well remarks that "the only thing that can be confidently affirmed at present is that both parties are disappointed, the Ministerialist side hoped for larger gains and the Opposition fully expected a better result."—A new Fillibuster movement is talked of. Many thousands of Americans are said to be interested in it.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

THE COUR DE CASSATION in France, on the 2d of July last, decided that the express mention at the head of a newspaper article of the name of its author, can not be considered as equivalent to the *signature* required by the law of July, 1850. If laws are only to be expounded according to the letter in this way, we can't conceive why their administration should not at once be handed over to the executioner of them. It would have puzzled the defendant to have "saved his bacon," (hardly bacon either, or the Jew wouldn't have wanted it,) in the celebrated case of *Shylock vs. Antonio*, if it had been up for argument before the expansive French

judge.—THE SKANEATELES (N. Y.) *Columbian* of August 12th, speaks of a trout which was caught in Skaneateles Lake on the Monday previous, and which weighed 20 pounds. Capt. J. Randall was the successful fisherman. The *Columbian* says "this is the largest we have ever known to be taken here, though the 'oldest inhabitant' remembers to have seen or heard of one or two, many years ago, which a little surpassed it. The captain, assisted by his son, took several more during the day, the aggregate amounting to about 70 pounds, for which he obtained over \$9. This was a good day's work, and somewhat exceeds the per diem allowance of a member of Congress. He uses what the fishermen call a 'spoon hook,' which requires no bait—the bright appearance of the spoon attracting the fish, and as they attempt to seize it the deceptive hook at the end enters and secures them. The 'spoon hook' bids fair to take the precedence over all other methods. Mr. Fay sent the largest trout to be served at the table of the Syracuse House; and Mr. C. J. Burnett, Jr., who bought one of Mr. Randall, weighing 11 or 12 lbs., forwarded it to friends in New York." We have many a time, in former days, trolled for trout in Skaneateles Lake, but with no very great success. These finny exquisites were then few, and far between. Or, perhaps, our bait, which was a clean piece of pork, neatly rounded to the hook, was not the desirable thing. It was generally used, however, in Skaneateles, yea, even by one old fisherman who lived on the eastern shore of the lake, and who could furnish you with trout at any time you desired, in three hours notice. How he obtained them was with many persons a mystery. Some were disposed to endow him with superhuman powers; indeed one or two over credulous and over-superstitious people in his neighborhood declared that he was aided by the evil one, they having many a time seen him in his boat, accompanied by a very unpleasant looking object with a tail! His fish many a time graced our humble farmer's board,—ah! that we had a farmer's board now-a-days—and were unspeakably delicious. We never shall forget the first trout we caught. We were rowing slowly along in the middle of the lake, our line following in the wake of the boat, held firmly between our teeth. We had rowed in this way day after day, for weeks, without so much as a nibble. Hence it may be imagined we were quite on guard as to the biting of a fish. All at once, whiz went the line out of our mouth, producing a sharp pain in our jaws, which we never shall forget. A trout—a trout—a nine-pounder certainly! Away went yard after yard of line, whizzing away before we could arrange the oars, and seize hold of it.

This we did eventually, but in a most bungling, nervous manner, for we were from head to foot all excitement. And now we began hauling in, the line quivering and darting first one side and then the other. Still we pulled, as it were upon a big kite in a high wind, and soon had the pleasure of landing the gentleman at our feet. He was tolerable in size, perhaps four pounds in weight. Had he been what we presumed when we were drawing him in, we should have given three cheers. As it was, after all the fuss he made, we were disappointed. He made a capital dinner.—A WRITER in the *Knickerbocker* for September—which, by the way, is unusually rich—thus speaks of a matter, about which we know something, and of which we say ditto to Mr. Burke:—

“I had heard that Mr. A. F. GLASS, proprietor of the WASHINGTON House, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, had imported many kinds of sparkling wines, never before introduced into this country. Which were superior to the ‘sparkling Catawbas,’ and last week I had an opportunity of tasting these wines. ‘How shall I describe them?’ Can language be found adequate to the task? Spirit of the ‘Buck Eye State’ assist me! Mr. GLASS produced many sparkling wines, and among others Burgundy, Hock, J. H. Neuburg, Steinburg, Moselle, and Scharzburgh; each carrying the fruity flavor of the grape from which it is made, and not one head-ache in a dozen bottles. Did you ever taste the ‘Muscat-of-Alexandria’ grape?—and you recollect its peculiar aroma and delicious taste? If so, you know its entire superiority to all other grapes. Well the ‘Sparkling Scharzburgh’ has the character of this delicious grape just as definitely as has LONGWORTH’S best wine that of the Catawba. Several persons were at the table, and from the veriest tyro to the oldest connoisseur, they all admitted that no other wine they had ever tasted could equal it. One old gentleman fairly squealed out with delight. Mr. GLASS next gave us a bottle of Steinburg, from his Highness the Duke of Nassau’s cabinet, the finest quality of this growth; and indeed it was fine, leaving all the other hock I ever saw fairly in the background. But that ‘Sparkling Scharzburgh,’ like MATTHEW’S pigeon pie will ever haunt me. To make it from the Muscat-of-Alexandria grape, worth two dollars a pound, would be impracticable; and no other grape we have ever seen in this country will at all imitate it; and in fact no other place but the WASHINGTON House is suited to drink it in: for there the quiet comfort of the most genial house in Philadelphia leaves the appreciation free to enjoy the best of all known wines. Would that I were rich enough to drink this wine; would that I could write all the respect I have for its excellence; and the New-Jersey Railroad could declare one extra dividend from the number: who would visit Philadelphia to taste it! GLASS cannot be induced to sell it at any price. The visitors to his house alone are permitted to enjoy this rare privilege: but to them he supplies it at a moderate price. Go to Philadelphia, ‘Old Knick,’ and taste the Sparkling Scharzburgh before giving the finishing touches to your forthcoming volume! No man’s education can be considered as at all complete until he has tasted this wine; and I shall henceforth refuse champagne, and even drink lightly of Catawbas, out of sheer respect to my memory of the Sparkling Scharzburgh.”

When this writer again comes to town, we advise him to call on Jacob Snider, Jr., and he will get a taste of Scharzburgh, that cannot fail to elicit another glowing paragraph for “Old Knick.”—THE FOLLOWING story has a good point:—A person who wore a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in this city, on some business, where several ladies and gentlemen were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked, (in a low tone, though sufficiently loud to be

overheard by the stranger,) that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun: the following table ensued:—“You’re from the country, I suppose?” “Yes, I’m from the country.” “Well, sir, what do you think of the city?” “It’s got a darned sight o’ houses in it.” “I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?” “Wall yes, a powerful sight, jest for all the world like them there” (pointing to the ladies.) “And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?” “Wall, I scort’em to meetin’ and about.” “Maybe the gentleman will take a glass of wine,” said one of the company. “Wall, don’t care if I do.” “But you must drink a toast.” “I eats toast, what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin’ it, I never seed the like.” “Oh you must drink their health!” “Wi’ all my heart.” “Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress for a country booby; I, from the same cause, thought these men to be gentlemen; the deception is mutual—I wish you a good evening.”—MESSRS. HENDERSON & Co., Fifth and Arch streets, have just received another volume of “Appleton’s Popular Library.” It contains “Summer Time in the Country.”—AN ELDERLY man, probably 75 years of age, on being asked if he had any family, replied with great naïveté, “No, sir, *not at present*.” This is what we call living in hope.—MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have just published a work which we commend to Teachers and Students of the German Language. It is entitled “the German Instructor—a new and natural method of Learning to Read and Speak the German Language.” The author is Edward Fulborn, one of the oldest, best, and most experienced German Teachers in the United States.—WE RECOLLECT when a boy of hearing of a young lady who had so puckered up her mouth by pronouncing exquisite words, that when she began to speak, you involuntarily stooped forward, expecting to receive a kiss from her.—“THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT” is the title of an able sermon delivered at Downingtown, in this state, on the 4th of July, by our esteemed friend, Rev. H. H. Weld. The Washington Greys of our city, being in D. at the time, listened to the discourse, and it was at their request that it was printed. A finer subject than the one selected by the Rev. divine, nor indeed a more appropriate one to the day, cannot be found in holy writ. The words of the text taken from Psalms xx. chap., and 7th verse, were as follows: “Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.”

—MR. MARSHALL, the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, in announcing the changes and improvements which have been effected in his house during the recess, takes occasion to give the names of the artists and artisans, who have been engaged in the work. In the list published, we notice the names of several carpenters and bricklayers. The hod-carriers seem to have been overlooked, and we should not wonder if there were some heart-burnings on the subject.

WE HEAR that Maurice Strakosch proposes shortly to give a series of twelve grand concerts in this city.—DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING is a glass of mineral water from Bazin's fountain, when the thermometer indicates 87 degrees in the shade. We never tasted a better "fluid" in this way. Our memories of its elastic, sparkling excellence, are as pleasurable, as those of a vile stuff we imbibed in New York, are painful. Dull, dingy Croton, and black, muddy molasses; such seemed to us to be ingredients of New York mineral water, found in Broadway too.—"ELLA REE" is the title of a new Ethiopian song, just published by Roddon & Stewart, 100 Walnut Street. It is said to be good.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR, (*Grundsätze der höhern Kriegskunst*), the most curious of the works of Prince Charles of Austria, that worthy adversary of Napoleon, who whether the vanquisher or the vanquished always commanded the highest degree of esteem and glory by the grandeur of his views, his energy and his skill, has just been translated into the French for the first time, and is published by J. Corréard, Paris, in one magnificent folio, illustrated by twenty-five finely engraved and colored plates, at 125 francs. A specimen of this splendid work may be seen at the shop of John Pennington, bookseller and importer, No. 10 South Fifth street, Philadelphia; and orders for it may be handed in there.—"THANK HEAVEN," said a frightful little French hump-back, "we have at last a republic! No more highnesses—no more sires—no more *eminences*. . . ."

"Oh! look behind you," said a hearer.—THERE SEEMS to be a reaction in morals in Paris. M. Barba, a publisher of books at 20 centimes the livraison, has been fined 500 francs, and sentenced to imprisonment for one month for a republication in his series of two of Pigault-Lebrun's romances. M. de Robertville and L'Enfant du Carnaval, and of a novel by Victor Ducange, entitled Valentine. Why these books have been selected for condemnation is a mystery to every one. They have all three long existed in print and have been universally read, and though rather too free according to our standard of morals, are by no means as demoralizing as hundreds of French novels that are constantly being published without molestation. M.

Barba appealed from the Police Correctionelle who pronounced this sentence and fine, but they were confirmed by the Cour d'Appel on the 22d of July last. Mr. Christern in Chestnut street below Ninth, has for sale all the cheap publications of Barba and Marescq.

—AN OLD patriot suspected of having in the fine revolutionary times carried about the head of the Princesse de Lamballe on a pike, was holding a conversation on politics with a journalist. The debate becoming warm, he said at a certain mortifying episode of the conversation: "Sir, do you know that I have the right to hold up my head high?" "And I too," replied the poet, "especially as I have never had the good fortune to hold up any other head than my own."

THE PITTSBURG *Token*, and several other papers, have been accustomed to copy articles from BIZARRE without giving credit. This will never do. Please take notice.—MR. LEVI, the Chiropodist, still remains at 21 Sansom street; but intends to leave the city for the south in the course of the month.

AS-I-VIEW-NOW BROUGH has been in town making arrangements for a series of Alboni concerts. The Madam will be here in the course of a few weeks. She has an European fame of the highest order, and will probably create an immense *furor* in our city. She lately gave two concerts at Saratoga, with unbounded success.—M. A. Root, at 140 Chestnut street, is, without doubt, the most successful Daguerrian artist in the country. His rooms are now constantly crowded, and the rush thither will be still greater as the city fills with strangers. Root has a branch establishment at No. 363 Broadway, New York, which, like the original and head in this city, is a lion. The advertiser of the New York concern is a genius. Hear him: "Diogenes one favor asked, but one, Of Alexander—the unshadowed sun.

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H. J. FELTUS,
Philad., July 27. No. 4 Boston Row.

(From O. A. Norris, Esq.)

Mr. Levi has this day extracted from my foot several corns without any pain whatever.

O. A. NORRIS,
38 Summer st., Philad'a, July 9th, 1852.
(From J. D. Evans, Esq.)

Mr. Levi extracted from my feet very troublesome corns and a very painful bunion in a few minutes, in the most skillful manner, and without the least pain, to my entire satisfaction.

J. D. EVANS, 19 Church Alley,
Philadelphia, July 10th, 1852.

(From Henry F. Anners, Esq.)

Mr. Levi has this day extracted several corns from my feet, without any pain whatever, to my entire satisfaction.

HENRY F. ANNERS, 4 Ashland Place,
Schuylkill Fifth street, below Spruce.
(From Prince Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic.)

Je certifie que M. Levi enleve les cors avec une extreme habileté.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(From his Grace the present Duke of Cleveland.)

I certify that Mr. Levi has completely cured my corns. CLEVELAND.
(From the Most Reverend, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh.)

I certify that Mr. Levi extracted the Corns which were on my feet, without giving me any pain.

JOHN G. ARMAGH,
80 Charles st., St. James Square, London.
August 3, 1843.

(From the Most Noble, the Marquis of Lansdowne.)

Mr. Levi extracted a Corn from me with perfect facility and success. LANSDOWNE.
(From Robt. Ferguson, Esq. M.D., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty of England.)

Mr. Levi has most skilfully extracted two Corns from my feet, without giving me the slightest pain. ROBT. FERGUSON, M.D.,
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NOTINGS OF BUSINESS.

MR. ZERMAN receives on all hands, the most flattering notices of his Anti-Scorbutic Tooth Wash, all of which it richly deserves. The *Inquirer*, for instance, says:—"The Anti-Scorbutic Tooth Wash, prepared by Mr. Francis Zerman, S. E. corner of Ninth and Catharine streets, is one of the best articles of the kind ever submitted to the public. It is recommended by many of our first dentists."

Again, Dr. Hendell, a skillful surgeon-dentist, in a letter to Mr. Z. says: "I am well pleased with your Tooth Wash; it not only cleanses and whitens the teeth without injuring them, but it cures sore or bleeding gums. I cheerfully recommend it to the profession and public, as the very best preparation that can be used for cleansing and preserving the teeth, healing the gums, and giving sweetness to the breath."

We have ourselves used this article, and think it fully worthy of all the good things which are said of it. It imparts a delightful, or rather a kissable odor to the breath. For sale at Ninth and Catharine, and by all the principal druggists and fancy goods dealers in the city.

MR. WM. T. FRY, 227 Arch street, above the Theatre, has just imported a beautiful assortment of Tunbridge ware, and no doubt it will grace many a centre-table and boudoir, before another holiday flood-time. It is made up into various articles used by ladies, and presents the most elaborate specimens of the inlaying and mosaic work, which we have seen for many a day. Mr. Fry continues to manufacture beautiful writing-desks, port-folios, jewel-boxes, dressing-cases, and all kindred articles. He is now at

work upon some goods of this character, intended for holiday presents, which will surpass any former production of the same kind. He sells wholesale and retail, and having lately made up a new scale of prices, can do so at rates quite as low as any other dealer or manufacturer in the city. We should add that Mr. Fry is sole agent for the Tunbridge ware, to which we allude above, and which is manufactured by the celebrated house of George, Wise & Co., Old Tunbridge, England.

THE INQUIRER, says: "Our friend Col. Maurice is now at home again, and may be found at his excellent stationary store, No. 108 Chestnut street. He has, we suppose, laid in a fresh stock of goods for the fall trade, and will, be as usual, ready to meet it with sleeves up-rolled. Maurice enjoys very high favor from the mercantile, and indeed, all classes of our community. His devotion to business is proverbial. When he works he works, when he plays he plays, as we have before said; but, there is precious little play and a good deal of work with Maurice. Only now and then does he leave his desk at 108, to make a three months tour of Europe perhaps, or to visit Cape May, and roll over three or four times in the surf. A better model man, in our opinion, cannot be found." Let us add that the BIZARRE may always be found at Maurice's.

MR. CONRAD MEYER, Fourth street below Chestnut, will, one of these days furnish for our pages, beautifully executed wood-cuts of the medals he received at the World's Fair, medals which were well earned. The jury, which gave the palm to Meyer's pianos, was composed of many of the leading artists on the other side. We are soon to have the regular exhibition of the Franklin Institute in our city; for which, by the way, Meyer is now getting up several instruments, that must surpass everything he has thus far produced.

WILLIAM M. MCCLURE & BROTHER, Market street below Eighth, furnish what is called a fancy Tool-Rack, for the small sum of five dollars. It contains every tool desirable about the house, and got up in the best manner. These gentlemen are dealers principally in building hardware, and supply many of the largest contracts in our city. They have been but a few years in business, but those few years have been improved to the best advantage. Both are active, industrious, honest; and if a large fortune is not speedily earned by them, we shall be greatly mistaken.

THE ASHLAND HOUSE.—Splendid hotels are opening all over the country. In New York, three or four were to be launched, if we may so express ourselves, on the 1st of September, while in other cities the same events are being recorded. In our own city we have lately had an acquisition to publicousness, in the beautiful Girard House, and now, even another aspirant to favor, in the Ashland House, Arch' street above Seventh, is on the tapis. The "Ashland" is

truly an elegant and convenient conceit, and has been placed under the eminent directorship of Mrs. Weaver, a lady who established a high reputation for herself as the keeper of a public house in Pottsville. She comes to, us in other words, full of recommendations, and will earn as a caterer new laurels. The house she occupies was built by Mr. Brock, and will accommodate from seventy to one hundred people. The rooms are most of them in suites of parlor and sleeping room; while all, whether front or back, are handsomely finished and furnished. The furniture in the parlors, private and public, is truly gorgeous, embracing as it does rosewood, black-walnut and mahogany, with rich window-hangings, luxuriously stuffed, velvet-appointed chairs, and Brussels, Turkey, or velvet carpets. There are smoking-rooms for gentlemen, and conveniences of every kind and character, under the roof. The culinary department is most admirably arranged, and under the personal direction of Mrs. Weaver, will produce a succession of tempting dishes. Several rooms of the Ashland are already engaged, and it promises to be one of the very finest establishments, not only of the city, but country. Philadelphia only wants two or three more Girards and Ashlands, to be always crowded with strangers. No city in the Union has presented greater inducements for long sojournings on the part of strangers; yet our hotel accommodations have been always, with one or two exceptions, so indifferent, that travellers have passed us by in the greatest haste.

THE inventor of the improved Wapene, whose advertisement appears in our columns, has we learn, in addition to the advantages which his recent researches have conferred on his labors, greatly improved the original Wapene, by the introduction of certain vegetable substances, powerfully calculated to restrain any irritating qualities contained in its constituent elements, while at the same time its most valuable properties are carefully preserved. It has we understand an extensive circulation, and is becoming one of the most popular specifics of the present day.

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MORNING TÊTE-A-TÊTE.



ate their eggs and sipped their coffee as if nothing had happened. Mrs. T. T. T.'s bills for the ensuing six months, were only eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.

MR. THOMAS TIBBS THOMPSON, married for youth, grace, wit; not caring whether or not he got a heart with them. Mrs. T. T. married for money, despite of grey hairs; concluding that she honored Mr. T. T. T. when she permitted him to pay her bills. Mr. T. T. T. was a shrewd shaver, and six months found his wife quite his equal on this point. He shaved the needy in Third street; she shaved him, in Chestnut street. In other words, her first half-year's bills at Bailey's, Levy's, &c., amounted to only twelve thousand dollars! Mr. T. T. T. received the documents at breakfast, one morning. Mark the tête-à-tête that ensued:—"My dear here are bills which you have made to the tune of twelve thousand dollars!" "Of course you will pay them?" "Suppose, I do not?" "Then you will be disgraced, and I will leave you." "Leave me?" "Yes, I will not live with a man who does not pay his bills." "Mrs. T. T. T. your impudence is excessive." "Mr. T. T. T. I detest you." Saying this Mrs. T. T. T. placed her hands in the pockets of her apron, and went into a most terrific fit of crying. Mr. T. T. T. paused for a moment, his face distorted with distress; first on account of his wife's tears, and second the deep hole which he saw must be made in his bank deposit. At last, he concluded to pay up. Mrs. T. T. T.'s tears then dried up, and both parties

A DAY AT EDEN HALL.

On one of the loveliest mornings in last July, we left the city of Philadelphia upon a visit to the above charming spot, agreeably to an invitation fortunately extended to us a few days before. This secluded place, with all its beauties, is probably as little known to most readers of this, as is the institution of the *Cave* in this city, which we venture to say they have never heard of before now; it is proper therefore to fix geographically the position of this modern Eden, and thus early guard against a recurrence of those disputes, and against that state of uncertainty which now prevail in regard to the *locale* of those famous gardens of antiquity, of which this place now stands a namesake. 'Eden Hall' is about ten miles north of Philadelphia, on the west side of the Delaware, and is seated upon a gentle eminence about half a mile from the river bank. It is accessible on one side by the Bristol turnpike, upon which the lodge-gate opens. At the distance of one-fourth of a mile from the eastern front is a way-station upon the Trenton railroad, and farther down, on the river shore, is a steamboat landing known quondam as 'Risdon's,' for which has latterly been substituted, in a spirit of poesy, the more euphonious appellation of 'Torresdale,' upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, for in reason the change could never have been made—the liveliest imagination could not conjure up a tale in that spot. 'Eden Hall' is an institution incorporated by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the instruction of female youth, and is under the direction of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," a sodality whose ramifications extend over a great portion of the globe, and whose name implies that the religion of this school, so far as it is religious, is Catholic—its course of instruction, however, which is most thorough and comprehensive, is open alike to pupils of any persuasion. With this much by way of preface, we will proceed to describe some particulars of our visit.

We reached the place by a combination of steamboating and railing, which varied the pleasures of the journey, though not necessary for its accomplishment. Instead of proceeding by water to Torresdale, we left the boat at Tacony, and entering the New York train of cars, were soon hurried to the way station before spoken of. From this point, the 'Hall,' and its contiguous structures, stretching in a line, at the head of a gently descending lawn, present a most agreeable and picturesque appearance. At the right, flanked by summer houses and arbors, stands the main building, a large, three-storied, stuccoed edifice, faced by a spacious portico; to

the left, extends a long wing of brown stone intersected by high antique windows. Further on, and adjoining, stands an exquisitely graceful Gothic chapel, also of stone, pierced by stained windows, and surmounted by a rustic belfry. In the same line, and still further to the left at a short distance from the chapel, stretches a row of hot-houses, facing upon an extensive garden. We approached the house by a pleasant lane leading to the left, and opening at its head into a gravelled carriage-way, which leads to the front of the buildings, and from thence meanders through trees and shrubbery to the lodge upon the turnpike. We received a polite and kind reception at the hands of Madame Tucker, the Lady Superior, Mesdames McNally, Pardoe, and the other ladies of the community. It required but a moment to discover that beneath their plain garb, and unassuming manners, were to be found women possessed of all the accomplishments, ease, and grace, which only the highest cultivation, and the most refined associations could have imparted.

We were politely afforded the opportunity of examining the grounds and buildings, and were amply repaid for any trouble in so doing. The apartments are all spacious, and elegant, and some, handsomely adorned with paintings and statuary. The dormitories are vast and well ventilated, and the schoolrooms are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are used. The chapel, though small, is a most pleasing specimen of architecture; its interior, painted with great good taste, beautifully arched, filled with a light mellowed by glass of every stain, embellished by paintings and a costly altar, presents a rich yet chaste and impressive appearance. The effect is fortunately not in the least marred by a gallery, or a ground work of pews; the whole floor remaining an open space, with the exception of a single row of elevated stalls, richly carved, attached to the walls, and surrounding the whole interior; each *prie dieu* facing inwardly. To the right of the altar stands a shrine consecrated to the Madonna, and surmounted by her serene image. To the left, a similar one is dedicated to Joseph, the husband of Mary, over which in the same manner a fine figure of the saint presides.

The glass houses are very extensive, and cover every species of delicate exotics, and agrumen. The grapery is large and comprises all the choice varieties of this delicious fruit, the excellence of which here we received the best qualification to enable us to extol. Their abundance and luxuriance were equal also to their excellence; pendant above us hung a roof of clusters so immense and of such enormous grapes, as to weigh readily, we should imagine, eight or ten

pounds or more. The gardens are rich in fruit and vegetables, and are dressed in the most beautiful order. On the western side of the building, upon the herbage, is fixed a self-working swing and other arrangements for gymnastic exercises. Upon the lowest point of the grounds near the railroad, is a large and beautiful spring, the water of which, by a single hydraulic ram, is forced to the buildings above in the greatest abundance, affording besides that required for ordinary purposes, an ample supply for bathing, even for the numbers assembled at this place. The simple and beautiful working of the ram, so beneficial and potent in its results, although entirely self acting and of very small dimensions, is a pleasing and instructive sight. Two of them were originally fixed to the spring, but the assistance of the second has never yet been required, so abundant is the flow of water constantly afforded by the one in operation. The whole of the grounds cover a space of more than one hundred acres, and are all in a state of the highest cultivation. They are intersected throughout by neat walks and carriage ways, fringed by shrubbery and overshadowed by forest trees.

A portion of ground has been fenced off as a place of sepulture for any dying at this institution. It is marked by two or three humble wooden crosses, and more conspicuously in its centre by a small, classically designed monument of white marble; the flowers and sod around which, bear marks of the most careful attention. We were much interested by its appearance, and by its simple and touching inscriptions, of which we took copies, intending to ask the story of her, who had thus sadly fallen in the budding spring time of life, and whose memory was so watchfully, so poetically cherished. The inscription in Latin was as follows:

HIC JACENT

Ossecula,

MARIAE DOLORUM DE MERCEDE

CHRISTINAE EULALIAE BERONDA;

IV ID. AUG. MDCCCXXXVIII

ORTAE MATANZAS, (INS. CUBAN.)

RESURRECTIONIS SPE RECREATA

IV NON. FEBR. MDCCCLII

FELICITER OBIIT.

*Quis ascendit in montem
Domini, aut quis stabit
in loco sancto ejus?
Innocens manibus et
mundo corde.*

Lest any reader should pass this by, un-moved by the touching beauty of the word *ossecula*, we shall here (begging the scholar's pardon for our interference,) annex a translation of the above:

HERE LIE

The little bones

OF MARY DOLORES DE MERCEDE

CHRISTINE EULALIE BERONDA;

BORN THE 1. DAY OF AUG. MDCCCXXXVIII,

AT MATANZAS, ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

HAVING BEEN BORN ANEW IN

THE HOPE OF A RESURRECTION,

SHE DIED HAPPILY

ON THE 11. DAY OF FEBR. MDCCCLII.

*Who ascends the mount
of the Lord, or who shall stand
in his holy place?
They with innocent hands
and a clean heart.*

On the reverse side of the tomb were the following beautiful English verses:

Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be—
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers, and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But no cypress nor yew let us see—
For why should we mourn for the blest?

We received of a pious sister, who tenderly cherishes the little girl's memory, some account of her death. Christine Beronda was brought from her far off island home for education at this school, and though she left behind, her affectionate parents and all her kind relatives, still her gentle virtues gained the lonely girl in her new home, the attention and love of both her teachers and companions. Her constitution had never been hardy, and the last winter blew too roughly over her tender frame. When the impending danger first became imminent, and her inevitable fate stood revealed in all its horrors to her watchful friends, a dire message was sent with all the speed of the modern discoveries to her unconscious parents. In fearful haste they flew upon their sad journey, and had almost reached the bed-side of their worshipped daughter, when lo! a telegraphic despatch, fraught with the sad news of their Christine's death, encountered at Baltimore the anxious hurrying parents! We may feebly imagine the dreadful shock—the overwhelming grief of the worn-out travellers, who had only been sustained in the fatigues of their long precipitate journey by the anticipated meeting with their poor sick child—languishing far from parental care and sympathy. But, alas! the little Spanish girl's eyes closed their last upon strangers, though kind ones, and she now lies there, a dumb guest in a foreign land—far from her home—far from her young associations—far from her parents and kinsmen! Yet the *sœurs du sacré cœur*, and the pupils at Eden, still lavish their unavailing sorrow upon her tomb.

But we have reserved it till now to say, that the day of our visit was the "day of days" at this establishment. It was the close of the academical year, and the afternoon was to be celebrated by an exhibition and distribution of prizes, to which the parents and relatives of the pupils had been invited. By three o'clock, the audience consisting of about one hundred individuals, principally ladies, was assembled in a long and convenient hall, on a second floor, which had been previously arranged for the coming ceremony. It was a beautiful Gothic apartment, with its diamond-paned casements thrown open to the soft summer air, and to the perfumes of the woodbine, which from its high natural ladder peeped in at the window. Elbowed rafters of massive oak supported the roof above; and the raised platform at the head of the room, and the surrounding walls were festooned with flowers. Two doors for the admission and egress of the actors opened upon this platform from an adjoining apartment, and the intervening wall was covered by a large and beautiful religious painting. At each extremity of the stage stood a piano, leaving a space in the centre for the performances. At the foot of the platform, and on each side of the room, parallel with its length, were ranged several forms for the large body of the scholars, who were not to be active participants; below these seats, and facing the stage, were roomy, comfortable chairs reserved for the reverend clergy, behind which the audience was already seated. Thus a large and convenient place, faced by the stage, the clergy and audience, and the two halves of the school, was kept open in the centre for the ceremony of distributing the prizes; which themselves lay all this while upon a conspicuous table, but enviously concealed from sight by a snow-white covering.

At the appointed time, the Right Reverend the Bishop of Philadelphia, in his purple stole of office, entered and took the centre fauteuil facing the stage, the suite of clergymen following him, ranging themselves upon his right and left. The pupils all clad in white, and preceded by their teachers, whose dress was of black, with white coverings for the head, entered in procession, and took the side forms assigned to them. During the entr e, Professor Hohnstock, a most accomplished pianist, performed an enlivening march upon the piano. The programme then opened with a grand chorus of Rossini, sung by all the pupils, the effect of which was remarkably fine and imposing. Two young ladies in rich and appropriate costume then delivered a dialogue between a Pagan mother and a Christian child, representing a supposed scene at Antioch when under the rule of Probus. An elaborate eight-handed piece was next performed in admirable concord by

four of the pupils upon the two pianos. This was followed by a dramatic extract from Corneille, by two young ladies, whose pronunciation of the French language was entirely irreproachable. More music—a charming selection from "*La Favorite*"—was then furnished by two of the pupils in a perfect concordance. To this succeeded a beautiful dramatic representation in French, entitled "*La Reine de Mai*," in which perhaps a dozen of the pupils participated. Pending the celebration of May day, the demoiselles abandon themselves to a lively, and earnest, though good-natured debate, as to the relative merits of their candidates for the floral crown; after a thorough canvassing which defines the party lines only the stronger, a denouement is at last brought about, by the rival aspirants, in a spirit of Christian humility, resigning their pretensions to the queenship to the Virgin, a figure of whom placidly presides over their diversions. They declare her to be "*la veritable reine de Mai*," and she is accordingly with one mind invested with the gentle crown, and reverently hailed by all as the queen of their innocent sports.

Here broke in gaily and fitly a cheerful measure from "*Le pr e aux clercs*," admirably executed by Professor Hohnstock, and a skillful pupil.

Next on the programme was a little comedy, entitled "*Too late for breakfast*," this was supported by "the full strength of the company," and afforded great merriment to the audience, and to the pupils themselves. One young lady as a pert and meddlesome chambermaid, evinced a large share of that genius, which in Mrs. Thayer or Miss Gougenheim so often enchants us. Professor Hohnstock, with one accomplished partner, then performed an exquisite movement from Massaniello, and after a sacred monody pronounced impressively by one of the young ladies, a charming chorus from Sonambula, chaunted by all the pupils, closed the scholar's performances.

The auditors this while had lent the most eager attention to all the exercises, and frequently expressed their gratification by lively and earnest applause.

One of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, a teacher, here advanced to the centre of the stage and read from a manuscript roll the names of those distinguished, and the branches of study in which they excelled, announcing also the order or character of the prize awarded to each excellence. Whilst this interesting paper was being read—deeply interesting to the pupils and their parents—the actual distribution of the prizes was transpiring in the open space at the foot of the platform. The cloth had been removed from the table, and the numerous prizes lay revealed

in dazzling beauty and profusion. As the name of an honored student was announced, with the grade or nature of her reward, she would advance to the front of the Bishop, whilst he was receiving from an attendant teacher the prize that had just been adjudged. The pupil then kneeling, was invested directly by him with her premium—if a medal, it was suspended by a ribbon around her neck—if a badge, or cord of honor, it was fastened suitably and becomingly upon the person—and if a book, or other portable present, it was placed in the pupil's hands. The whole school then passed the Bishop in procession, and each pupil making a genuflection before him, was crowned by him with a chaplet of flowers, and thence proceeded in order from the hall following the preceptors. Some charming interludes were meanwhile executed by Professor Hohnstoeck, and during the sortie he performed a grand finale. The Bishop, the clergy, and the whole audience then followed the procession of young ladies into the chapel, at the altar of which the scholars all deposed their crowns, and then betook themselves to their stalls on each side of the church; the visitors occupying the body thereof. A short service was now performed, in which rose impressively a beautiful and solemn chant by all the pupils—the Bishop then extended with deep solemnity his benediction, and the ceremonies of the day were over.

The visitors, however, instead of issuing from the front portal of the chapel, through which they had entered, were ushered by a side door into a long and cool *salle à manger*, where they found spread with great elegance and profusion, a most refreshing and excellent repast, consisting of sugared pineapples, oranges, and other fruits, delicate cakes and confections, iced sirops, lemonade, &c., &c., as the table was abundantly supplied and of great extent all partook freely and at their ease, very grateful for this considerate but entirely unexpected entertainment.

Now occurred a most interesting spectacle on the large portico in front of the mansion—it was the departure of the pupils for their homes; a pyramid of great trunks was visible on the porch, and a long line of carriages drawn up at the foot of the steps; then commenced the tender adieux between the departing ladies and their teachers, and those of their fellow pupils whose far off houses impelled them to spend their vacations here—adieux more or less impassioned, according, we presume, as the fair salutors were of a sanguine or phlegmatic physique, or perhaps as the time of separation was to be final or temporary. One by one the carriages were loaded with their precious freight, and driven off upon the gravelled road until

lost from sight amid the shrubbery and trees. The pupils and their parents were all gone—the pile of trunks had disappeared—the scholars who remained had retired to their rooms, and the writer and his companion, and some members of the sisterhood, remained alone upon the vast porch, which a few moments before had been bustling with noisy life. Silence pervaded the whole landscape, and the shadows of the buildings stretched gigantically before us far down upon the green and dewy lawn. Night was rapidly advancing, but still we lingered awhile, held back by the attractive conversation of these voluntary recluses from society and almost from the world—of their own choice abandoning the thousand enjoyments of our lives—and, with no other reward than that of a serene and satisfied heart, devoting all their energies to the instruction of youth; for the only charge to pupils, at this institution, they informed us, was the actual cost of their support. This though would appear the smallest inducement to us who were witnesses of the kind and careful attention extended to the scholars, and who can testify to the refined accomplishments, and apparently to the high qualifications of their instructors. Congratulating whom upon their protégé assemblage of healthy, cheerful and beautiful damsels, and thanking them for their kind courtesies extended to us, we bid them good-night, and reluctantly descended the lawn though now beautified and bathed in a flood of soft moonlight.

The New York train of cars came presently, startling the peaceful slumbers of the quiet, far-spreading campagne. The conductor, advised by a signal lighted in the station-house, halted his train a moment; we entered a long car filled with the votaries of business and pleasure, and an hour afterwards were safely in Philadelphia; still reflecting, however, on the interesting scenes and events we had witnessed among the *non-nains* of Eden.

"SEATS FOR TWELVE."

We had just squeezed our earthly fabric into one of those convenient vehicles, yclept omnibuses; or, if it were allowable to affix a more classical ending, omnibi; we say, we had just barely effected an entrance, by adopting the action of the wedge, when our eye happened to glance upward at the words, "Seats for twelve." We looked round upon our neighbors, and enumerated, (mentally, of course,) fourteen full-grown bipeds, and four partially-developed specimens of humanity, called children. The first reflection was, that the driver ought to be censured for violating the canon, as a theologian would tech-

nically say—the second, that we ought to be censured *ourselves*, for adding a unit to the aggregate, when we might have known, a priori, by the very appearance of the inside of the vehicle, that it was already packed to suffocation. However, between the two reflections, we struck out into a field of ideas, and our cogitations may not be unacceptable. Here, said we, is a principle broadly laid down, with the distinct understanding that its application will be peremptorily enforced by the authorized party, and that the public will, in fact, not wait for its enforcement, but silently yield to its justice, and approve the decision of those in power. But, strange to say, both the driver and the public, both the governor and the governed, tacitly agree to repudiate the principle, and work into each others hand, on the sly-wink rule. Hence, there was no remonstrance on either side of the house. The one party was solicitous to pocket the fips, and the other were equally solicitous to effect a speedy passage to their respective domiciles; and therefore, the letters of warning might as well, so far as their potency was involved, have been a string of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or a cabilistic sentence of the Jewish Talmud. Do you wonder, that, led by our reflections, we began to deal largely in analogical reasoning? Principles, thought we, are frequently manufactured from *caoutchouc*. They have the gum elastic quality of *stretching*, to suit the temporary exigencies, nay the evanescent caprices of the multitude. Take the principle, (we call it so, for we like to speak philosophically,) which nominally governs the officers of a *water-omnibus*—“All baggage at the risk of the owner.” We opine that some one could be found on board, who, for a little of the tin, would fix himself to your trunk and hatbox with the pertinacity of an adhesive label. The Representative goes in for a strict observance of the Constitution. As soon as he embarks in the omnibus of state, he looks looks up and sees the monetary letters—Seats for twelve. All right, he ejaculates, it shall be to me like the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. By-and-by, he has occasion to introduce a measure which rather clashes with the hallowed instrument to which he has sworn inviolable allegiance. His constituents look awry at the prohibition of the constitution, and tell him that there is no particular harm in squeezing in a proviso, and so, since they give each other the mutual wink, the innocent effort is at once made to abrogate or modify what they are reciprocally bound in all good faith to let alone. People go in for free translations, whether they understand the classics or not. It has been the way since the days of Adam. The divine stipulation was—In the day thou eatest thou shalt die.

The human and satanic conjointly—In the day that ye eat thereof ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. This was what might be called—we say it without any breach of reverence—the liberal construction. The arch enemy and Eve, like the driver and his constituents inside the coach, mutually favored the free translation. The rule of guidance was tacitly abjured as a dead letter, though weaving itself into syllables so distinct, that their vision must have been arrested by its uncompromising injunction. Satan seems to have been well posted up as to the propensity in mankind to look with one eye at the stringent-principle, and then with the other at its most agreeable and opportune and profitable modification; and doubtless he could have predicted, (admitting, of course, that he was allowed to exercise such prescience,) that the driver of our omnibus, while he professedly subscribed to the direction—seats for twelve, would make his money till the interpreter of rule, and the best judge of the capacity of his vehicle. We were suddenly aroused from our metaphysical ruminations, by an altercation between the estimable functionary on the outside and one of his constituents. Words were exchanging thick and fast as to the justice of exacting the entire fip, when a passenger had travelled but a fourth part of the distance from starting-point to goal. The corpulent disputer within, (he was quite a portly old fellow with the keen visage of a Shylock,) contended moreover that he would not pay for a whole seat, because he only had a moiety of one. Indeed, when he came to weigh the matter, he didn't know to a certainty whether he had any seat at all, for he had been wedged in some inches from the surface of the red cushion, and therefore he wasn't one of the twelve mentioned. As usual, he had his adherents, who spoke up to the driver with more animation than propriety, endorsing the views of old Shylock and berating the man perched up in the air. As an interlude, a round-faced fellow, who looked like a sham-rock of green, bawled out that instead of paying for one seat, the disputant should pay for two, as he had been a vice to his ribs for the last ten minutes, and almost entirely knocked the breath out of him. The driver was at first a little non-plussed. We thought he was somewhat fixed like King Henry of France, only he had not the monarch's answer on the end of his tongue. It is said that the good king was once on a visit to one of the little villages within his extensive realm, and just as the orator who received him in a grandiloquent speech, was in full blast with his eulogistic harangue, an ass at a short distance commenced braying so loudly as to drown the voice of the speaker. With much gravity the monarch turned himself in the

direction of the long-eared quadruped, and bowing ceremoniously, said:—"One at a time, gentlemen, if you please, one a time." Our driver, however, was not so polite to his jackass. He told the fat man to take his change, and before he could fairly pocket it, and decamp, to bemoan the loss of the balance, the horses received a crack from the whip which staggered our demurring individual to such an alarming extent, that it was with considerable difficulty he reached the place of exit, and took off his burden of sin and earth from the creaking steps of the carryall. One or two bipeds moved instantly into the gap so opportunely made by the disembarkation of our friend Shylock, and they did it so quickly that we thought about a current of air rushing in to fill up a vacuum. Indeed, we think that no better comparison could be employed. Compressed trunks began to expand to their legitimate dimensions—we all began to breathe freer and deeper, and I again fell into a profitable reverie on the scene which had just been enacted.

How many Shylocks we meet, not only in omnibusses, but at every nook of bustling life! Men who will chaffer about a sixpence, as old Pharaoh did about relinquishing his claim to the enslaved Hebrews. They will traverse the market from end to end, for a pound of butter whose price comes within the range of their Lilliputian standard, and all the premonitory remarks of the old orthodox dealers in the article, "Thee may go further and fare worse," will have no more effect on their obdurate hearts than would barbed spears on the impenetrable scales of Leviathan. You might as well think of bleeding a piece of anthracite coal, as to get one drop of unadulterated sympathy from their bosoms. And they generally carry the two cent principle into their entire business transactions. Is Shylock the legal guardian of an orphan boy? He will clothe him in corduroy, and charge him the full price of double-milled cassimere. Is he entrusted with the disposition of a fund? he will, if he can do it without hurting his credit, divert it into some channel of personal interest. In a word, there will be nothing large and comprehensive in any of his views or transactions. He will be an earth-worm, a thriving earth-worm it may be, but still an earth-worm plodding, grovelling, sneaking, chaffering, till in his final sickness he enjoins it upon his family to ensure the services of the cheapest undertaker, and bury him with as little parade as possible.

"He never did one noble act,
And when from earth he passes,
Satan to see his little soul,
Will have to put on glasses."

So sung a facetious poet, with reference to

one of the numerous family of Shylocks. It has quite a Hudibrastic savor, has it not? But we would ask the question, if, as Dr. Isaac Watts has beautifully said, we must be measured by the soul, how high would Shylock stand in his stocking feet without his beaver? If the mind is the standard of the man, how many feet is he in moral and intellectual altitude? Don't you think our Jehu did right when he paid no attention to the upbraiding of one of the tribe, and just made him feel his meanness, first by taking his full flip out of his quarter, and then starting his horses off at such a rate that the poor fellow began to look around in perfect despair for his centre of gravity? Indeed, it is a questionable point whether the horses waited for the application of that cogent argument, the whip; for if they were possessed of the sapience of Balaam's ass, they must instinctively have bounded off when the earthly tabernacle of our hero was pitched in some other point of space, and they were rid of the intolerable burden.

In the midst of my reverie, the omnibus stopped, and looking up I observed a genteelly dressed female with an infant in her arms, about to hand up her fare. She was located a considerable distance from the driver's till, and therefore she cast an imploring look at a demure, fallow-complexioned biped, who sat next her. Observing that her glance of supplication was unavailing, she mustered up a sufficient amount of courage to ask him to be kind enough to pass her fare. The peculiar shrug of his shoulders were enough for us all—that is, all the masculine portion of the crew. Three or four hands were thrust out, as though the pitch-note of our common sensibility had been sounded at once. Your humble servant, reader, was the favored individual in whose hand the fair creature deposited the exact amount which met the claims of Jehu. Our services were also put in immediate requisition in enabling her to alight safely from the vehicle with her precious little charge. We know not whether she was Miss or Madam, but the exquisite smile which followed our little acts of kindness—of course allusion is made to the smile of gratitude—amply remunerated us for shaking off our customary restraint on such occasions, and acting the part of the gallant. Lawrence Sterne, who, to the facetiousness of the wit, added unquestionably the profound wisdom of the intellectual philosopher, has remarked that the small sweet courtesies of life, are the very things to imperceptibly enhance our social happiness. Our demure, fallow-looking friend, however, had obviously thrown Lawrence Sterne on the shelf of repudiation long before he entered the omnibus. Probably like the Miller of Mansfield, to whom William Wirt refers in one of his

letters to his daughter—he cared for nobody because nobody cared for him. One thing is certain, if he pursues this course of barbaric indifference to the well-being of his fellows, he must anticipate rough treatment at the hands of the multitude. The man who cuts himself off as an island from his species, must not marvel, if, like the insulated patch of ground, he gets pretty well lashed by the briny waves; and if he covets the buffetings of the billows, don't let him grumble at the salt. So say we.

Did you ever observe, most excellent reader, what an admirable school an omnibus is to discipline the eyes? Like a double file of musketeers, two rows of visual organs dart their cross-lights to and fro with remorseless continuance. If you are inclined to be modest you are most unquestionably in a dilemma. You dislike to gaze at the old lady with the basket, for fear she might think you had some nefarious design on its diversified contents, of good things; and then, when her fears were once aroused, she might cry out Stop Thief, in advance; thus enhancing the unpleasantness of the position you are forced to occupy. You hate exceedingly to look hard at that old gentleman with the green shade over his eye, for he might entertain the conviction that you were peeping below the shade a little, to see whether you could detect any black-and-blue indications of a recent pugilistic encounter. You cannot certainly give anything but a quick and hurried glance at that young married lady, for her liege lord darts javelins from his peepers the moment you attempt a straight-forward gaze. What are you to do? You direct your eyes to the angular points of the coach, study the length, breadth, and thickness of the strap of leather which tells the driver when the fips are coming, and thus is a kind of silent partner in the firm; if you have a newspaper you can bob your head up and down over the page, and by a convulsive effort, make out one word in a hundred; or, if you are not too much crowded, you can work yourself round, and only show your interesting profile to the company; lean your elbow on the side of the vehicle, and count all the signs and sign-posts, all the porters with luggage, all the children with school satchels, and all the men with smoking brands between their dental organs. But if after all your devices you have to face the company, we believe there is no better way than desperately to rake the whole side of the omnibus fore and aft with a full fixed gaze, and let the old lady with the basket cry stop thief, and the old gentleman with the green shade esteem you a puppy, and the young-married man enjoy the opinion that you are bent on looking his wife away from him. You are the best judge of the

innocence of your motives, and the strict purity of your intentions; and, therefore, if you permit your orbs of vision to roll freely on their axes, and reconnoitre the whole column of passengers, you are not censurable in the least. We sometimes think that the office of our driver is not sufficiently appreciated. His elevated position in the scale of society, if taken literally, cannot be disputed. He certainly carries his head high. In magisterial dignity, he looks over the head of the millionaire as he traverses the street with his gold-headed cane, and would seem to be in some degree of affinity to the telegraphic wires, so far as remoteness from earth is concerned. You might almost compare him to a President guiding the coach of state, (we know it is more euphonious and classical to say ship of state, but we think one figure is quite as appropriate as the other,) as he dexterously and gracefully dodges and twists and turns through a mazy labyrinth of drays and gigs and truck-wagons, and comes victoriously off into a clear space, to put the whip to his chargers with redoubled energy, and get them to make up for lost time in their snail-like passage through the tortuous windings before alluded to. And then, does he not preside over the money-till with emphatic ease. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not go about his duties more promptly and efficiently. Hand him up a half-a-dollar, and, before you know it, he has deposited in your extended palm the balance due. He calculates almost by intuition, and when his rough hand goes over the surface of his coins, the fips and levies all marshal at his bidding like so many pieces of iron filings when you hold the magnet to them. To be sure, to some persons our Jehu possesses one exceedingly exceptionable trait, and that is the overdue eagerness he evinces to secure a load. But let us not too severely judge him. He is fully conscious that he has seats for twelve, and to let half of them be unoccupied would be to him a wilful waste of space, and a sad misapplication, or rather a sad non-application of his new and beautiful velvet cushion. In urging you to spare yourself a long and fatiguing perigrination, he is certainly your well-wisher, and consults your temporal interests. He can tell to a nicety when you are too jaded to go to the Exchange as a peripatetic, and if he sees you in company with a female, it is his gallantry which prompts him to insist that you and the lady will make up two of his baker's dozen. He is a public benefactor, though his post be comparatively humble. Rain-proof, sun-proof, and snow-proof, he glues himself to his chair of state, and conveys you safely to the haven where you would be, while he vibrates like a pendulum between the Exchange and Fairmount, and seems to

have no local habitation but up in the air. Nor is he void of practical beneficence. He picks up many a poor biped, and allows him to share his throne, who but for such timely intervention, (we wish all diplomatic interventions were prompted by motives as pure,) would have been forced to plod on his weary pilgrimage with an aching heart. And if that treasury which is beneath his eye were subject to his immediate disposal, we believe that many a dime would be showered upon the imploring mendicant who meets his eye at every point of the crowded city. And now, in conclusion, we have a little parallel to draw between the omnibus driver and mankind at large. We are all more or less *driving* business for the benefit of our fellow-men. Every man engaged in an honest avocation is adding to the aggregate amount of social benefit by his mechanic, artistic, or professional labors. He gives you a ride where otherwise you would have to foot it. The mechanic who clothes you or furnishes your abode, the teacher who instructs your children, the grocer who puts upon your table the luxuries of many a clime, the physician who heals your bodily ailments, and the publisher who affords you an intellectual banquet, are each and all giving you and your families a *ride*. But here is one point in which they cannot compare very well with Jehu. Passengers pull the leather strap to tell him that they wish him to receive their fare, while conversely the publisher, the grocer, the teacher, the mechanic, have to pull the strap of leather themselves to give a gentle hint to their customers that they want the fare, and often when they pull that leather strap, which is generally done by presenting a bill for value received, they only get black looks as a substitute for yellow dollars. We only annex one little piece of advice. Don't wait for the strap to be pulled in this way, but pull it yourself like a man, by a prompt settlement of the claim against you, and in this way with a smiling face—pass the fare to the driver.

CARMEN CONJUGALE.

Ma belle mie and I, are true lovers,
 She thinks that there's no one like me;
 One canopy nightly us covers—
 Conceited and happy are we.
 I vow that she's prettier than Thillon,
 And both of us think it is so;
 She calls me her beautiful Cleon—
 My modesty never says no.

Two selfish young students of pleasure,
 We care for none others on earth;
 The fortune of each, is the treasure,
 Of charms that the other is worth.

Our tongues are kept actively cooing,
 All day and all night often too;
 They never are tired of wooing—
 They only repeat "I and You."

What compliments both of us lavish!
 "You never were looking so fair."
 "Those eyes all my faculties ravish."
 "How silky and fragrant your hair."
 "What curls crown your head of Adonis!
Quelle barbe! et quelle jolie moustache!"
 "How varied in scenery your zone is!
 And how your blue eyes darkly flash!"

We read De Balzac's sweet romances,
 Each clasped in the other's dear arm;
 We read the melodious stanzas,
 Of Stoddart and Marchal, so warm.
 We fan and we swing one another,
 We both of us write for Bizarre;
 We walk and we ride with each other,
 And never divided are far.

We've two little cherubs of beauty,
 That help us sometimes in our fun;
 But if the pets fail in their duty,
 We pack them straight off to their *bonne*.
 Oh, should they be spared, and our measure
 Of fortune be filled o'er thus,
 We'll teach them both nothing but pleasure,
 And how to be lovers like us.

TOGGS, AND THE DRUMMER.

Just at dusk one day, in the early part of the present month, a little round gentleman might have been seen examining the register at the — Hotel. His eye had run over the list of names, and finally lighted on that of "T. Toggs."

"Toggs, Toggs," said he to himself, "that should be a rich southern merchant. I have a recollection of seeing such a name in the books of Ledger, Bills & Co., my former employers. It must be the man. What a triumph I shall have over Ledger, Bills & Co., if I can get Toggs away from them! I will try, but I do not know him. Again, his name was F. Toggs—now this is T. Toggs. Never mind—must be the same man; F and T are so nearly alike; there is only that little flourish in the middle to distinguish them. Must be F. Toggs; I am sure it is F. Toggs."

Satisfied on this point, Drummer asked the landlord, if he would be kind enough to point out Mr. Toggs to him. That worthy gentleman acceded, and Toggs was spotted by Drummer. He was a plain looking little old fellow, dressed in a suit of grey. He wore an old-fashioned red wig, and altogether had the light of other days about him. Drummer thought this was a mark in his favor. "There's one of your substantials,"

said he, as he approached Toggs; "no outside nonsense; rich within, but like the husk of a hickory-nut, rough and shaggy without."

Drummer was not long in getting into a conversation with Toggs.

"Mr. Toggs, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Toggs."

"Just arrived Mr. Toggs, I suppose."

"Only this morning."

"How are matters going on down your way?"

"Just as well as usual."

"You must have had a very warm summer?"

"Not much different from yours; the distance you know is very short."

Distance very short, thought Drummer. Distance very short between Philadelphia and Mississippi? Oh! I see, he means since the introduction of the telegraph. "You are right, sir. Ahem! What is the political prospect with you; Scott of course—"

"Will be beaten," said Mr. Toggs.

"Un-doubt-edly," stammered Drummer, somewhat taken by surprise. Determined not to lose his customer on account of a difference in political views, however, he added, "Pierce will carry all before him."

"Yes, and Satan be thanked for it," said Toggs. "The devil cuts a big swarth in our country."

"Very odd," murmured Drummer to himself, "he is neither for Scott nor Pierce. I can't hit him on political questions; guess he's—no—he can't be a Hale man—no Mississippian can be a Hale man—Ah! I see; he's a Southern Rights—no doubt of it. The Southern Rights party," added he, again addressing Toggs, "has much to justify it?"

"Much to justify it!" shouted Toggs at the top of his voice. "I don't know who you be sir, but it strikes me your sentiments are regular cut-throat."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Toggs, you did not hear me out; I intended to say that the Southern Rights party had much to justify it, if all the evils which they complained of actually existed."

Mr. Toggs begged Drummer's pardon; he thought "he was one of those rascally secessionists, but was glad to discover that he was laboring under a mistake."

"Explanation satisfactory," said Drummer, glad to get over the difficulty thus. "Well, Mr. Toggs to be candid with you, our house has no politics in particular. We are wholesale silk-merchants, Mr. Toggs—he, he—you understand," here Drummer punched Toggs in the side—"we sell—silks—Mr. Toggs—he, he—silks, Mr. Toggs."

"Well, I don't know, that I do understand," replied Toggs, somewhat gravely, giving a twist to his carrotty wig.

"Hang the old Turk!" thought Drummer, he is the hardest fly to catch, I ever encountered."

"You say you are connected with a silk house," quoth Toggs, after a moment's pause, during which Drummer gave indication of departing, "what is the name of your firm?"

"Twill, Brocade & Co.," quietly responded Drummer, bowing low, "No. — Market street. I hope you will give us a call. Here is our card; we'll be happy to wait on you to-morrow, Mr. Toggs; shall be in at ten o'clock; call then."

The next morning at ten precisely, Mr. Toggs did call at the store of Twill, Brocade & Co. Drummer was ready to receive him. He seemed to have taken quite a sudden fancy to the Market street man. Drummer perceived it. "A rusty old fellow," said he to himself, "but still a good egg, after all. I've caught him. A bill of at least fifteen thousand dollars will be sold to him! What a triumph this will be over Ledger, Bills & Co.!" Drummer rubbed his hands with delight, and commenced showing Toggs about. The old gentleman expressed himself as delighted, "he had never seen richer goods."

"Have you any vest patterns?" said he.

"Oh, yes," replied Drummer, "here is a case."

"Very handsome," quoth Toggs, examining one of extreme richness, "my wife would like me to have that, I think."

"Take it along," said Drummer, as he clipped it off, rolled it up, and handed it to Toggs.

"You are very kind," said Toggs, "let me see, your name is—"

"Flunkey," quickly replied Drummer.

"Mr. Flunkey, you appear to be an angel dropped from the clouds. I had no idea of finding such a generous, good friend, in Philadelphia; though I have lived within fifty miles of the city, I never was here before."

"Fifty miles of the city," shouted Drummer, his countenance falling. "Are you not Mr. F. Toggs, of Yazoo, Mississippi?"

"No, sir, I am Mr. T. Toggs, of Salem, New Jersey. But I have no time to stop any longer with you, the boat leaves for home in a short time; I'm very much obliged to you for your attentions, and for the beautiful vest pattern. Come down to Salem, and stay a Sunday with us."

Saying this Mr. T. Toggs left the store of Messrs. Twill, Brocade & Co., and was soon lost among the boxes and bales which filled the street. Flunkey, the Drummer, was so overcome with his mistake, that he abandoned his place, and is now as Barnum once said, "no where." The Toggs adventure was a finishing stroke to his business engagements; the more especially, as on pass-

ing the store of his former employers on his way home to dinner—the day Toggs visited him—he noticed several boxes and bales at their door, on which was engraved in large black letters,

F. TOGGS,
Merchant, Yazoo, Miss.

IDYLS OF THE ISLES.

SAINT HELENA.

Lonely once, but now more lone,
Since thy noble charge is gone,
Borne across the stormy sea,
With the pomp of royalty:
Dreary island, now more dear,
No Napoleon is here!

Tenantless the tomb is found,
Footsteps press no more the mound
Where his eagle was at rest,
And his sword upon his breast:
Lonely once, but now more lone,
Saint Helena's pride is gone.

Welcomed by the cannon's roar,
Back to cherished France once more,
Lighted shrine and sable fold,
Bear his cypher wrought in gold.
"Vive l'Empereur" is heard again,
On thy sunny banks, O Seine!

'Neath the high and sacred dome,
Martial legions call him home;
While the noblest of them all,
Spread the rich imperial pall:
And the holy rites are said,
O'er the ashes of the dead.

Wondrous was his bitter fate,
Island bleak and desolate!
And thy rocky cliffs on high,
Frowning on the waters nigh,
Roaring with the ocean's blast,
Tell the tale of sorrows past.

Lonely once, but now more lone,
Since thy exiled charge has flown
On the wings of banners free,
Proudly o'er the stormy sea:
Dreary island, now more drear
No Napoleon is here.

WHEREAS AND THEREFORE.

Did you ever take notice of the relative position and force of the words at the head of our article, in the drafted resolutions of an honorable meeting, which has been summoned for some high purpose of a political, mili-

tary, religious, or scientific character. First and foremost, comes the *whereas*, as large as life, and with dimensions sufficiently formidable to induce the spectator to open his eyes like Nathan Boggs, when in his *verdant phase* of existence, he first "sees the elephant."—This is followed by a succession of *whereases*, all bearing up against the wind of popular opposition, like so many gallant three-deckers in a gale, and finally, when the *whereases* have shown themselves off to advantage, and you begin to speculate a little on the premonitory nature of their message, then, lastly, finally, and to conclude, (to adopt the theological parlance of the old-time parsons,) an ominous, "*Therefore be it resolved*," brings you up all standing; and the entire question is fenced in so neatly and dexterously by the post-and-rail bounds of diplomacy, that instinctively you acquiesce in the sage decisions of the meeting, and only regret that you were not present to lend a helping hand in drafting such admirable resolutions. We must think, that too little attention has been paid to the convincing logic of the family of *whereases*. In the political firmament, they are the clouds charged with electricity, of a character that carries off the palm completely from the Leyden jar, and whenever you see them gathering in the horizon, you may anticipate some thunder, and look for the finale in a *blaze*. Sometimes, (to keep up the scientific figure of a cloud,) the lightning which they discharge is terrific, and produces what might be called a *fatal* result. All the remedies in vogue, from the days of old Galen, up to the present days of homoeopathy, separately, or conjointly, could not restore to consciousness the poor fellow through whose heart has been passed the heavy charge of one of these *unnatural batteries*. To illustrate our position. Squire Hicks, of Hicksville, had an eye for many years on a seat in the State Legislature. Some people assured him that he was *cut out* for a modern Lyncurgus. They knew it, because in the first place, Solomon Hicks, (or Sol Hicks as his neighbors called him,) was a man of corpulent port and magisterial bearing, and in their opinion, the only legitimate reward for a round body, was the elevation of him who carried it to the chamber of legislation.—Others predicted his success on *higher* grounds. They said that Sol had a *name* which was auspicious. Solomon, of oriental fame, was unquestionably the wisest man; and was it not natural to think, that he who was so fortunate as to inherit his cognomen, would, simultaneously, fall heir to a portion of his genius? And then, even the *nick-name* of Squire Hicks was classical. *Sol* meant the sun, in the language of the old Romans, and therefore Sol Hicks was bound to *shine*, in spite of himself; and where could his rays be

more benignantly dispersed, than in the hall of sovereign state? Yes, said they, Sol would be a *sun* in Congress, and all the other members would revolve around him, like primary and secondary planets. (This was the sage prediction of the village school-master, who thus had a chance to impress Hicks with the fact of his preeminent skill in astronomic lore.) A few bet largely that Sol would be the successful candidate, because when Senator G—s from New York passed through the village, he put up for a day or two at the Squire's, and walked with him to the agricultural exhibition. This *clearly* proved that he Senator had been exceedingly prepossessed in his favor, and would bring his influence to bear in his behalf, whenever the claims of candidates for the office of State Representative should be canvassed by a properly authorized body of his fellow-villagers. It would be cruel to think that Sol was not, to a certain degree, elated by such a combination of favorable omens. He knew that he *was* corpulent, and that his bearing *was* dignified. He knew that his name *was* prolific of deep meaning. He knew that Senator G—s *had* stopped at his house, and favored him with his temporary companionship. All these were *fixed facts*, and he did not wish to make himself notorious by disputing them, but still he was aware, that competitors were in the field, and he had a sufficient amount of discernment to appreciate their respective qualifications. There was Lawyer Mapes, who delivered a fourth-of-July oration, a few years before, which had been printed and copied to a very portentous extent. Not to mention any others, the Squire felt that his neighbor across the cornfield would stand him the tightest pull of all, when the Ides of March had fully arrived, or, in plainer language, when the meeting was held to nominate candidates.

The memorable day arrived. Previous to its arrival, we need not say, that there was the customary amount of canvassing, caucusing, &c. Presents had been sent all around, to propitiate the clemency of some, and vanquish the disaffection of others. Hick's better half had been, "all things to all women," (unlike Paul, who while "all things to all men," seems to have taken a peculiar dislike to the fair sex.) Miss Bella Hicks had given one or two parties, and invited particularly, all the young men who were just turned of one-and-twenty, and the Squire had made his best beaver, play see-saw on the top of his old pate, in making bows to mankind at large, and the villagers in particular. All these innocent preliminaries had been adjusted, and *Whereas*, they had been adjusted so dexterously, with both masculine frankness, and feminine tact and gracefulness. *Therefore* the result could be nothing *but* favorable, ac-

ording to the nature and fitness of things. No other than a favorable result, would be in keeping with the Unities. On Monday night, at early candle-light, the Village Hall was a scene of peculiar activity. The Squire could not be induced to attend, however. He assured Mrs. Hicks, that it would be the climax of indelicacy, for a prominent candidate to be present on such an occasion. How would he feel, when his name was announced. Another thing, Madam, said Sol, I must be at home when the Committee arrives, to inform me of my nomination. We will have a torch-light procession, marching up to the door, and the musicians will give us a serenade, and I must be here, to step out on the balcony, and bow my acknowledgements, and talk about the interests of the country, and the tariff, and the growth of cotton, and internal improvements. "Oh, do go, Sol, said Mrs. Hicks, do go. There's no impropriety in it, at all. You can then march home *yourself*, at the head of the procession, and then have the serenade, and the speech afterward. I'll be bound for it, old Mapes will be there, dodging about at his small potatoe business of electioneering. Be a man, Hicks, and show yourself." "My dear," said Sol, gently, for he professed to a great degree the "suaviter in modo," "my dear, Lawyer Mapes, I am inclined to think, will not be there, and I would not like to be singular, and, whereas, neighbor Mapes will undoubtedly absent himself"—"therefore," joined in Mrs. Hicks, thus preventing Sol from concluding his harangue, "therefore, you must measure your corn by Mapes's bushel; and therefore, again, you are only drawing water to Mapes's mill, and hanging yourself in your old days, with a rope of your own domestic manufacture. You need not practice your speech before the glass, Hicks, for I prophecy that you will never make a speech before any committee, you never will, (with an emphasis quite Amazonian,) you never will, take my word for it." Hicks shut his ears to his wife's upbraidings, and Miss Bella ran out of doors, to catch the strains of approaching music. No melody, however, was borne upon the gale. Nothing was heard but an occasional hurrah, and then "silence settled on the blast," at least in front of Solomon's door. Tired of waiting, our friend in a state of mental anxiety, sought his couch, nor were his family long behind him. For Hicks, however, there was no sleep that night. His wife had predicted that he would be defeated, and he had always found her prognostics as certain in their fulfillment, as were those of the Sybil in ancient days. He actually went so far, as to censure his better half for planting a thorn in his pillow, which bid fair to ruin him forever. He paced the room. He took a slate and pencil and went

into a regular calculation of probabilities; he balanced contingencies with exquisite precision; he counted up his friends who were pledged to do him ample justice, and as his hopes revived, he would consult the "Whereases," and pass gracefully on to the "Therefore." But nature, at least, asserted its supremacy, and Solomon sank into the arms of Morpheus.

Bright and early did he rise, however, on the following morning. But how he got through the duties of the toilet, remains yet a Babylonian mystery. He dashed his head into a bucket of water, like Neptune taking a dive, pitched on his bodily vestments with unusual clownishness, lifted his hair like a brush heap, and ran down stairs, to look for the "Village Plain-Dealer," of which he had been a subscriber from time immemorial.—The family, however, had assembled for breakfast, before the arrival of that instrument of fate. Bella was just handing up her cup for some Java, when Bob, the news-boy, threw in the sheet of destiny. "Who will open it?" said Bella. "I can't," said Sol, with a tremulous voice, and an imploring look to his better half. Mrs. Hicks, though slightly tartaric in temperament, had still a heart, and although she had predicted unfavorably, she fully reciprocated the anxiety of her liege lord on this momentous occasion. "Why, here it is, on the first page," said she, brightening into animation, as she took the paper into her hands, which were any thing but steady. "Here what is?" said the whole family, simultaneously, rising, and putting in serious jeopardy the entire coffee-set, by the suddenness of the jerk. "Here what is?" "Why here," continued Mrs. H., "is the hall-meeting, and the everlasting list of whereases." "What else?" came from the lungs of all in chorus. "Stop!" said Mrs. H., "and I will read it." "Never mind the preliminaries, my dear," said Sol. "Who's the man? who's the man?" Mrs. H. reads slowly and distinctly, (Hicks thought it was somewhat of a death-warrant tone,) "Pursuant to notice, a mass meeting of the citizens of the Borough, was held last evening at the town hall, at early candle light. The village band was stationed on the platform, and was under the direction of Signor Bellamini, who being on a short visit to the village, volunteered his professional services. A profusion of flags adorned the rostrum. Among which that presented by the fair ladies was conspicuous"—"Stop a moment, mother," said Bella, "I started the subscription for that flag, and sewed on the fringe with my own hands. Don't they mention me?" Mrs. Hicks only replied, that now wasn't the time to talk about fringes, and proceeded in a higher and more commanding tone, "The chair was taken by John Gilbert, Esq., who

proceeded to organize the meeting with his usual promptitude, and Silas Neall was unanimously voted secretary. The claims of the respective candidates for the office of assemblyman, were fully discussed, but as there was no appearance of a settlement of the question, the names of several were dropped for the sake of expediting business."

Hicks, by this time, was on his feet, loosening the bandana kerchief which enveloped his neck, as if to inhale a greater quantity of atmospheric air, to keep him from going off in a regular-built swoon. As soon as he could articulate, he shrieked in a falsetto, "What names were dropped, Mother, what names?" Mrs. Hicks, who never likes to be called by the maternal sobriquet, except by Bella, paid no attention to Solomon, but continued—

"The final resort was to compromise the matter, and nominate the most available man on the list."

"Who was he?" fairly yelled Solomon, jumping round to the side of his wife, and laying hold on the paper with a considerable degree of pertinacity. "Who was he?"

Mrs. H. reads, "The following preamble and resolutions were presented by a committee of three, and upon the sense of the meeting being taken, were adopted. (Sol seeing his better half was enacting the part of Xantippe, followed the example of Socrates, and slunk back into his old arm-chair, with the crest-fallen aspect of one who rides in the Black Maria.) Whereas, it is necessary at the present crisis, to select a man combining sterling integrity and indomitable zeal, to represent the interests of this Borough, in the lower House"—

"I have both," said Hicks, brightening up.

"And, whereas, we have felt confidence in the adaptedness to the lofty post, of him, whose modesty has alone prevented him from mingling this night with his fellow politicians."

"I'm elected," said Hicks, "I'm elected—that's the very thing that kept me away. I always was unassuming, and never more so than lately. 'Modesty is the best policy,' as the old proverb has it, and here is just a case in hand."

Mrs. H. reads, "Therefore be it resolved, that the undivided choice of this meeting, is the poor man's friend, and the swindler's foe, the solid, virtuous, old resident of this borough, Anthony Mapes, Esq., Attorney at Law."

A deep groan, as though from the caverns of Herculaneum, stopped Mrs. Hicks at this point of the argument; and looking up, or rather down, she discovered Solomon measuring his length on the ingrain carpet. He was galvanized by that last omnipotent

"Therefore, be it resolved." The full charge had entered his excited frame, and in the twinkling of an eye he was reduced from the rampant of unbounded exultation, to the couchant of unmitigated despair. Upon recovering, his countenance assumed a blank appearance, as though he was suddenly called upon to contemplate a chaotic mixture of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water.—He seemed for a while to doubt his personal identity, and when his wife called him, Sol, started convulsively, as if the very name was a night-mare. Gradually, however, his scattered senses marshalled themselves into some kind of trim, and he began almost to felicitate himself on his defeat. He felt that it took a man of some standing, to vanquish him, and that alone enhanced his self-importance. He calculated the profits and losses of the office, he had so largely coveted, and concluded that the grapes were rather too sour for his old aching teeth, any how. He reflected, that if in the legislature, he must forego the pleasure of companionship with his family, and he could not undergo such a deprivation, and what was more, he would not have submitted to it, had he been elected.

In a word, Solomon came to the conclusion, that had he been unanimously appointed to the station of trust and emolument, he would have declined the appointment before the committee had left his house. To be sure, he had used some little effort, only some little, and so had his wife and daughter, to advance his interests, and lead captive the hearts of the multitude, but he had only engaged in the campaign for the sake of relieving the monotony of his occupation, and indulging somewhat in social hilarity. And he had gained a degree of distinction in his defeat. He was now better known, and certainly better appreciated by those who had shared his liberality. And he might yet at no distant period, be taken up and carried by acclamation, when Anthony Mapes had proved himself to be only a second Mad Anthony, as unfit to legislate, as he was to explore the planet Herschel, or make a coast survey in Jupiter or Mars. Bitter were the denunciations of Mrs. Hicks, however. All the good pound cake and wine, all the little night-caps and bonnets she had distributed among the wives of American freemen, who wielded that potent influence which is coiled up in the ballot-box, all the breath she had wasted, in speaking of the peculiar claims of Solomon in a physical and mental connection—all these works of supererogation, now seemed to challenge some kind of redress, and equitable remuneration for her trouble. She began to evince some compunctions, for making in a moment of heat, that unguarded prophecy that Sol would never be elected, for it did seem that her prognostic was fulfilled

in spite of her prayers to the contrary. But finally with her sensible old man, she settled into a state of calm satisfaction, and solaced herself with the reflection that her husband was a squire of some note, and he might have proved to be a legislator of none whatever.

The family were all made wiser by the Whereas and Therefore of the mass meeting aforesaid. One day when Bella came in with high glee, and assured her mother that Lucy Summerfield was about striking a matrimonial bargain with a fine-looking young Lieutenant, she was at once questioned as to the grounds of her belief that such an auspicious event would take place in the beau monde. "Oh!" said Bella, "he has been paying her the most devoted attentions, and they have long ago exchanged miniatures, and every body says that they must soon consummate the matter." "Stop," ejaculated the Squire, with a degree of dignity which would have done honor to a Solon. "Stop, my daughter. You are bringing the Whereas and the Therefore a little too close this time I'm thinking. Whereas Miss Lucy has a beau, and whereas he is assiduous in his suit, and whereas they have swapped profiles, therefore they are bound to light the torch of Hymen. Ah! my child, the therefore is often a good many square feet from the whereas; may be, about as many as I am from the hall of legislation. Never look out for torch-light processions, whether it be Hymen's torch or any other flambeaux before you have got the bird fairly in the hand, and there is no chance of contingencies. A great many girls have stopped at the whereas and never got an inch farther. They have been courted, and laden with presents, and perfumed with flattery, and then their sweet, charming names have been dropped from the politician's ticket to take up a more available man." "Woman, you should say," ejaculated Mrs. Hicks; "why, Sol, your mind will run on that election, though it was five years ago. A more available woman you should say!" "Yes," said Hicks, "you are right, I was thinking of Anthony Mapes, and the compromise measures of that meeting. No, Bella, my daughter, never get the household goods ready on the peradventure, of having a help-mate—Miss Lucy may continue to be Miss Lucy in spite of all the whereases in creation. Whenever, then, you are too much elated with prospects of success, and are grasping rain-bows while in danger of tripping into a ditch for carrying your head so high, go up to my secretary, and get out that speech of mine which was cut and dried on the strength of my anticipated election. There it lies in state, and has never yet been delivered, except to the safe keeping of that old piece of furniture which once belonged to my dear grandfather. Look at that speech, Bella, and

think that as far as the east is from the west so far often is hope from consummation." Thus did our hero, Solomon, emulate in wisdom his distinguished namesake, and inculcate the soundest maxims of prudence and discernment in the breast of his lovely and interesting daughter. And Bella was a susceptible disciple. She never afterwards could be induced to engage in a visionary project, however urgently appealed to by the volatile and giddy. You could not have tempted her to put fringes on flags, or give parties hoping to entrap a beau by the sagacious operation. She laid aside once and forever, and so did her respected mother, the wiles of the diplomatist, and reducing the standard of her expectations to anticipated failure, even while praying for success. And what became of Anthony Mapes, Esquire. Sure enough what became of the lucky candidate. He was elected, reader, sent to the legislature, made one or two hasty and ill-digested speeches, acquired no particular credit for anything he did, and was never returned by the good people of the borough to the post of honor. He had gained his point in the acquisition of a commanding place, and then been cashiered because he failed to sustain himself in his position. He had advanced from the Whereas to the Therefore, and then wiped his weeping eyes as he took a retrograde step from the Therefore to the Whereas; while the defeated squire, in the midst of his loving family, was gradually rising in popular estimation by a faithful discharge of his duties in every relation of life, and what made a full-grown man of him, was those famous mass-meeting resolutions.

A DISH OF WILLIS.*

Mr. Willis must now have been before the public, as an author, twenty-five years, or more. During this long term, he has been read and admired on the one hand; and on the other, pecked at and abused by more persons, we suspect, than any other native writer, who can be named. Speaking "by the square," and considering all the elements that go to the composition of the reading world, there are sufficient grounds for both these antagonistic modes of estimating and dealing with him. For ourselves, however, we must say, that depreciatory judgments and assaultive criticism, are not only not to our taste, but especially ungrateful to our feelings. Unless a book be undeniably infected by some moral taint, we vastly prefer praising what merits approval, if there be in it aught of this character, while keeping silence as to the residue. This feeling of ours,

though partly native, is mainly the result of what has seemed to us the prevailing spirit of that portion of our contemporary criticism, which assumes to pronounce judgment on a writer's faults and short-comings. It is rare to witness a book condemned, or an author taken to task from a palpably unbiassed regard for the best interests of letters, or the intellectual and moral well-being of the community. Rather will the judgments in question be discovered to spring from some feeling exclusively personal; or some national, political, or sectarian prejudice; in a word, from egotism in some one or more of its multitudinous shapes and disguises. And, as touching such criticism, we hardly need remark, that the best thing to be said of it is, that it is a waste of words, as well as time, to both writer and reader. It cannot do good. If it has any effect, that effect is evil.

In the assailant criticisms launched at Mr. Willis, through this long period, these personal motives have, we think, been especially conspicuous. Out of the scores we have read, we cannot recall one solitary article, which maintains, or even attempts a manly, fair, genial discussion of our author's literary vices and defects; or of his faults of character, as evidenced by, and productive of these vices and defects. Envy, jealousy, spite, at his early, wide-blown success, both literary and social, called forth, at the outset, much flippant abuse, and would be witty sarcasm from unfledged juvenilities who were his equals in years, and, perhaps, by their own reckoning, his rivals in genius, but whose very existence, as well as genius, the public stubbornly persisted in ignoring. His after success in both kinds abroad, stirred up the same reprehensible feelings in another class, and this, too, on both sides the Atlantic.

Many doubtless remember the truculent, as well as base and paltry attacks of Lockhart and Maryatt upon our author, under the pretext of reviewing his "Pencilings by the Way." One hardly knows which to consider most despicable—the attacks themselves, or the grounds alleged for them. These grounds were points of decorum. Willis was taxed with having committed a breach of propriety, in publishing conversations and remarks heard in English circles, as well as other matters too strictly personal to be thus trumpeted abroad. The right or wrong of these charges we shall not discuss. One thing, however, is undeniable; which is, that our author wrote in a kindly, admiring spirit; with no disposition to injure, or expose to ridicule those he spoke of; and with nothing of the vulgar or offensive in his language and tone. But that Lockhart, after publishing "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk" concerning his near neighbors the Scotch—

* *Pencilings, by the way*, by N. P. WILLIS:—New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

a book which lets in broad daylight upon the privacies and personalities of scores of families, who had received him with friendly hospitality; and touches up with coarse exaggeration, and often indecent language, any ludicrous or disagreeable peculiarity of his hosts, whether belonging to woman or man, to young or old;—that he should have ventured to lecture another on the canons of social decorum, was a specimen of audacious impudence not easily matched. And yet Maryatt showed himself a tolerably worthy compeer in venturing to repeat this lecture, after all he had said of the Americans while in this country, and all he had written about them after quitting it. Neither of them, however, had much occasion for self-gratulation at his performance. For Willis's reply was so completely annihilating, and so effectually "carried the war into Africa," that his assailants found it a task quite sufficient to manage their own concerns, without giving lessons to a Yankee on decorum.

Though we rarely, if ever, encounter criticisms upon our author so meanly and indecently abusive, as those just mentioned; yet, all through the past years down to the present day, there have appeared, from time to time, notices of him, both as writer and as man; showing, not infrequently, a most virulent and hostile spirit, and scarce ever without traces of the reprehensible feelings before alluded to.

Our author's mental and moral qualities are quite obvious to inspection; and more, than in most cases, they re-appear, in and shape and color what he writes. Whoever, then, can form a correct judgment of his literary productions, may pretty well understand his personal character in both its strong and its weak points, alike in its virtues and its defects. Thus, something of dandyism and affectation, a strain of the foppish and the artificial appears in his writings—an embodiment of the same traits in his character. Too much, also, of reverence for "blood;" for rank; for exclusive social position, is apparent in both the man and his books, and the tendency is harmful in both. The mind rightfully developed and balanced, is entirely catholic, alike in its views and its sympathies; while the complete book runs no enduring lines to partition off classes exclusively favored among that race, which "God made of one blood." "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common or unclean."

Accompanying these tendencies, and perhaps constituting one mode of their manifestation, is our author's predilection for dwelling on the surface and the exterior shows of life, instead of penetrating its depths and dealing with the springs of the phenomena it exhibits. Hence his habit of describing,

(as he does with wondrous felicity,) costume and equipment of all kinds; furniture; manners; and the merely social and lighter aspects of human character; while his descriptions of nature are truly, in his own phrase, "Pencilings by the Way," rather than the word-paintings we sometimes meet with, which exhibit nature, equally with man, as wearing a physiognomy expressive of a deep soul within.

We are, however, inclined to think, that this superficialness results more from casual circumstances in the past and the present, than from an absolute, original inaptitude for profound thought and feeling. Thus, his little poem, entitled "Parrhasius," is literally tremendous in its energy of expression, and appalling for its insight into the impossibilities of the passion of ambition. The "Wife's Appeal," and several other poems, have much of the same character with this. And, in fact, through his writings generally, may be found brief sentences of slight intimations, which indicate a depth and force far beyond what appears in their prevailing strain.

This penchant for externals has sprung, we suspect, mainly from his having become famed, as a poet, at an age so very precocious. Hardly out of his teens, he became, almost at a bound, the favorite and pet of the public all through the land. This literary celebrity naturally threw open all avenues to social distinction, thus offering advantages which he was peculiarly qualified to improve to the full. Organised with that large approbateness which predisposes to social interchange, he was also endowed with those qualities which fit one to shine and please in this sphere, as well as to enjoy it.

By putting these items together, it becomes plain how a person so constituted and so conditioned can hardly fail to prefer sporting in the sunshine to musing in the shade, and better to like sailing on life's surface than diving into its depths for treasures.

But it is time we speak to the point of Mr. Willis's peculiar gifts and merits, as an author. Without going into analysis, we may say he possesses in amplest measure, the faculty attributed to Goldsmith of "embellishing whatever he touches." (We spare you the Latin, reader.) From his earliest scriptural verse, to his latest "hurrygraph" prose, this is a conspicuous trait. No matter what his theme—an incident in a Judean palace, or a horse-race, or a troop of bare-footed boys at play—he always produces beauty; beauty of conception, of illustrative imagery, of epithets, of rhythm.

You are always constrained to admire what he presents you, although not always satisfied that you are quite authorised to do so. Take, for example, those scriptural poems. They have been widely and intense-

ly admired. We admire them ourselves, and always derive pleasure from their perusal. They have an unquestional beauty and charm of their own. And it is their own, literally, and not a scriptural, Hebrew beauty. In their soft musical flow, there is not a tone of the rousing clamor of the Levitical trumpet, and timbrel, and shawm; in their delicate imagery and graceful ripples of thought, there is no trace of the austere sternness and trenchant severity of the old Hebrew mind; and in their strain of refined sentiment and subdued gentle feeling, what iota can you see of that texture of character, whose impenetrable hardness and indestructible toughness, have made the Jew the standing marvel of more than 3000 years.

But, what matter? We do not, for this, admire and relish them the less, for they possess their own attractions, and these are genuine and decided; and we should no more reject them because they are misnamed, than we would deny the charms of a beautiful woman, because her name was Tabitha.

So, too, with our author's prose stories generally; they are almost always misnomers, if we expected to regard them as true pictures of life, as it now is, or ever was. His tissue of events has rarely any true logical sequence, and his causes and effects have as little blood relationship as the text and sermon, which were said to be so far apart, that "if one had the smallpox, the other would not catch it." But what matter? we say again. They are pictures of such a life as Mr. Willis pleases to present; they are beautifully drawn, and exquisitely finished and colored, and to look at them invariably gives us real pleasure. We are certainly under great obligation to our author for showing us glimpses of a life that pleases us, for our own actual life is not so delightful as to absorb our whole love.

When Mr. W. gets out of the alien sphere of ancient Hebrew life, as also that of pure fictitious inventions, and comes to describing men and women, places, and incidents, and things, he is altogether admirable after an eminently original fashion of his own. He has a quick, infallible eye; a bright, ebullient, fruitful fancy; a most rare felicity in the coinage of epithets and the production of illustrations; and a style at once fluent; lucid; elegant; racily quaint upon occasion; and so signally expressive and graphic, as to place a person or object before you with the distinctness of a daguerreotype. There is no better or more entertaining describer of what passes before his senses than Willis.

We know not why, after thus giving our impression of our author in the concrete, we should plague ourselves and our readers by attempting to take this impression apart and to reproduce it in analytic, fragmental shape. It must stand, as it is, for what it is worth.

We will only add, that in our view, a refined taste and a pure, genial, moral tone run through Willis's writings. And here, as in the case of some foibles before noted, the book represents the man.

BOOK NOTICES.

HUNGARY IN 1851, by CHARLES LORING BRACE. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, 1852.

A fine, whole-souled, manly, sagacious person is Mr. Brace, and an instructive, entertaining, altogether admirable book has he here given us. We had occasion, not long ago, to notice Stiles' volumes on Hungary, and we pronounced them, as they deserved, to be fair specimens of their class. But Mr. Brace's book bears the same relation, as regards its interest, to those volumes, as Scott's historical romances bear to ordinary history, or a dry detail of events. In fact, this book has all the fascination of a high-wrought romance combined with the literal fidelity to truth of the most reliable history. How could it be otherwise, when a clear-headed, sound-hearted New Englander is recording the evidence of his own senses touching the manliest, noblest, most interesting people of Europe? They, whose whole hearts have gone forth to Hungary and Kossuth, will exult to find in this volume that their hearts uttered not more, but less than the grand, inspiring truth in relation to both. And they, who have counted the House of Hapsburg as the monster-nuisance of cruelty, meanness, fraud and multifarious villainy of the modern world, will here find, that all their conceptions of the wickedness and villainy of that race and its government lag miles in the rear of reality. We beg of our reader to procure and study this book, for it would require a volume to register the thoughts it has suggested to us. We believe he will, after reading it, lay it down with the conviction that the Hungarians are a people for whom liberty, with all its multitudinous and choicest blessings, is among the least of their deservings; and that Kossuth is a man meriting a stand on the lone platform where shines, for the instruction and cheer of the ages, our own immortal Washington!

1st, REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; 2d, DREAM-LIFE, by I. K. MARVEL. New York: CHAS. SCRIBNER, 1852.

Everybody, we presume, knows "Ik. Marvel" to be the *nom de plume* of Donald G. Mitchell, who holds a reputation among recent American authors of undeniably the most enviable description. His "Reveries," we perceive, have reached the sixteenth edition—a sufficient proof of their immense

popularity, even though expressions of admiration and applause did not continually reach us from every quarter, while the voice of depreciatory criticism seems, for once, to be mute. Both the above volumes are very much of the same cast, comprising the reflections, musings, and fancies of a pure, refined, cultivated and observant mind, suggested by the varying aspects of nature and the currents of human life, whether laving the walls of the populous city, or winding through the fields and forests of the sparsely peopled country. It was a happy thought, his dedicating one of these volumes to Washington Irving, for if there be any writer whom Mr. Mitchell brings forcibly to mind, it is our long-time favorite Irving. Not that he is an imitator and copyist of the latter—he has enough stamina and originality to preclude the tendency to this; but that in many of his intellectual and moral attributes he bears a singular resemblance to the patriarch of American belles lettres. Tasteful and elegant alike in his tone of thought and expression; gifted with a sweet and beautiful fancy; with a rich vein of pathos lying near the surface of his mind, and often revealing its precious treasures, and combining with this pathos a genial humor and delicate wit. As we listen to the musical cadences in which he chants his cheerful, sunshiny, humane philosophy of life and man, we might easily fancy we were listening once more to our boyhood's charmer, Geoffrey Crayon. As yet, indeed, he lacks the amplitude and grasp of Irving, though the progress of time may, perhaps, diminish the difference, in this respect, between the two.

But it seems superfluous to multiply words about an author so well known and so sincerely admired. So, with an expression of our thanks for his present gift, and of our hope that his pen will never long lie idle, we take our leave. We should add that new editions of the above noticed work are about to be issued.

MARY SEAHAM, by MRS. GREY. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON, 1852.

Walter Scott may rightly be pronounced one of the very greatest literary benefactors our globe has seen. For not only did he give us an immensity of entertaining, instructive, morally pure and healthy matter in his own volumes, but (so to speak) he created and peopled a vast literary world of an immeasurably higher and nobler order than had ever existed before. One striking feature of this new world is the number of female authors among its denizens. And a most happy characteristic this is; for from the superior delicacy and purity of woman's mind, as well as her keen and vivid intuitions of character, romance has gained a vast

accession of truth, and beauty, and worthfulness.

Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Marsh must, we think, be placed in the very first rank of contemporary English fictionists. We have read several of Mrs. Grey's numerous novels, and we have found no single one that may not be pronounced excellent. She writes in a pure, lucid, vivid style; her plot has always intricacy enough to keep the reader's attention wide awake; her personages are real men and women, and not mere "bundles of attributes;" and the tone of her books is always sound, healthy, and elevating. Mary Seaham is a fine specimen of her books: deficient in none of the characteristics above specified, and fast enchainning the reader's attention from beginning to end. The young may read it without the danger incident to the old-school novels, of contracting false views of life, and of becoming too enervated and debilitated for a vigorous encounter with the duties, the hardships and endurance of the actual world, for it is, in truth, a chapter from actual life, which they are reading, and it is beings just like themselves, on whose deeds and fortunes they are looking. What better thing could we say of a fiction, or what higher commendation bestow upon it than this?

PRECAUTION, BY J. FENIMORE COOPER: New York, STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 1852.

We remember, as though it were but yesterday, the first appearance of our afterwards celebrated countryman before the American public, some thirty years ago. We were, as yet, in our boyhood; but having already an omnivorous appetite for books in all their kinds. With the exception of Mrs. Rowson's "Charlotte Temple" and Mrs. Foster's "Eliza Wharton," we think Cooper's "Spy" was the first home-produced romance we ever read. Like every body else, we were fascinated by its vigorous delineations of nature, and its life-like descriptions of human action and achievement. The interest thus enkindled in this new author, was not permitted to die out; for romances of the ocean and of the primeval forest succeeded each other with marvellous rapidity, overbrimming with a genius that made its imaginary scenes and persons, as real as reality's self. The waves and the woods had thenceforward a significance, a sublimity, and a beauty, far beyond that, with which our own senses had invested them.

We had intended to speak here, with somewhat of detail, of Cooper's characteristics as an author. But, at the commencement of "Precaution," we perceive that Mr. Bryant has handled this topic with an aptitude and a critical accuracy, which render superfluous any words of ours. This novel, which is

understood to have been our author's first publication, is as unlike all his others, as it could well be. It imports to be a so called "Novel of society," and is very like one of Madame D'Arblay's, with something of the tone of Hannah More's *Coelebs* superadded thereto. In the number of its personages; the multitude of its incidents; and the manifold threads of action interwoven in its plot, it presents a remarkable contrast to the comparative simplicity of plan, and economy of events, in the host of works which followed it. Read before the advent of Scott, and of Cooper's later self, it would have made a fair show among its competitors. As Cooper's, it will be read chiefly as a literary curiosity, and regarded as the starting-point, from which we may measure the after advance of the author's genius and artistic skill. Its republication we think a good idea.

PNYNSHURST, BY DONALD McLEOD: New York, CHARLES SCRIBNER, 1852.

A well-written, very readable thick duodecimo, by a countryman of ours, till now unknown, at least to ourselves. It is a *melange* of travels in France and Switzerland—chiefly in the latter—and short stories alternately of the comic and the serious cast, interspersed with expressions of opinion, frequently of much originality and depth. Our author is quite successful in his portraiture of character, whether male or female; and not very often do we encounter an imaginary personage so original and interesting as his hero Pynshurst. The book shows a mind at once well cultivated and well read, and of an observant and thoughtful cast. We can, therefore, cordially recommend it to the reader, while we express the hope, that the writer will "go ahead" in the course he has here begun.

A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY, BY REV. ROBERT ARIS WILMOTT: New York, D. APPLETON & Co, 1852.

This is a very charming little decimo, belonging to a class, of which we wish there were thousands in circulation, being, as it is, not only exceedingly *entertaining*, but both intellectually and morally instructive. It is the production of a man at once pure-hearted; of a cheerful and liberal piety; of a mind highly educated, and rich in thought; and of refined, delicate, and beautiful tastes. Walking about green England's Berkshire, in the hours of "leafy summer," he notes down the thoughts, reflections and fancies suggested, at the moment, by the scenes he witnesses, and adds to their interests by apposite citations from a large circle of the best poets. The result is a volume grave indeed, in tone, but none the less interesting

for that. It is redolent of the healthy, breezy freshness of the fields and woods; and the warbling of birds, the rustling of leaves, the ripple of brooks, and the vast variety of sights and sounds and fragrances belonging to the country, are brought freshly and vividly to our recollection. It is, in short, a book which it does one good in all ways to read. We hope the author may make his appearance again, for we are sure he can never be otherwise than welcome.

BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE, TO BE NOTICED HEREAFTER.

1. Atlantic and Transatlantic, by Captain Mackinnon, R. N.: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1852.

2. Bishop Butler's Analogy: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1852.

3. Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., &c., Vol. 4: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1852.

4. Life and Walks of Robert Burns, Vol. 3: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1852.

5. Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, by Charles Anthon, D. D.: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1852.

6. Virginia & Magdalene, by Emma D. E. N., Southwark: Philadelphia, A. Hart, 1852.

7. Waverly Novels, Vol. 5: Philadelphia, A. Hart, 1852.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

A letter has recently been received from Hiram Powers, the great American sculptor, dated Florence, June 8th, to Mr. Gayarre, Secretary of State for Louisiana, relative to the statue of Washington, ordered by the State of Louisiana, which is in a considerable state of advancement. He says: "I am representing Washington in the citizen dress of his time, standing six feet five inches high, larger than life, in order that the statue may have the appearance of life size in the place where it is to stand alone, and on its pedestal, in a large room." (It is to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol.) "He seems as meditating, holding the Farewell Address with one hand, while he leans with his right arm upon a column composed of rods banded together, at the foot of which I have placed two emblems of husbandry, the sickle and the pruning hook. These have a light and graceful appearance, and they signify even more than does the plough, a very clumsy emblem in sculpture."—The loss of the Atlantic on Lake Erie, was the very crowning horror of the many which have sprung up during the season. Three hundred souls and upwards, carried suddenly into eternity! What next?—A decree in

the *Moniteur* authorises the return to France of M. M. Thiers, Creton, Duvergier, De Hauranne, Chambolle de Reunnsat, Jules de Lasteyrie, and Gen. Laidet, and the interdiction to reside in France is removed in favor of M. Michel Renaud, Signard, Joly, Theodore Bac, Belin, Besse and Milot. Surprise is expressed at the absence of Victor Hugo's name.—A late number of the *Gazette de Prusse*, says the population of the Germanic Confederation is, at this day, upwards of 40,000,000. The military force is 401,637, or rather more than a hundredth part.—Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.—Accounts received from the provinces still allude in unfavorable terms to the potato plant, and state that the disease is spreading, but we trust there may be less harm hitherto than is supposed, and that fine weather will repair part of the mischief.—The coast of England had been visited with a severe storm, though the shipping does not appear to have suffered much. The gale is described as fearful, and such as has not been experienced in the channel for many years, with a most tremendous sea.—Dogs had become so numerous in Constantinople, that they lately starved three thousand of them to death. The poor animals were landed on an island, with three days' provisions, and on the fourth day the Inmans ascended the minarets and exhorted them to patience and resignation.—A young woman of good family lately defended her own case before the Civil Tribunal of Bourges, and spoke for three hours with great ability. Nothing could be more closely reasoned than her address, and the Court decided the case in her favor.—The New Bedford *Mercury*, says the valuation of property in that city for the year 1852, is \$21,371,550; last year, \$19,615,550. The number of polls this year is 3,883; last year, 3,823. The rate of assessment is \$5 80 on \$1,000, which is an advance of ten cents on last year's rate. The city appropriations for the year 1852, amount to \$124,570,43.—The "Jardin des Plantes" or national garden at Paris, costs annually, according to the foreign letters of P. Barry, about \$100,000 for its entire support. It contains in a growing state, arranged and labelled, all the best new and old kitchen vegetables, where market gardeners may come and learn their qualities; a great collection of medicinal plants; a complete assemblage of the grasses; an arboretum (of ornamental trees); a beautifully cultivated fruit garden; a full green-house and hot-house department; a menagerie of everything from all parts of the world, from elephants to monkeys; wild and domestic birds; the rich-

est anatomical collection in Europe, comprising over 15,000 preparations; 60,000 specimens of minerals, and 50,000 species of dried plants; a natural history library of some 30,000 volumes; besides which there are experiments in all departments of horticulture constantly in progress, and gratuitous lectures delivered by the most eminent scientific men. Now the question naturally suggests itself—which would be the greatest benefit to the people of this country, such an institution as this, at \$100,000 annually, or a navy costing yearly one hundred times this amount.—Mad. Sontag now arrived in America, has been giving very successful concerts at Ems, Wiesbaden, Baden and Hamburg, where she has revived all the enthusiasm which she kindled in her early youth. She brings with her Pozzolini, said to be one of the most charming tenors in Europe, Tarranti, a baritone, of whom we know little, Emile Prudent, the great pianist, (probably,) and the distinguished composer and conductor, Eekert, who is to direct her concerts.—A considerable quantity of lead passes down Arkansas river from the lead mines recently opened near the south-western corner of Missouri.—There are farmers in Devonshire, England, who pay \$2000 a year rent for their farms, and yet who cannot spell or write their own names.—The following representatives of the press have been recently returned for the new English Parliament: John Walter, of "The Times;" C. G. Duffey, of "The Nation;" J. F. Maguire, of "The Cork Examiner;" F. Lucas, of "The Tablet;" E. Miall of "The Nonconformist;" James Wilson, of "The Economist."—A letter from Rome gives some details of the recent arrest of members of the revolutionary committee, residing in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Roman States. It appears that the Austrian consul at Genoa, hearing of the death of a person, a Lombard by birth, went to place seals on his property, when it was found that the deceased was one of the paymasters of the conspiracy. The mode of carrying on the correspondence was also discovered—being by means of silk handkerchiefs the colors of which disappeared by chemical washing the writing being brought out by the same operation. In consequence of this discovery various arrests have taken place at Fonara, and other places.—A short time ago there was exhibited in Paris, in a florist's shop on the Boulevard des Italiens, several rose-trees, upon which were grafted a few strawberry plants. This curiosity attracted much attention from the passers-by. The process by which it was effected was as follows:—"In Autumn a few dog-roses of good sorts, on their own roots, are selected and planted in pots; at the

same time a well rooted strawberry is placed with each rose, planted just beneath the stem of the rose. In spring, when the runners push out, two or three of them are tied up to the stem of the rose. It is well-known that the runners of the strawberries soon make their own roots, and in due time these roots are cut away, making the cuts as for a scion, and then they are grafted on the rose-stem, without cutting or rearing the runners from the parent plant in the ground. They should be preserved very carefully, to lead the sap upwards to the scions, and, treated in this way, the strawberries will vegetate upon the rose-tree for some time."—The Unitarians of San Francisco have agreed to invite the Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Massachusetts, to preach for them for one year for \$6,000, and have raised \$1,000 to pay his expenses out, with an agreement to pay his way back if he does not like it.—At the late Commencement at Geneva College, N. Y., the honorary degree of L.L.D. was conferred on the Rev. Calvin Colton, Professor of Public Economy in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.—The contracts for constructing the second suspension bridge over Niagara river, have been given out. The bridge is to be built but a short distance above the present one, and sufficiently strong to carry trains of cars.—Fifty new and splendid vessels have this year been added to the fishing fleet owned in Gloucester, costing in the aggregate two hundred thousand dollars.—George Washington Woodward has been unanimously nominated by the Democrats for the Supreme Bench of this State, in place of Richard Coulter, deceased.—Mexico is again a prey to revolutions.—It is said that the late Cuban excitement has been got up by the Spanish government, to subserve certain ends as to a cession of the Island to France. Doubtful.—Upwards of one hundred thousand dollars has been sent to this country during the present year, by the Propaganda in Rome, for the propagation of the Catholic faith.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

CARICATURES are all the rage now—some are stupid, others abusive, and nearly all contemptible. To make a grotesque drawing out of all proportion is not art. Few have the nice humor which can embody in a lithograph a joke to the eye. Such things have been done however. In the days of the long embargo, some wag drew a turtle, with head and feet drawn in, and lettered on the back, "U. S." Though the print was inscribed "embargo," nobody needed this caption to understand the point and intention of the joke. It was capital. A good thing

happened in the early Jackson times—perhaps it was during Adams's administration. At any rate it was when General Duff Green was in his glory as editor in Washington. Auld Cloutie was represented as receiving lessons in lying from a newspaper editor. A somewhat dull scholar, or a modest one, he professed to fear that he never could approach his teacher in proficiency. And the teacher encouraged him by saying, "Never mind Nick, if I fail in bringing you forward, I have an able assistant in reserve." And the "able assistant" who filled a corner of the picture was another newspaper editor, then and still famous, though latterly anonymous. Lithography at that day was in its infancy in this country. Pendleton in Boston, had it all to himself. So the caricature was sent to Boston, to be done on stone. It was a dead failure, as it deserved to be—having no particular merit in conception or execution. And it might have fallen directly into forgetfulness, but for the folly of one of the parties. He, happening to be in Boston, walked into Mr. Pendleton's office, threw down and broke the stone on which the drawing was made, and was ejected from the premises. The next day the papers were full of it; and the day after that, out came a new edition of the caricature under a new name, "The Cracked Joke." Pendleton clapped the two pieces together, and printed a fresh supply, with the crack distinctly visible through the centre. It sold then like hot cakes. Touching the subject of lies, there is a sneer in Swift, which may have suggested the above mentioned caricature. The Dean says: "Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements which have been made upon him!"—NEGRO MELODIES are very much in vogue still—but we cannot understand why respectable words will not answer, instead of the ungrammatical and incoherent negro nonsense which is applied to them. If we must have negro thoughts and fancies, do them into grammatical language. Let the black pastorals—and there is undoubtedly as much reason in black pastorals, as in black sheep—let the black pastorals be made presentable. There would be no more difference between the real negro and the improved version, than between the language which poetry puts into the mouth of Corydon and Aminta, and the plain talk of Hugh the ploughman, and Beso the milk-maid. Or, if we are indeed, to have negro unadulterated, let somebody set to music—

"O, I want a piece of bacca!

Who will give me piece of bacca!

O, I want a piece of bacca!

So I'm almost froze!"

There is a genuine specimen. Here is another:—

'Massa, Missy, no like-a-me,
'Cause I no eat a black-eye pea,
All day! All day!'

"Too much of a good thing," was the remark of a sable philosopher of great repute in his day—Peter Gumbo—"is just enuff!" And he seems to have converted all the world to his opinion. Not only of negro melodies, but of negro words, are we doomed to have a surfeit. Like Caddy in "Bleak House," we shall be tempted to cry out shortly, "I wish Afriker was dead!"—THE LAST number of Harper, contains a sketch entitled "My Brother Tom." That same sketch appeared originally in *Godey*, last Spring. It has been across the water, and was there amended thus:—for dollars, pounds, for five dollars a sovereign, for Chesnut street, Regent street, for Jenny Lind, Grisi, for the Lady's Book, La Follet, etc. etc. It appeared thus "translated" as a genuine English production, and re-appears in Harper, as a reprint from England! But this sort of thing is nothing new. Ainsworth's Magazine, Bentley, and some others, used to have—and we suppose have still—quite a corps of American contributors. John Bull knows how, as well as Brother Jonathan, to "pirate" as Dickens calls it. And Dickens himself, has tried his hand at the same thing. The late Joseph C. Neal's Charcoal Sketches, were republished a few years ago, as part of a work of which Dickens was editor, and were made to appear in the English copy as if prepared expressly, and written originally for that publication. There is nothing but roguery left in villainous man—as Falstaff says. But Falstaff unfortunately for his estimate of human nature, went out before BIZARRE came in. Could he read our pages, he would find sparkle without doctoring, sack without lime, the true Falernian.—The late trade sale of Messrs. Thomas & Sons in this city, was decidedly the best we have ever had. The catalogue was large, and uncommonly well stocked with valuable books. Bids, too, were active and hearty; indeed, the whole occasion was characterized by uncommon spirit and energy. The criers, Messrs. Bell and Ellis, are admirably fitted for their posts, whether regarded for their fine courteous address, or the ease and expedition with which they despatch business. Messrs. Thomas & Sons had prepared for the sale with a most liberal expenditure, and it gave perfect satisfaction to the large body of book-sellers who were in town. The catalogue embraced invoices amounting in gross value to \$125,000 and upwards, and it would have been much larger but for circumstances

which it is unnecessary to specify. The invoices of the Harpers, Putnam, Cowperthwaite & Co., Hart, Butler, Lippincott, Grambo & Co., and others, were large, and brought good prices. The next sale takes place in March next, and will probably equal if it does not surpass the one which we now notice. Philadelphia should be, as we think it promises to be, the great book mart of the Union.—An eccentric friend was walking with us the other day, when we were confronted by a big black shaggy-coated dog, who, by position, at least, seemed disposed to dispute the path. Knowing that our friend was no lover of dogs, we expected a scene, and but for one trifling fact, it would have occurred. "Heigh, go long," said he to Ponto; but Ponto entirely disregarded the order. Noting this, our friend was satisfied; mischief was contemplated; horrid pictures of flesh-tearing and hydrophobia were before him—so drawing a monstrous jack-knife from his pocket, he opened it, and was on the point of falling upon the enemy and gashing him awfully, when, whether he saw murder in our friend's eye or not, we cannot say; but we do know, he at once offered the dog's olive branch, or, wagged his tail. Our friend turned upon his heel, and as he shut up his knife, and returned it to his pocket, said, "Lucky brute! that little wiggle-waggle saved thy life. It is a call for mercy which I cannot disregard."—Mr. Levi, the celebrated chiropodist, remains in town only the present month, we believe. His skill in extracting corns from the feet is truly remarkable. It is well for the fish at Fairmount that Mr. Levi is so constantly occupied with patients. There would be few of them left there had he much leisure to devote to them. Mr. Levi's rooms continue to be at 21 Sansom street, as may be seen by his advertisement.—A learned writer tells us that Dryden, to ensure his brilliant visions of poesy, ate raw flesh; and Mrs. Radcliffe adopted the same plan. Green tea and coffee, if we do sleep, induce dreaming. Baptista Porta, for procuring quiet rest and pleasing dreams, swallowed *horse tongue* after supper. Indigestion, and that condition which is termed a weak or irritable stomach, constitute a most fruitful source of visions. The immediate or direct influence of repletion, in totally altering the sensations and the disposition in waking moments, is a proof of its power to derange the circulation of the brain, and the mental faculties in sleep.—M. SAMUEL HENRY BERTHOND—who would be by general testimony the most tiresome writer in France, if M. Pitre Chevalier did not exist—had inveigled M. Emile de Girardin into some contract, by virtue of which he inflicted an article weekly on the subscribers of the *Presse*. The contract was

for a long period, and M. de Girardin having become enlightened, but rather too late, endeavored to find an opportunity of getting rid of his partner. The thing was not easy, considering the obstinacy of M. Berthond.—At last, however, M. de Girardin flattered himself that he had found means to effect his object. "Berthond," said he one morning, "what do you think of the red ribbon?" Samuel heaved a great sigh; the cross was the dream of his life; M. de Girardin knew it, and resumed: "What would you do for him who would decorate you with it?" "I would consecrate my pen to him." "Do better than that, keep it for others, and I will charge myself with this affair. The cross in exchange for the cancelment of our contract.—What say you to it?" "It is a bargain." No sooner said than done. The Legion of Honor was the price of the divorce. Behold then our Berthond in the seventh heaven. But the contract cancelled, he began to regret his weekly ration, and determined to avoid the evil consequences of his bargain, whilst enjoying at the same time its benefits. From that time M. de Girardin received every morning a missive conceived in terms like these:—"Sir, I see with regret that the *Presse* has relinquished the excellent articles of the writer Berthond. If this state of things continues, I assure you that you need not count on my subscription. A Subscriber at Brives." Or thus: "Sir, I subscribe to the *Presse* only on account of the repute of the name of our illustrious Berthond. In case that this author of so much taste and wit, should continue to deprive you of his valuable services, I shall not hesitate to renounce the perusal of the *Presse*. A Subscriber at Quimper." Or, perhaps: "Sir, I no longer read in the *Presse* those eloquent articles which emanate from the pen of M. Henry Berthond; since your columns are barren of them, my subscription becomes without object, and I will abstain from renewing it at its expiration. I do not doubt that the majority of your subscribers are of the same disposition. A Subscriber at Carpentras." Fatigued with this inundation of denunciatory petitions, M. Emile de Girardin put an end to the matter by sending for M. Berthond. The latter hastened to the office of M. de Girardin, with joy in his heart, and a smile on his lips.—But scarcely had he entered, when M. de G. said to him very seriously: "My dear Berthond, in future whenever you wish to recommend your articles, do me the favor to pay the postage." From that day the correspondence ceased. It is a serious question among the subscribers of the newspaper *Le Pays*, of which M. Berthond has since become one of the most assiduous editors, to open a subscription to erect a statue to this somniferous writer. The hero will be

represented holding in one hand a poppy, in the other a night cap, the feet resting on a doormouse; the lateral faces of the pedestal will offer two bas reliefs representing the one, the sleeping Beauty, having for a pillow the complete works of M. Berthond; the other, the god Morpheus choleroforming a patient by making him breathe from the inkstand of our writer. On the front face will be engraved in letters of gold, "*To M. Samuel Henry Berthond, by his grateful sleepers.*" —We are gratified to hear that the Rev. Edward C. Jones, A. M., who has long been favorably known to our community as a pleasing and graceful writer, is about delivering a course of Lectures on Belles Lettres in the Hall of the University, commencing on Thursday evening, Sept. 30th, and continuing for eight successive Thursday evenings. It will be remembered that last winter Mr. Jones delivered a course of highly instructive course of lectures, and won for himself a very creditable position as an effective speaker. We especially recommend these lectures to the notice of our various seminaries of learning. We would also state in conclusion, that Mr. Jones is a distinguished graduate of the institution wherein he proposes to deliver his forthcoming series of dissertations. —Our FRIEND Col. Maurice now and then makes an excursion into the country. Generally speaking, however, you may find him busily engaged at his popular and well-known stationery establishment, No. 108 Chesnut Street.—A LARGE amount of CHATTER-BOX crowded out. It will keep.

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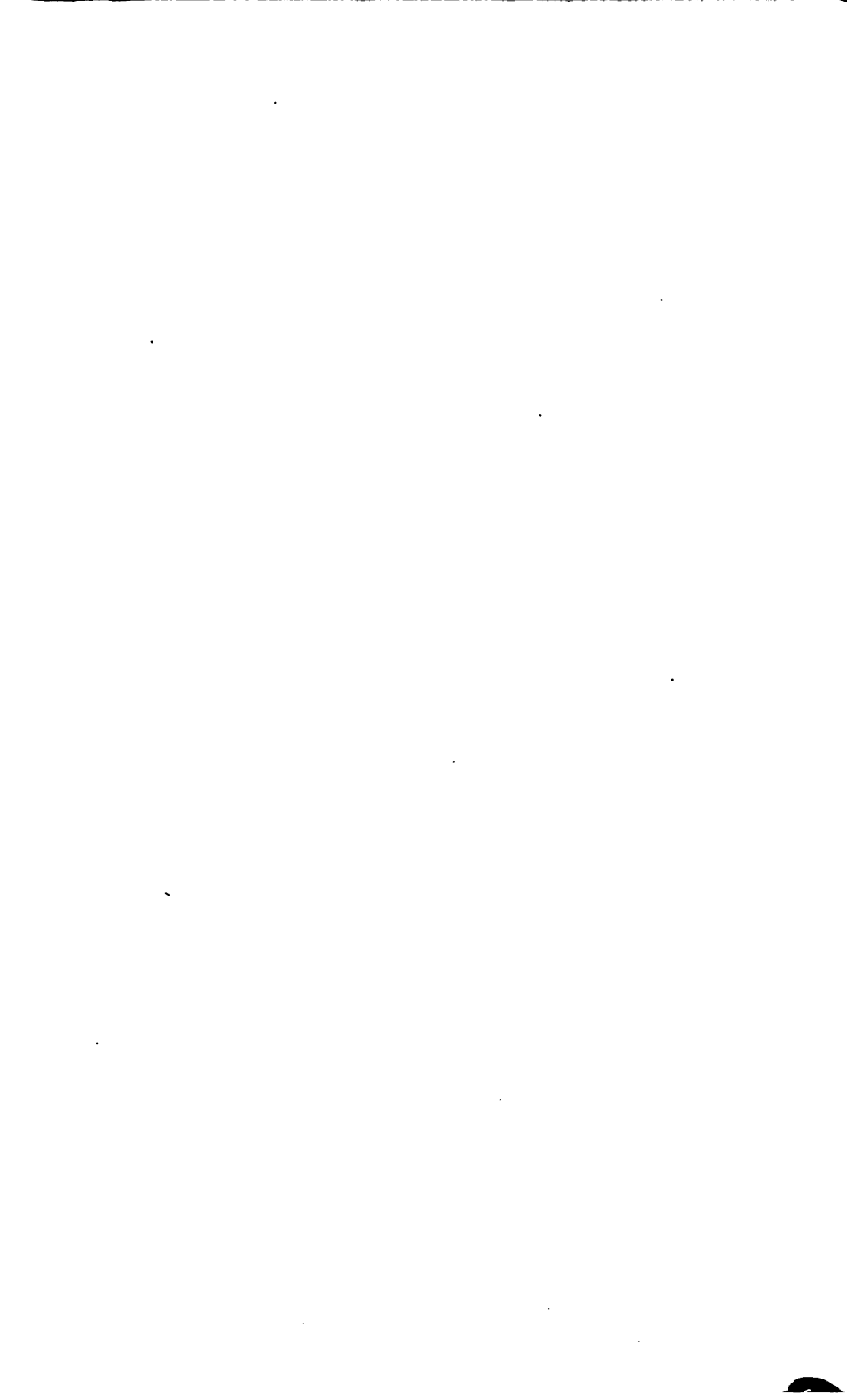
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